JUNE 8,
1940

Liberty

5¢

MORRIS
KUSNET

MONEY TALKS

A NOVEL of
LD FAMILIES and YOUNG HEARTS

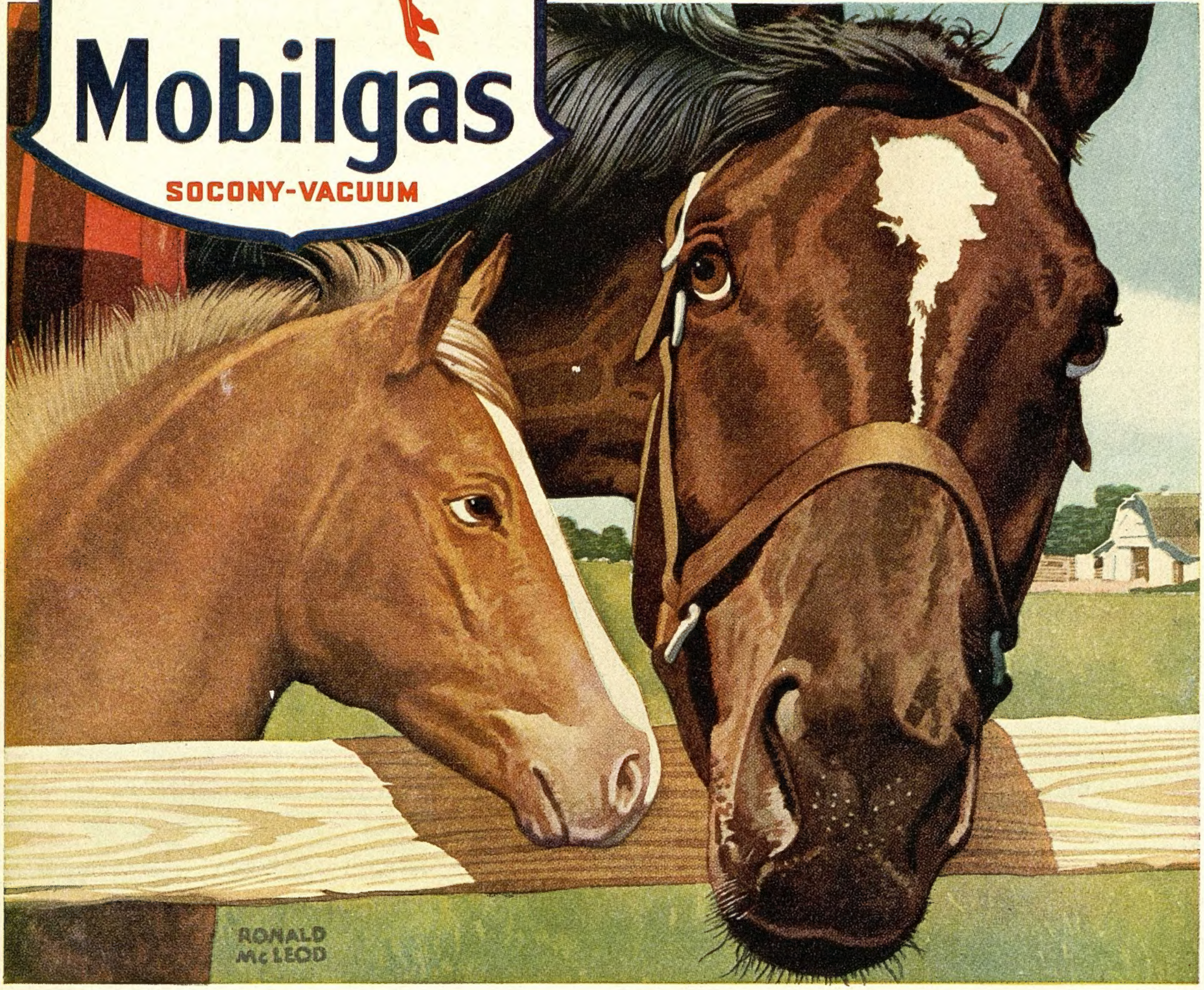
BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

SHALL WE BREAK WITH RUSSIA? by Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

Son, he's America's Fastest Horse!



The Flying Red Horse is not only quick on the pick-up and great for long runs—he delivers "Balanced Performance"! Fill up with Mobilgas and its teammate Mobiloil!

THE RED HORSE in this sign is called Pegasus. It's the trade-mark of America's favorite gasoline.

The wings symbolize speed and power—and Mobilgas is a word you should remember when your gauge is "low."

Mobilgas is *made* for today's sensitive automobile engines. Even though firing may exceed 10,000 times a minute—

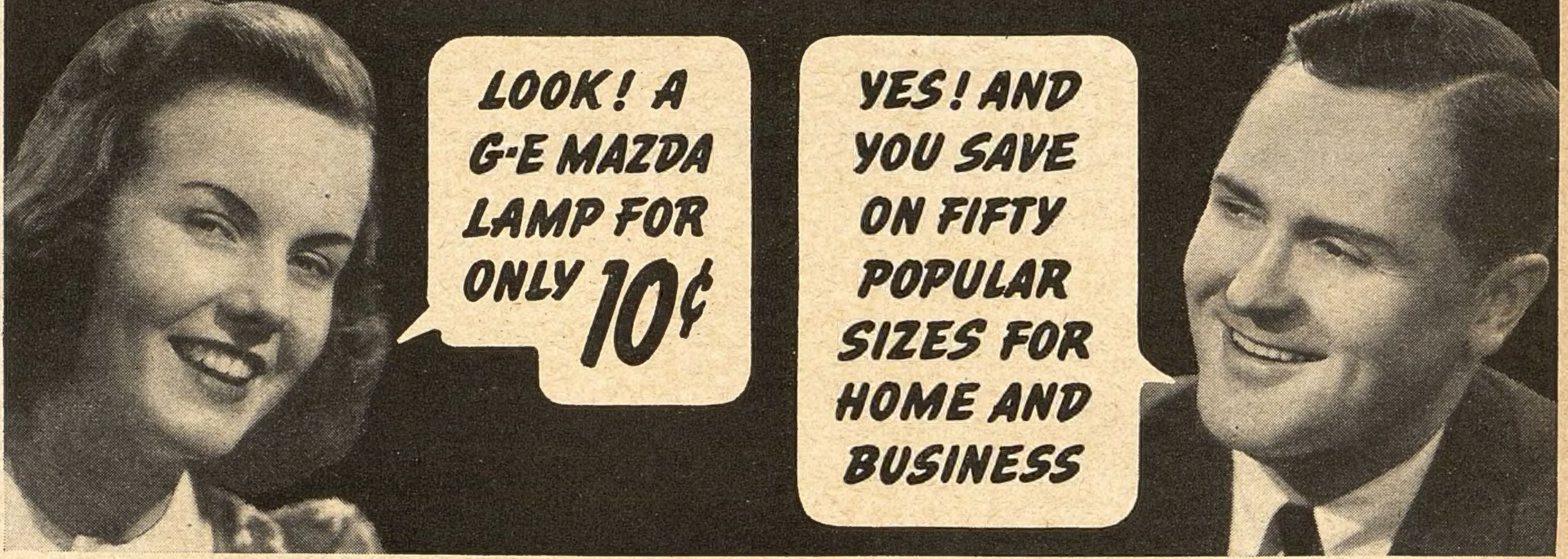
. . . Mobilgas atomizes instantly, burns cleanly, delivers its powerful charges to *every* cylinder *every* time *on* time.

See your Mobilgas Dealer. Get "Balanced Performance":

1. Quick starts despite cool engine.
2. Fast warm-up—rapid acceleration.
3. Freedom from vapor-lock—no stalls.
4. Minimum crankcase oil dilution.
5. High anti-knock value.
6. Cleanliness—freedom from gum.
7. Full, smooth power under all conditions.
8. Long mileage—economical operation.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.
AND AFFILIATES: Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corporation of California.

GENERAL ELECTRIC REDUCES G-E MAZDA LAMP PRICES !


LOOK! A G-E MAZDA LAMP FOR ONLY 10¢
YES! AND YOU SAVE ON FIFTY POPULAR SIZES FOR HOME AND BUSINESS

20TH MAJOR PRICE REDUCTION IN 19 YEARS!

New Prices Effective June 1, 1940

7½, 15, 25 watt G-E MAZDA lamps		now **10¢**
40, 50, and 60 watt	were 15¢	now **13¢**
75 and 100 watt		previously reduced to **15¢**
150 watt		previously reduced to **20¢**

FOR STORES, OFFICES AND FACTORIES

200 watt	was 30¢	now **27¢**
300 watt (medium base)	was 50¢	now **45¢**
300 watt (mogul base)	was 70¢	now **65¢**
500 watt	was $1.20	now **$1.10**
750 watt	was $3.75	now **$3.25**
1000 watt	was $4.00	now **$3.50**
1500 watt	was $5.75	now **$5.25**

Prices also reduced on Silvered Bowl, Rough Service and Daylight Lamps

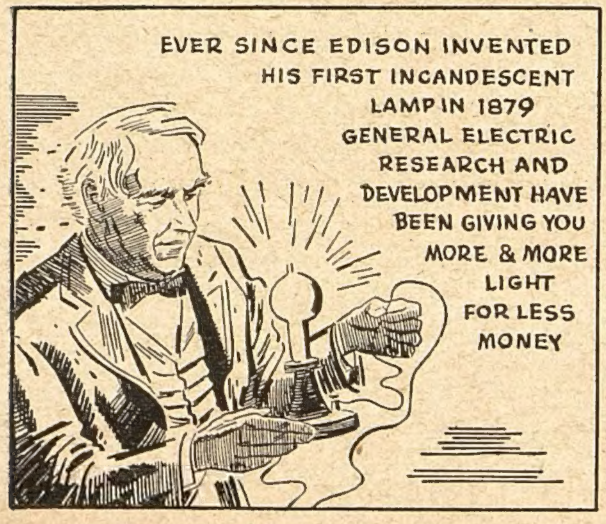
MAZDA "F" FLUORESCENT LAMPS *(Daylight and White)*

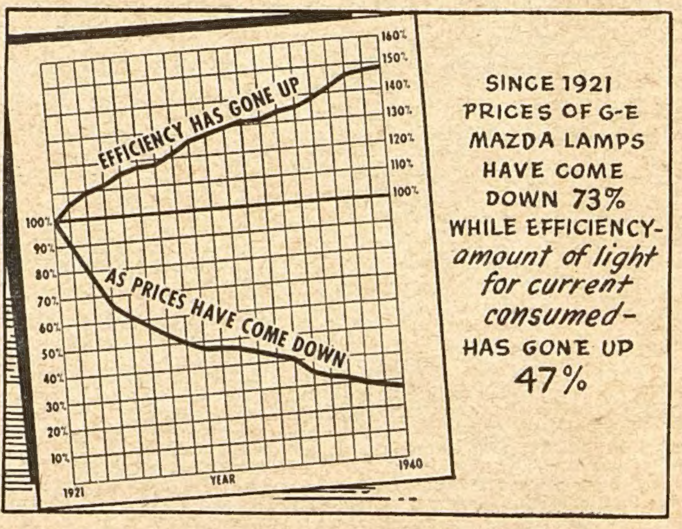
15 watt T-8	was $1.15	now **95¢**
15 watt T-12	was $1.45	now **$1.25**
20 watt T-12	was $1.65	now **$1.25**
30 watt T-8	was $1.50	now **$1.25**
40 watt T-12	was $2.30	now **$1.90**

Prices also reduced on blue, green, pink, gold, and red

NEW! G-E (Type D) WHITE LAMPS... 30 and 60 watt... **10¢**
Their new white coating absorbs approximately 10% of the light initially, but diffuses the light to the edge of the bulb. The standard inside-frost finish on regular lamps absorbs only a negligible percentage of the light.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC


EVER SINCE EDISON INVENTED HIS FIRST INCANDESCENT LAMP IN 1879 GENERAL ELECTRIC RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT HAVE BEEN GIVING YOU MORE & MORE LIGHT FOR LESS MONEY



TAKE ADVANTAGE OF G-E'S LATEST PRICE REDUCTION ! STOCK UP ON G-E MAZDA LAMPS NOW! LOOK FOR THE G-E MONOGRAM ON EVERY BULB

JUNE 8, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 23

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WHEN LAWS ENCOURAGE LAWLESSNESS

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

The Wage and Hour Law is just some more prohibition foolishness. The employers do not want it, and the same can be said of many employees. It is just another " must " law the New Deal determined to put through regardless of consequences, the idea being, of course, to control employees and employers.

But little attention is given to this law in small towns, and to a certain extent the same can be said of the large cities.

Naturally, bureaucratic Washington favored this law. It furnished thousands of additional jobs. While discussing this law recently with an employer in the " small business " class he stated that the restrictions were such that to comply with its requirements would mean bankruptcy for some businesses, and to save the business they had to ignore the law, or, as he expressed it, " it was making crooks of honest business men."

Naturally, large business organizations have to obey the law, or at least make a pretense of compliance, but it is comparatively easy for employers doing a small business to make any arrangements they choose with their employees. Thus both employees and employers become lawbreakers.

Now, economic law may be frustrated temporarily, but it cannot be continuously evaded. New Deal officials who have acquired the idea that they can permanently control the evolvement of this natural law are just fooling themselves.

Recently in Congress considerable time was given to discussion as to whether or not some employees should be paid time and a half for overtime—a distinctly business problem.

But few of our legislators have had experience in managing a business. Yet this body of men, costing this country fifteen to twenty million dollars a day, counting the expenditures they recommend, are giving their time to a business problem of which they have but little knowledge. In fact, New Deal efforts to guide business, taking business control from business men, represents what might be termed replacing knowledge with ignorance.

The efforts of the New Deal to make rules that will apply to the entire country are so unreasonable that, if it were not for the tragic consequences, it would seem humorous even to a small business man. Living expenses, for example, for a small town, especially in the South and Midwest, are one half or sometimes a quarter of those in large cities, and yet the New Deal proposes to standardize wages everywhere, regardless of location.

When considering wages, we give too much attention to the dollar and not enough to what it will buy. What we are all trying to secure is a high standard of living. Now, the money required to live in comfort varies greatly in many parts of the country. Therefore it is not the wage you earn; it is what the wage will buy that is important.

This administration has apparently acquired the impression that everything and everybody must be under governmental control. All the intelligence of the country is monopolized by governmental officials —so they think. The business men do not know how to manage their business; the farmers are nitwits and must be told what to plant; the workers must be restricted as to the hours they work and wages they receive. If such restrictions are not in accordance with Russian principles, then my mental processes are awry. They are in no way associated with Americanism or the system we have been adhering to as guided by our Constitution.

Perhaps some of our people favor a dictator, and if we continue the present tendency of controlling everything, which seems to appeal to some of our Washington lawmakers at this time, we will soon be in the throes of the same difficulties that now restrict citizens of many European nations.

Why should Congress worry about business problems? They have made a scandalous failure of the business management of our government. A balanced budget, which is absolutely necessary to the safety of any country, has been continuously ignored. They are increasing our indebtedness by billions every year. We hear a large amount of talk about economizing in Washington, but the taxes are increasing and the expenditures continue to soar. While making such a failure of managing governmental affairs it is indeed sad to see the misguided efforts being made to extend their control to the various phases of business management.

It is not at all difficult at this time to point out the cause of our continuous, long-drawn-out depression. Any business man can tell you—governmental interference with business.

Bernarr Macfadden

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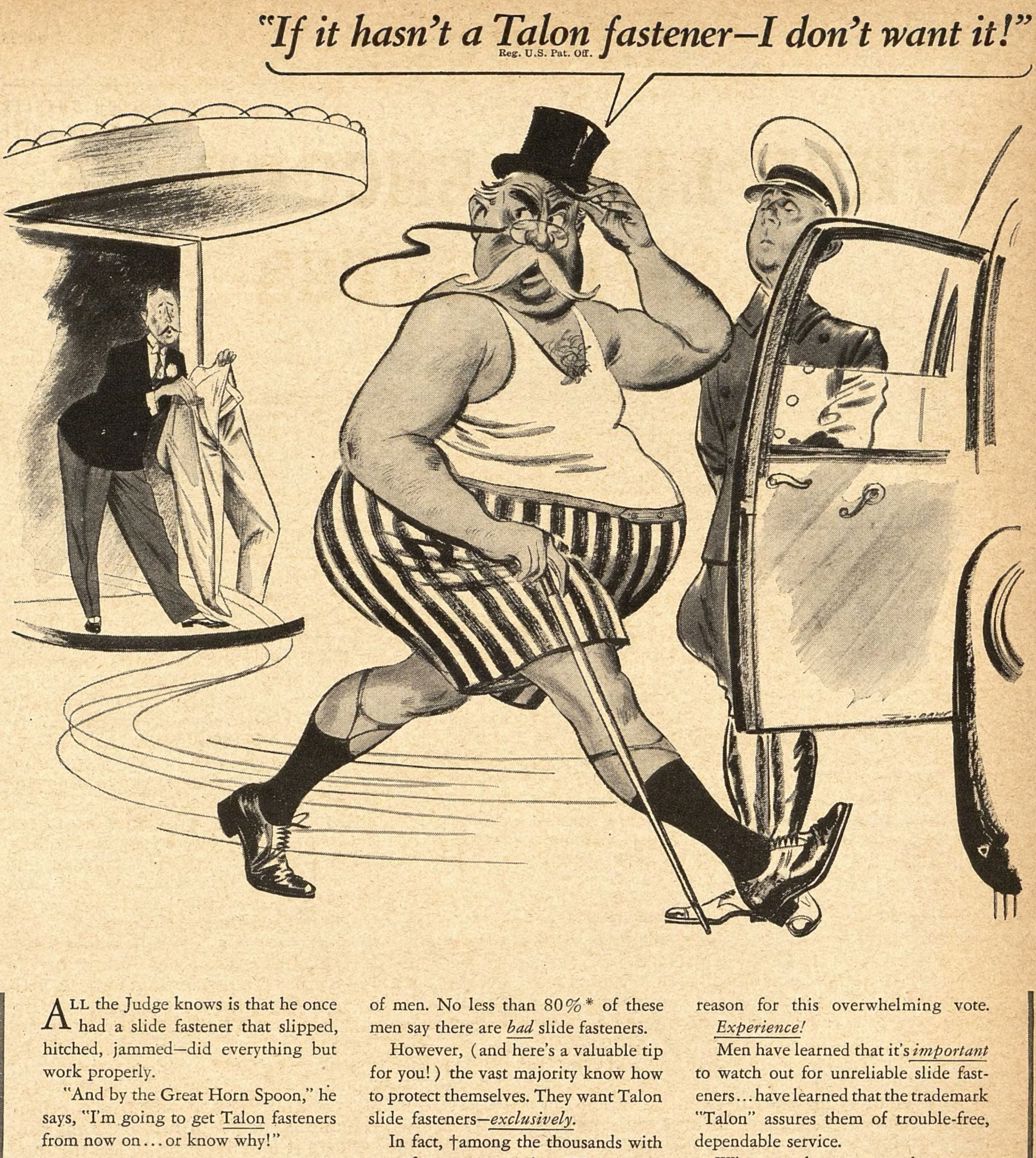

"If it hasn't a Talon fastener—I don't want it!"
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

All the Judge knows is that he once had a slide fastener that slipped, hitched, jammed—did everything but work properly.

"And by the Great Horn Spoon," he says, "I'm going to get Talon fasteners from now on... or know why!"

☆ ☆ ☆

A rare case? Not at all.

Read what happened when 43 leading stores questioned tens of thousands of men. No less than 80%* of these men say there are *bad* slide fasteners.

However, (and here's a valuable tip for you!) the vast majority know how to protect themselves. They want Talon slide fasteners—*exclusively.*

In fact, †among the thousands with a preference, more than 70 men say they want "Talon" to every one man who names any other slide fastener.

☆ ☆ ☆

70 to 1. Obviously, there's just *one* reason for this overwhelming vote. *Experience!*

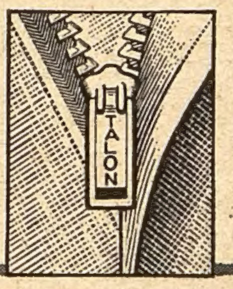
Men have learned that it's *important* to watch out for unreliable slide fasteners... have learned that the trademark "Talon" assures them of trouble-free, dependable service.

When *you* buy trousers, be *sure* to keep out of trouble. Profit by the experience of the majority—make certain the slide fastener is marked "Talon."

**Based on the tens of thousands who answered question.*

Because it's the dependable slide fastener—men prefer "TALON" 70 to 1†

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

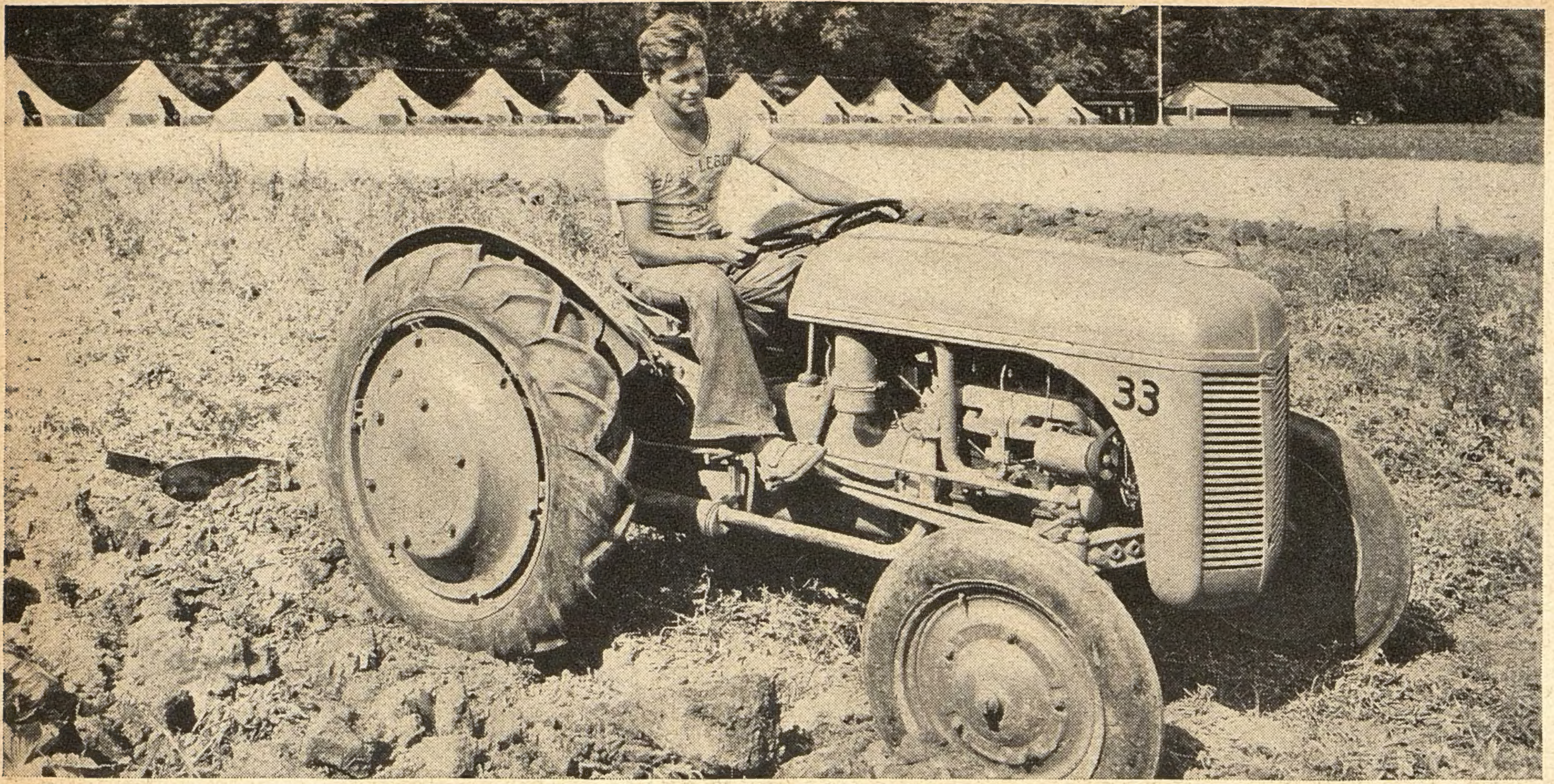


Play safe. Always see that the slide fastener is marked "Talon."

Not long ago your trousers had unsightly gaps caused by 5 fastenings.

But now you're well-groomed with the convenient Talon fastener.

TALON SLIDE FASTENER • MADE BY TALON, INC. • MEADVILLE, PA.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



• *Camp Legion boys take a lot of pride in the trim appearance of their tents and equipment.*

"They are creating something

THERE is something that a boy needs beyond food and sleep, books and play. It is the satisfaction of working, with sweat on his face and calluses on his hands, close to the earth.

One of the real tragedies of the past decade has been the denial to hundreds of thousands of boys of any opportunity for useful labor.

Early in 1938 Henry Ford, who was once a farm boy himself, looked around him at this waste of a generation of youngsters. He decided there was something he could do about it.

That was the origin of "Camp Legion," near Dearborn, Michigan. When the frost was out of the ground that spring, sixty-five boys pitched a row of army tents at the edge of the woods and went to work. Many of them were sons of dead or disabled war veterans. Some had no homes. Most of them were pale and undernourished.

By the end of the summer their own mothers might not have known them. They had grown husky, tanned, self-reliant. They had earned their keep and a good sum over.

The success of the experiment was so thoroughly proved that Mr. Ford laid plans for a similar project—"Camp Willow Run," near Ypsilanti. And in 1939 the two camps wrought the same change in 130 more boys.

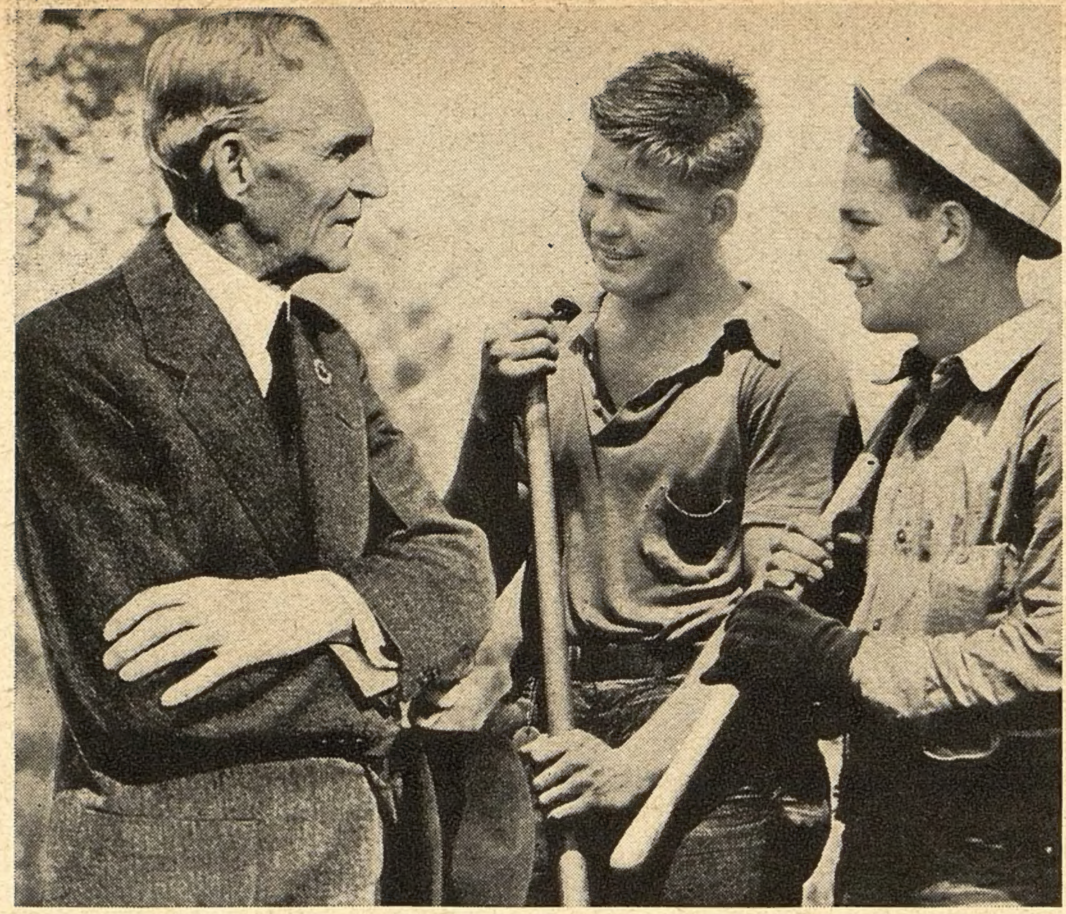
The system on which these camps are run is simple enough. The boys govern themselves. The camp foreman and sub-foremen are chosen from among their own number. They live in tents and eat in a mess hall where they are given plenty of good food. A farmer shows them what to plant and how to take care of it, and Mr. Ford supplies tractors and other modern implements. The working day is limited to eight hours.

The garden truck produced by the camps is sold at neat roadside markets, staffed by camp members. Each boy receives a daily wage, and at the season's end, all share alike in the remaining profits. Last year each member of Camp Legion received $128 in addition to his wages.

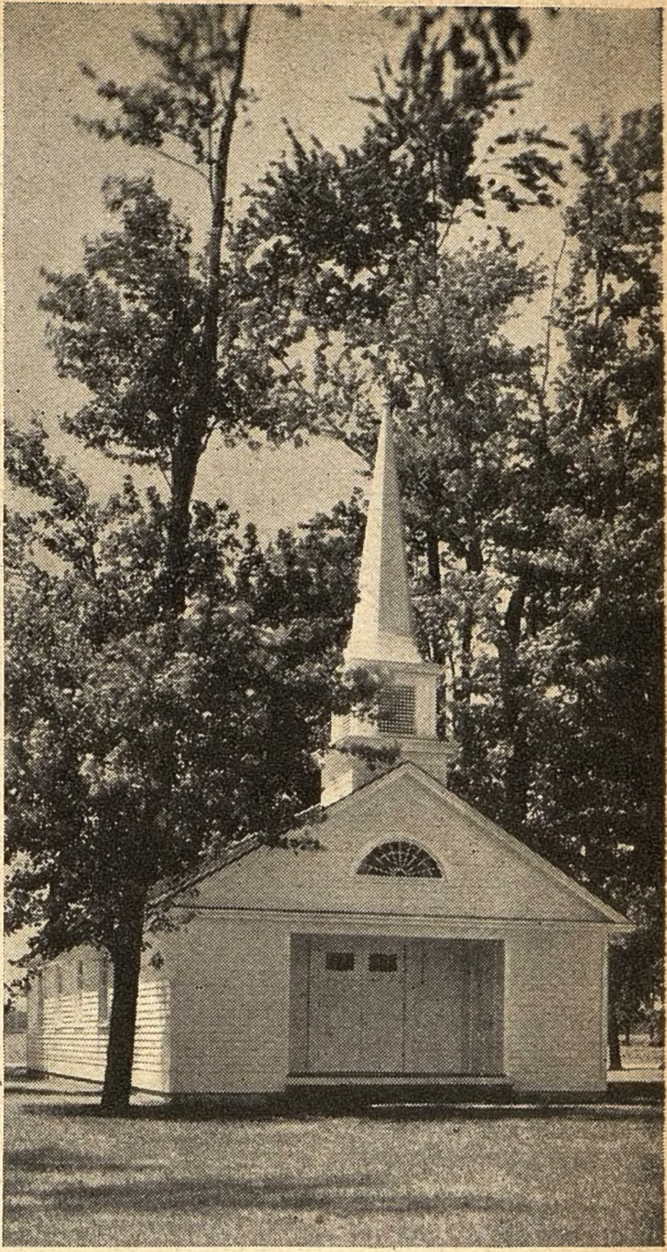
With the work-day ending at four o'clock, there is time for recreation. The boys have access to baseball fields and swimming pools.

When fall comes, the camp workers are not simply dropped back on the street corner. If they show ability

• *Plenty of good food for hungry boys.*



• "I guess he understands us. We get along with him fine." That's what the boys at Camp Legion say about Henry Ford.



• This little white chapel was given the camp boys by Mr. Ford. The boys conduct their own services.

useful . . ."

along mechanical lines, they may enter the Henry Ford Trade School, or go directly into one of the Ford plants.

Henry Ford stops often to talk to the youngsters. "I'd rather do this than anything else I know of," he told a visitor.

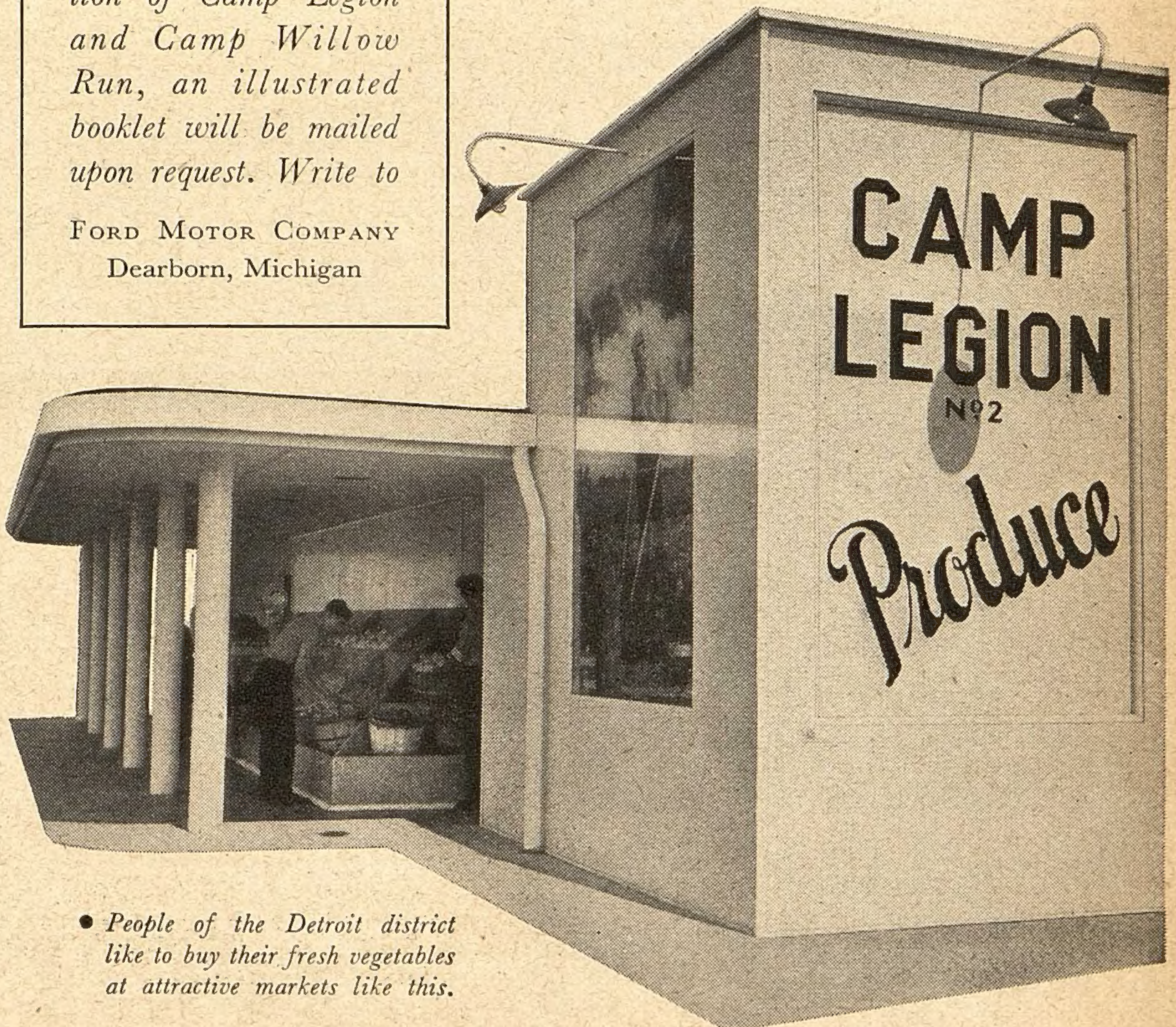
"These boys have the opportunity to DO things here. They are creating something useful—something that other people can use. That's the most constructive effort in the world, and their early contact with it will be one of the most constructive influences in their lives."

FREE BOOKLET

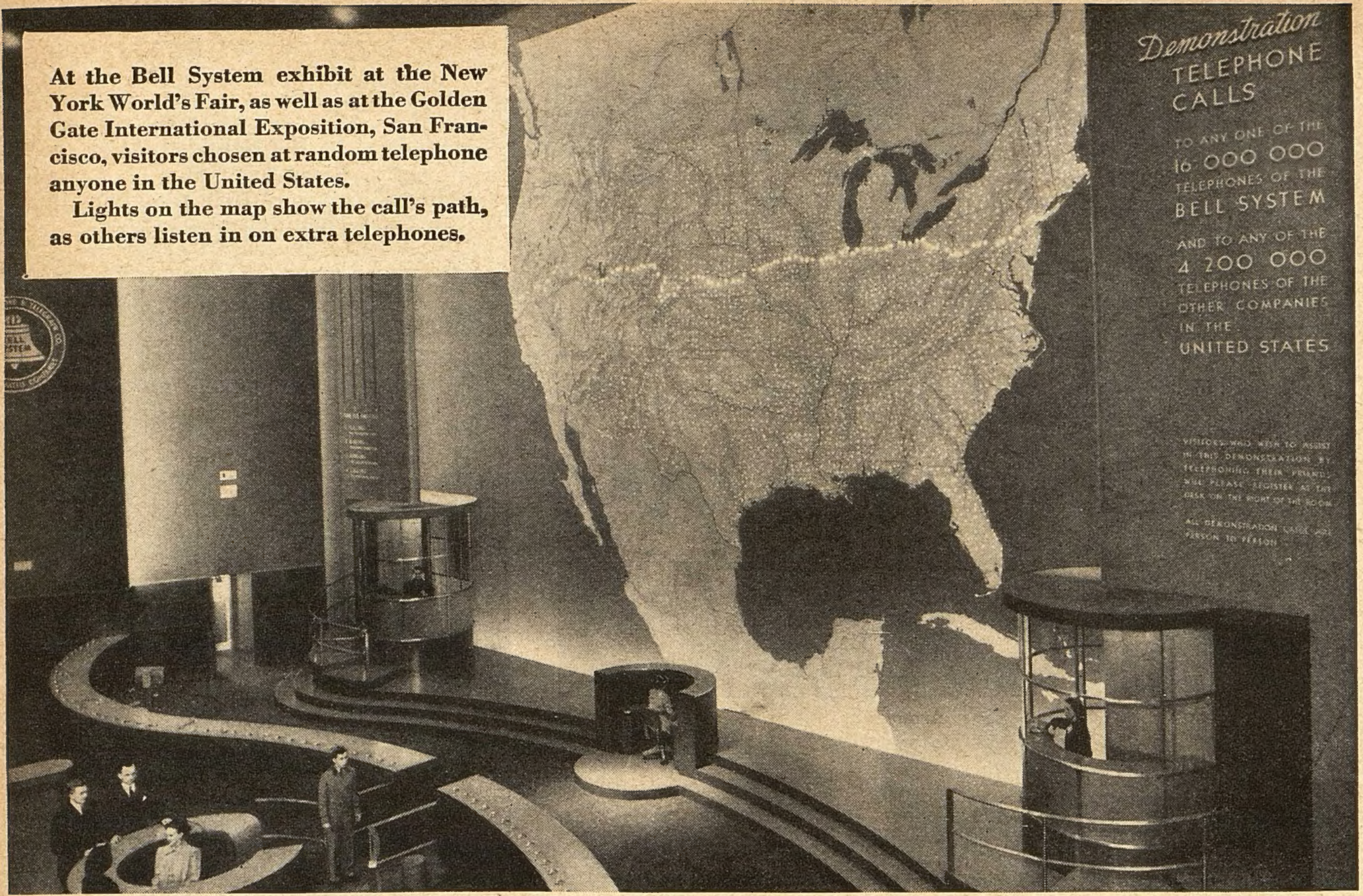
If you'd like to know more about the operation of Camp Legion and Camp Willow Run, an illustrated booklet will be mailed upon request. Write to

Ford Motor Company
Dearborn, Michigan

The average lad gains 7½ pounds a summer.



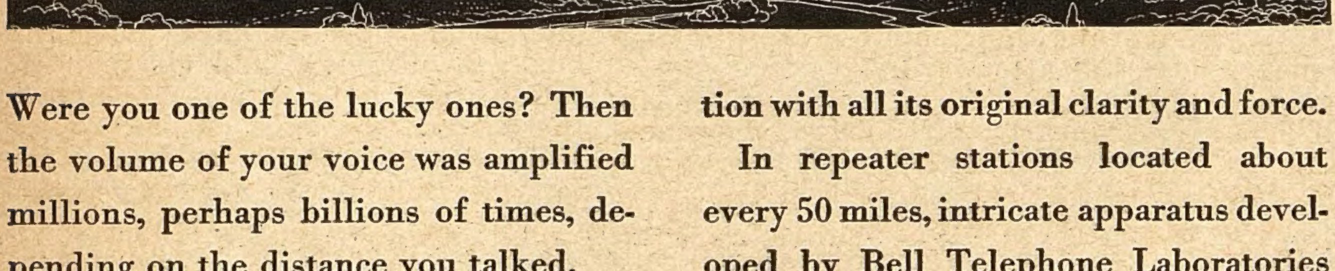
• People of the Detroit district like to buy their fresh vegetables at attractive markets like this.


Demonstration
TELEPHONE
CALLS
TO ANY ONE OF THE
16 000 000
TELEPHONES OF THE
BELL SYSTEM
AND TO ANY OF THE
4 200 000
TELEPHONES OF THE
OTHER COMPANIES
IN THE
UNITED STATES
VISITORS WHO WISH TO ASSIST IN THIS DEMONSTRATION BY TELEPHONING THEIR FRIENDS WILL PLEASE REGISTER AT THE DESK ON THE FRONT OF THE ROOM
ALL DEMONSTRATION CALLS ARE PERSON TO PERSON

At the Bell System exhibit at the New York World's Fair, as well as at the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco, visitors chosen at random telephone anyone in the United States.

Lights on the map show the call's path, as others listen in on extra telephones.

Maybe YOUR voice was amplified *a billion, billion, billion times . . .*


E CURRENT
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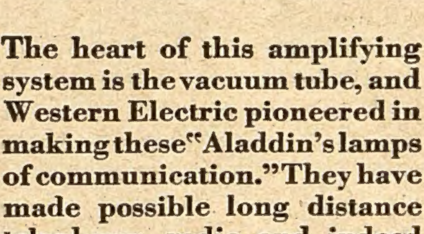


The heart of this amplifying system is the vacuum tube, and Western Electric pioneered in making these "Aladdin's lamps of communication." They have made possible long distance telephony, radio and indeed the whole range of modern communication — a striking example of the value to the public of the American way of doing things.

Were you one of the lucky ones? Then the volume of your voice was amplified millions, perhaps billions of times, depending on the distance you talked.

As the diagram shows, the voice fades, and again and again has to be given renewed power in order to reach its destination with all its original clarity and force.

In repeater stations located about every 50 miles, intricate apparatus developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories and produced by Western Electric, performs this wonder—the faithful transmission of speech.

Western Electric

. . . made your
BELL TELEPHONE

Live first—then learn! The story of one woman's remarkable experiment

I fell in love with him and married him.

MOMS HAS HER FACE Lifted

BY SARAH TORRANCE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THEY say that all graduates leave college with at least one plan to reform the world. Here is mine: I'd like to see a change of viewpoint and custom on the marriage-or-college dilemma. I'd like to see our college-caliber girls marry young once more (and I mean soon after they graduate from high school) and raise their children while their bodies, nerves, and courage are still strong and the biological urge has not been sublimated into a neurosis. *Then,* when their children are old enough, if they really want to, go to college.

Now girls too often wait to marry until they are through college and have worked a while, or their husbands can earn enough to support them in the manner to which they became accustomed in college. Then they wait to have their children, if they have them at all, until they are old enough, biologically, to have grandchildren. This makes them cautious and jittery mothers. All that is wrong with them is their timing.

They should be M. A.s first and A. B.s afterward.

This way, mothers would be younger with their children and happier with their husbands (for the college graduates they'd marry would be more mature and so seem superior.

If college were thus transformed for women into more of an educational institution and less of a happy hunting ground, both they and the more slowly maturing male of the species would get more studying done.

I'll wager this plan would remedy the much criticized dearth of offspring from college women. It might even do something about Vassar girls having " one and a quarter " children.

Going to college fourteen or fifteen years later than the usual age is more pleasant and profitable in many ways. I'm recommending it as a slick way to keep modern mothers young and useful while their children are growing up, and afterward.

When I was a tottering old woman (well, nearly thirty-five, if you must know) and had half-grown children, I went back to college, with benefit to the whole family.

As a freshman coed at the university, I had done the traditional thing—fallen in love with the nicest Big-Man - on - Campus - Football - Hero I could find, and married him.

We dived into the deep South, where he coached football and studied law, and came up a few years later with a law degree for him, and two gorgeous children. He claims they are my M. A. degree, or two of them.

Then, when I arrived at the age where I began to worry for fear I was all going to seed, we moved back to our old university town.

One morning I took a deep breath and said, " I'd like to go back to school and learn to write." Junior looked mildly startled at this, but figured that maybe they didn't know how to teach writing way back in " those days," any more than they know how to teach spelling now.

My attorney said, " That's a capital idea. Why don't you? " So I went right up and registered. I just got a catalogue and, with the help of a faculty adviser, ordered a well balanced mental diet.

In 1939 I graduated, Bachelor of Arts, complete with streamlined diploma and *cum laude.* (Though how even my wonderful alma mater can make a bachelor of the mother of two children is a little beyond me.)

AFTER three happy years of belated college career I'm taking inventory of the results for the benefit of other mothers inclined to follow suit.

1. I have an A. B. degree. (Since they are a dime a dozen, this may not mean much, but it is good insurance against job-getting difficulties.)
2. I have made about $2,000 as a result of things I learned to do or did in college: $700 in prizes for playwriting, $1,000 in scholarships, and the rest in free-lance pastel portraits.
3. I feel ten years younger, weigh fifteen pounds less, and find life twenty thousand times more interesting.
4. I know how much and how little to expect of youngsters in college.
5. I feel I am living in *my* time, my hectic, cruel, comical, exciting, and glorious era, not my grandmother's.
6. The educational gap of sixteen years is not a total blackout as far as changes in literature, art, and science are concerned. And the general gap in attitude between my children and me seems easier to bridge.
7. There are many new friends, and thousands of new interests accumulated for me to bank on at need.
8. I am better disciplined physically and mentally, so that I feel more competent and sure in any activity. And I have earned a new respect from my family and for myself.

It seems to me that it is better to plunge early into the most important business of living, and glory in it, rather than to postpone it, unless there is good reason.

Some mothers who object most to this idea might well ask themselves, honestly, if it is not because they themselves want to go on being eternally adolescent high-school " girls " in attitude, not college or any other kind of women, and not *ever* grandmothers. This is the difference between never growing up, and staying young.

They will say that the dear little girls aren't mature enough for marriage in their late teens. But too often they will find that Mother Nature and the girls disagree with them.

THE END

BEGINNING

MONEY talks

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE GIRL FROM CAPE COD

TWILIGHT was falling. Dee Mason entered Radio City with chin up, shoulders back. Her brown silk dress under her nondescript coat was not smart; her small felt hat set on her spun-bronze curls was countrified. But her gray eyes were bright and proud; and a smile hovered at the corners of her lips. Her philosophy was, If ever, on entering a strange place, you begin to feel overwhelmed, pretend you own the place! And if ever you are among strangers who make you feel embarrassed, pretend you're a queen traveling incognito!

As Dee had been pretending hard all day, she was just about exhausted. It had been difficult enough when the Cape Cod train had deposited her at Grand Central Station. That was such a vast place to pretend to own! As large as the whole village green of Eastmouth, Massachusetts, and the post office, where her father, Cap'n Mason, was postmaster, and the church where her father played the organ and her uncle was minister, and the A. & P. and hardware stores, and even the Coast Guard station thrown in!

But pretending to own Grand Central had been easier for her than pretending to be a member of visiting royalty among the sophisticated group gathered for the morning rehearsal of the amateur hour in the radio studio. When the Eastmouth Women's Club had given her a send-off tea, and when the choir had brought her a corsage, none of them had realized that they had been waving her off to battle. They had thought they were sending her to easy triumph in New York—mecca of those who deserve easy triumph.

But Dee's first rehearsal had been far from easy. Her fellow performers had almost vanquished her with their metropolitan airs, their smart clothes; with the girls' wise looks and the men's wisecracks. Dee had sung in a thin, unnatural voice, feeling—as she had admitted to herself in self-scorn—like a country mouse squeaking in a city pantry. At the afternoon rehearsal she had been better; Dee wasn't one to be downed long by any set-up. And tonight she swore that she was going to be at her best.

The play-pretending had built her up during the afternoon. But now when early October twilight filled Radio City's fountain plaza with melancholy golden glow, and when chattering cocktail crowds filled the restaurant at Dee's right as she entered the revolving doors, she experienced again the sinking, sickening need to hold her chin up. She was to go on the air in a couple of hours, face that crowd again, stand up to that awful little microphone that would fling her voice out to millions of people—like a tiny piece of meat tossed to goodness knows how many sea gulls. And she *had* to make good on the amateur hour, had to make good enough, at least, to win the opportunity that waited her if she passed muster on this.

The hard gleaming floor gave off an alarming clack-clack under her well polished pumps; the gorgeous girls at the information desk seemed to be staring at her country clothes.

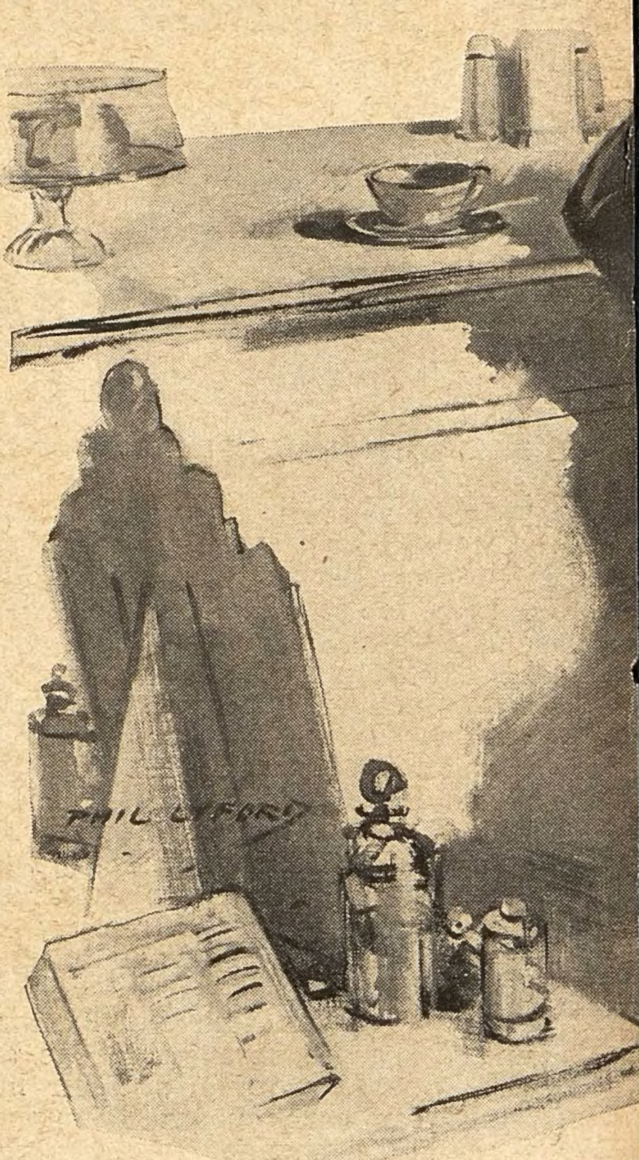
If I were a queen incognito, Dee thought in rueful amusement, I'd have picked a more flattering disguise! Then common sense came to her rescue. You've eaten nothing since breakfast at the Y. W. C. A., it told her. Fill up your tummy, and your head won't be so emptily ready for self-conscious worries!

Dee glanced at the chromium-doored restaurant, started toward it, hesitated. It looked forbiddingly expensive. She turned away and moved down the left corridor. People churned about her. Throngs milled toward elevators, entered, vanished. Other throngs surged this way and that toward various exits. Every one purposeful, intent on going places.

The lighted window of a drug-and-coffee shop reminded Dee of her own destination. She walked in, found a seat at the far end of the counter. "Coffee and doughnuts," she ordered as she slipped onto a stool.

It was good to sit down and feel sanctuary around her. She unbuttoned her coat, eased off one pinching slipper, repinned Aunt Flossie's brooch at the neck of her dress.

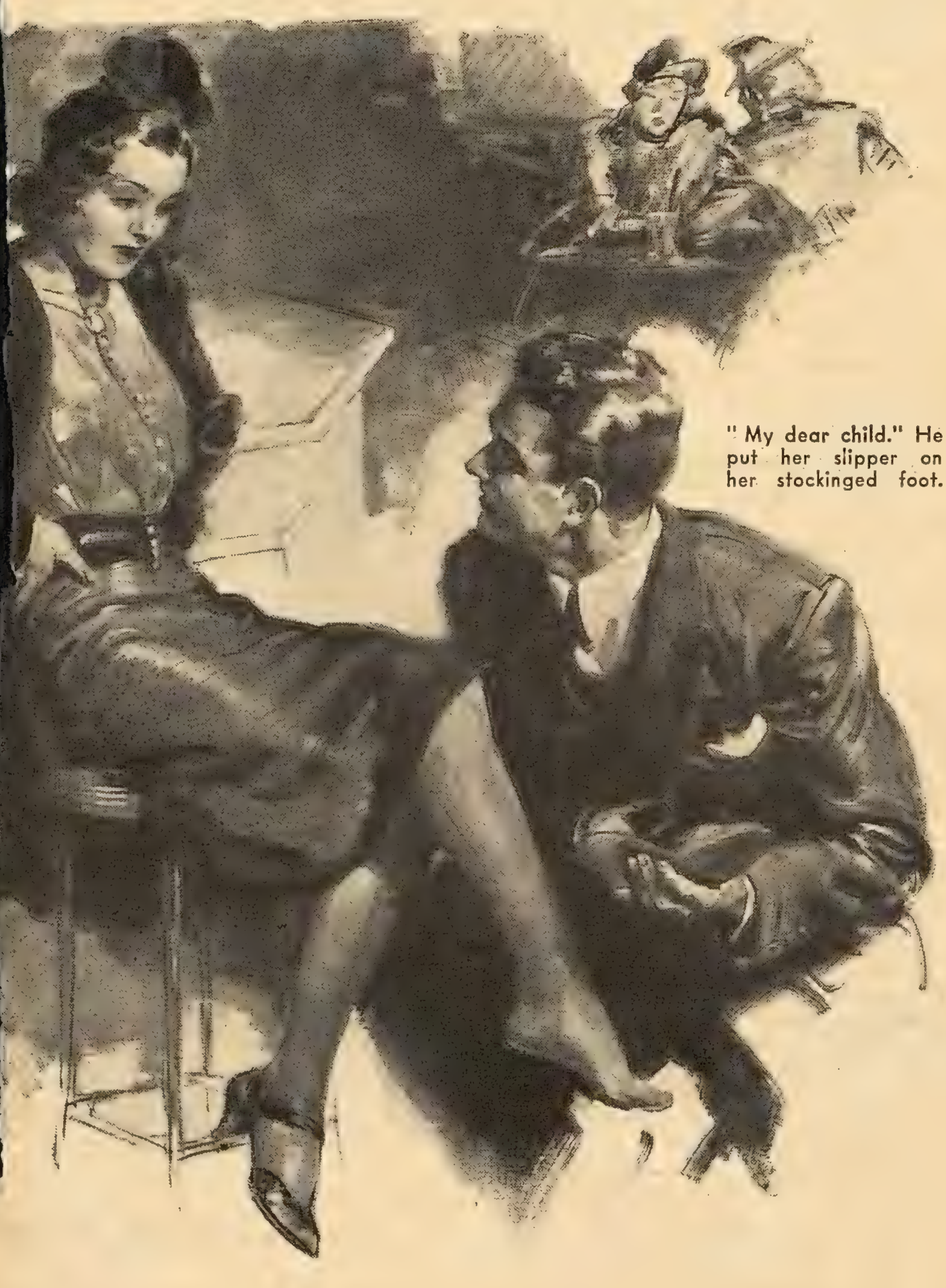
Poor dress! Her gloomy aunt, the Rev. Zenas Bearse's wife, had rescued this garment for Dee from a missionary barrel, saying, "It's too good for the heathen; 'twould put ideas in their heads!" And although Dee had longed for a really new dress, still, she—helped by her fragile mother—had sat up late making it over for this New York trip. While Cap'n Mason, inspired by the excitement of his daughter's prospects—and by frequent recourse to the bottle—had played with more zest than brilliance on the parlor pump organ, and upstairs, in a kingly four-poster bought by some better-off generation of the Mason family, Dee's small brother Bobby had slept. And round about them all had slumbered the benign old house, set in its sea-blown garden. While beyond it on the cliff had stood the abandoned lighthouse that once had welcomed treasure-laden Mason clippers back from the seven seas.



A captivating novel of old families and young hearts

Dee, while she waited for her coffee to cool, let her thoughts center on that house and garden. She loved the place so! But it was expensive to keep up; and mother's doctor bills were a drain on dad's postmaster salary. If, however, she, Dee, could land the job on the church program that a friend of her uncle had promised her if she made good on the amateur hour, then she could send money home. And then Aunt Flossie and Uncle Zenas could have her room at Mason's Cove and help take care of mother, and help with the house expenses. They were eager enough to do this because the rectory was practically falling apart and the church was too poor to do much about it.

Dee's mind had moved too far afield to permit her even to see the man who swung open the coffee-shop door in a hurry. He was a big man, youngish and tired and hatless. The expression on his face was both whimsical and bitter—as though he considered the world a colossal joke and didn't give a damn if it was. Had Dee noticed him at all, she would have studied him twice. People usually did. Also she would have thought that he looked like some one trying to escape from something—from himself, perhaps, most of all.



"My dear child." He put her slipper on her stockinged foot.

But Dee didn't glance at him. She was too buried in her own problems. She was wishing that Uncle Zenas' friend hadn't stipulated that she try the amateur hour first before going to him. It would have been so much easier to have stepped right into church singing—to which she was accustomed.

Dee might never have noticed the man who entered the coffee shop, if Fate hadn't taken a hand. Fate, however, did take a hand. She led the man to the counter stool beside Dee. Where he, not looking where he was going, promptly stepped on Dee's kicked-off shoe, lurched against her, and upset the entire cup of coffee which she had been in the act of raising to her lips.

It splashed all over Dee. It was still very warm, but fortunately not hot enough to burn. Dee jumped, gasped out loud.

"Oh, Lord!" the man groaned. "I'm a stupid ox! I wasn't even looking. Here—mop with this."

Dee accepted his handkerchief and mopped—until the waitress proffered a more useful towel and a glass of water.

As Dee mopped, she stared up at the weary man. Most of her mind was filled with despair and chagrin; but a corner of it had room for a fleeting impression that this man looked vaguely familiar. Yet she couldn't place him. Besides, misery was uppermost in her thoughts. The best dress she had with her in New York! And she had to sing in it!

Resolutely, however, Dee summoned her voice and manners. "It's nothing. I'm ashamed that I squawked like a chicken having her head cut off! I was startled, that's all. It's—an old dress."

But the man sensed, in the way that she was looking down at her drenched knees, that it was much more than an old dress—that the big dark wet stain spelled stark tragedy to the girl. Pity and a need for action rushed over him.

I'M a clown!" he said. "But we'll fix you up in no time." To the hovering waitress who had rescued Dee's cup and saucer he said, "Two cups of coffee, and don't have them too hot. We're in a hurry." Then he wheeled again on Dee. "As soon as we down these, we'll do something about that dress—"

"You don't have to," Dee protested. "It will dry. I wouldn't have jumped the way I did if it hadn't been that I'm a bit nervous tonight. I'm going to sing on the air, upstairs, pretty soon. And I'm a little excited." To herself she was thinking, I can't face the studio this way! I'll have to go back to my room and put on that horrid old blue thing. Oh, why did this awful thing have to happen!

"*You're* going on the air?" The man didn't bother to conceal his amazement. His tone and glance said plainly, This little country cousin in radio! "In that case, we've got to do something quickly!" He consulted his wrist watch.

Dee noticed that it looked like a very expensive watch—which surprised her, because his overcoat didn't look expensive, and no hat covered his sandy hair. And Dee couldn't imagine anybody who had any money at all, or who was anybody at all, going about in a big city like New York without a hat.

As she sipped her coffee, she found herself—in spite of her sick worry over her dress—trying to figure him out. She thought him cross and bossy but undeniably interesting-looking. And where had she seen him before? When? His face was lined and sunburned; his eyes were the brightest blue that she had ever seen in a human being. There was a look of the sea about him; maybe it was his viking build and coloring; maybe it was the creases at the corners of his amazing eyes, as if caused by squinting out over endless reaches of sparkling water. Yet his deep speaking voice wasn't the voice of a sailor. For all its abruptness, it was smooth and worldly and trained—and somehow sad.

As if in partial answer to the questions in Dee's mind, the man, putting down his cup, announced, "I'm broadcasting too in a short while. So if you've had enough coffee, inside and out, you and I will make a hurried shopping expedition. There are stores open over on Sixth—"

"Oh, no!" Dee exclaimed. "I couldn't let you!"

MY dear child." He put her slipper on her stockinged foot. "If you refuse to let me replace the dress I have ruined, you'll give me a guilt complex, which a friend of mine who studies such things says is worse than smallpox. If I think of you having to sing in that dress, I won't be any good at all when I face the mike. My interest in the matter is, therefore, partly selfish—see? You wouldn't want to ruin my radio career, practically nip it in the bud, would you?" Out of the grimness of his face he suddenly flashed a big kindly smile which made Dee catch her breath. It was so contradictory to the rest of his manner, and there was such sweetness in it. Utterly against her will, Dee felt warm all over because of that smile.

And also against her will she found herself going with him to the door. But as she did so she told herself it was simply because she preferred to argue with him outside in the corridor where a whole storeful of people weren't listening.

"You're just beginning in radio too?" she asked, letting him steer her through the door.

The man hesitated before answering. Then he said, "In a way, I'm beginning. But never mind about me. The problem now is you. We're going shopping."

"Oh, no; I have no intention of letting you—"

"Nonsense," he snapped. "Don't go maiden aunt on me! You're a human being in trouble, and I'm the cause of it. There's no occasion for false pride here, or etiquette, or Dear-Beatrice-Fairfax-should-I-let-a-strange-man-buy-me-a-dress!"

"But—"

"Don't argue with me. I'm years older than you; and tonight I'm in no mood to quarrel with children."

"I'm not a child! I'm twenty years old."

By now he was propelling her along. She was almost skipping to keep up with his long strides. She felt like a fool—but, after all, she couldn't sing in this dress, and she hated her blue one. And he was right—he did owe her one, in a way.

"Twenty years old!" he mimicked. "Fancy that! Lord—always stay twenty, little one! What's your name?"

"Mary Pickford," she said promptly and angrily.

He nodded. "Hello, Mary. I've always wanted to meet you. I'm Barrymore—with three r's."

By now they were outdoors, heading toward Sixth. Suddenly he did an unexpected thing. He caught her arm, drew her into a doorway. "If you could have anything you wanted in this window," he murmured, "what would it be?"

Dee knew that now he was being neither impudent nor eccentric. He had obviously ducked in here to avoid being seen by some one on the crowded street!

The window happened to be that of a pet shop. Dee felt challenged. Half annoyed, half amused, she decided to play his game for him. "I choose that Sealyham," she said, pointing to a shaggy bundle of animated fur. "He looks exactly like a toy dog I used to sleep with."

"Then you shall have him." The man was actually pulling her into the pet shop. "Where shall I have him sent?" he asked.

Dee planted her feet firmly. "Don't be silly!" Her eyes sparkled dangerously and her bronze curls danced. "We're buying a dress, not a dog."

They faced each other for a moment; then he gave in reluctantly. "So we are—just a dress." With a sigh he once more piloted Dee out onto the street. "But it would have been fun," he added, "to have bought a dog tonight. I'd have liked buying a dog for some one like you." He took her elbow, guided her across Sixth Avenue. "The emporium I have in mind is dead ahead." His voice was different now. "Behold! We won't find anything as chic here as we would had the shops on Fifth Avenue been open—"

"You don't have to apologize; these look lovely." Dee peered into the brightly lighted window of the tiny store. But she wasn't seeing the frocks hanging there on the pie-faced mannequins. She was seeing the tall amazing man beside her; feeling his strong fingers on her arm; feeling sorry for him, or upset by him, or something. Who was he? What was he? Why did he affect her as no one else ever had? He was like some one out of a fantastic book. And he was beginning to make her feel as if she, too, were alive only because some author's pen was writing her.

IT was an exciting sensation, dangerous perhaps, yet in a way comfortable; for in its grip she didn't have to think; she could just float with the crazy tide that was carrying her. And that it was crazy, Dee knew very well. Adventures didn't happen like this to young sane New England people like Deeda Mason. Men like this didn't even exist.

The salesgirl inside the dress shop also seemed to fall under a spell evoked by the man, and produced the best of her stock in short order.

The man, obviously still thinking of Dee as about sixteen, suggested a pleated Scotch skirt and a black velvet jacket. "You'll look like Princess Margaret Rose in it, and very sweet."

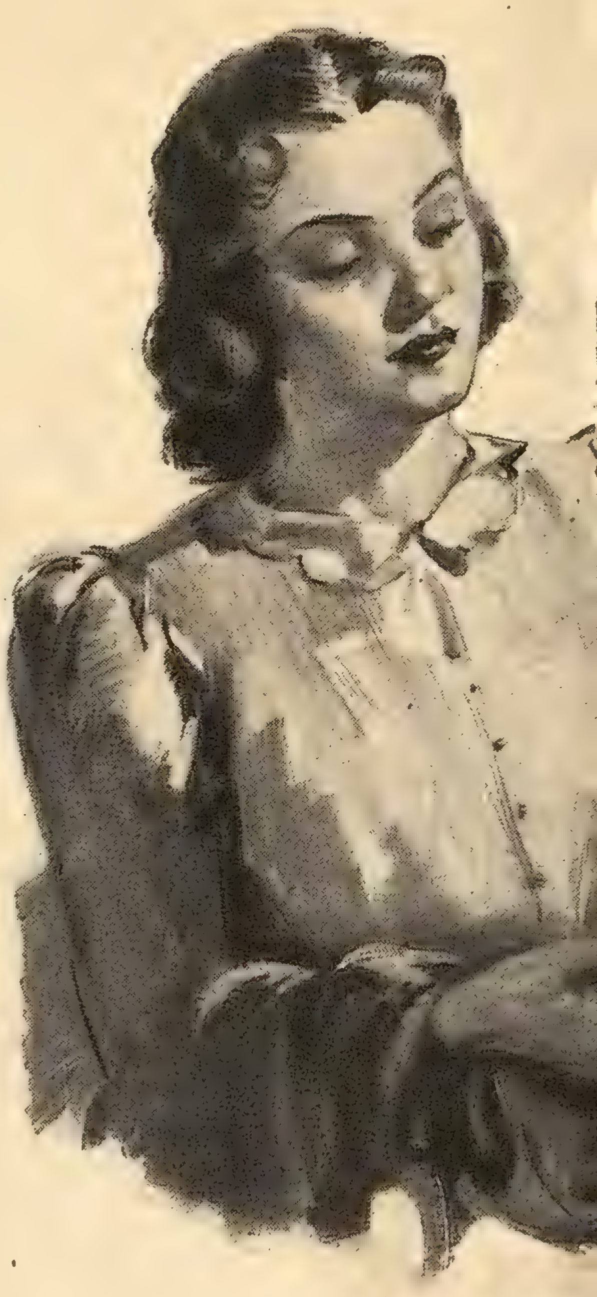
But Dee had seen the price tag—$19.95! It restored her common sense—which, in the company of this man, had been rapidly disappearing. Nineteen ninety-five! She had never paid that much for a dress in her life, and she certainly wasn't going to allow this stranger to do it! She told him so and stood her ground.

The man laughed at her stubbornness. "You know," he said, "when you sputter that way, it makes me believe that I've seen you somewhere before. Sputtering. With your carrot hair blowing in the wind."

"I haven't carrot hair! It's brown—hardly red at all. And there's no wind tonight."

"Your carrot hair," he repeated, "in the wind. And freckles. Yes, I distinctly associate my memory of you with freckles."

ILLUSTRATOR PHIL LYFORD



Dee turned away from him. To the salesgirl she said, being very businesslike, "I'll take this one." She chose an eight-ninety-five frock.

When she reappeared in her new purchase from the dressing cubbyhole, the man rose from the chair where he had been slumped. He nodded his head. "You did well," he commended. But there was a reluctance in his voice—as if he was sorry that he couldn't buy her more. And as the salesgirl disappeared to make a package of Dee's old dress, he added suddenly, "And you are very lovely. I wonder if you realize just how lovely you are? Or is that an impertinent question to ask a modern child?"

"Definitely impertinent; and I repeat I'm not a child!" Dee pulled her brown hat down over her shining hair, waited for him to help her into her coat.

But he stood looking at her.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Excuse me." He held the coat for her. "I was just thinking—wondering if—where Fate has thrown, practically poured, us together for a brief moment, and where we are both about to go on the air to give our all to a dubiously appreciative audience—if you would have one drink with me first."

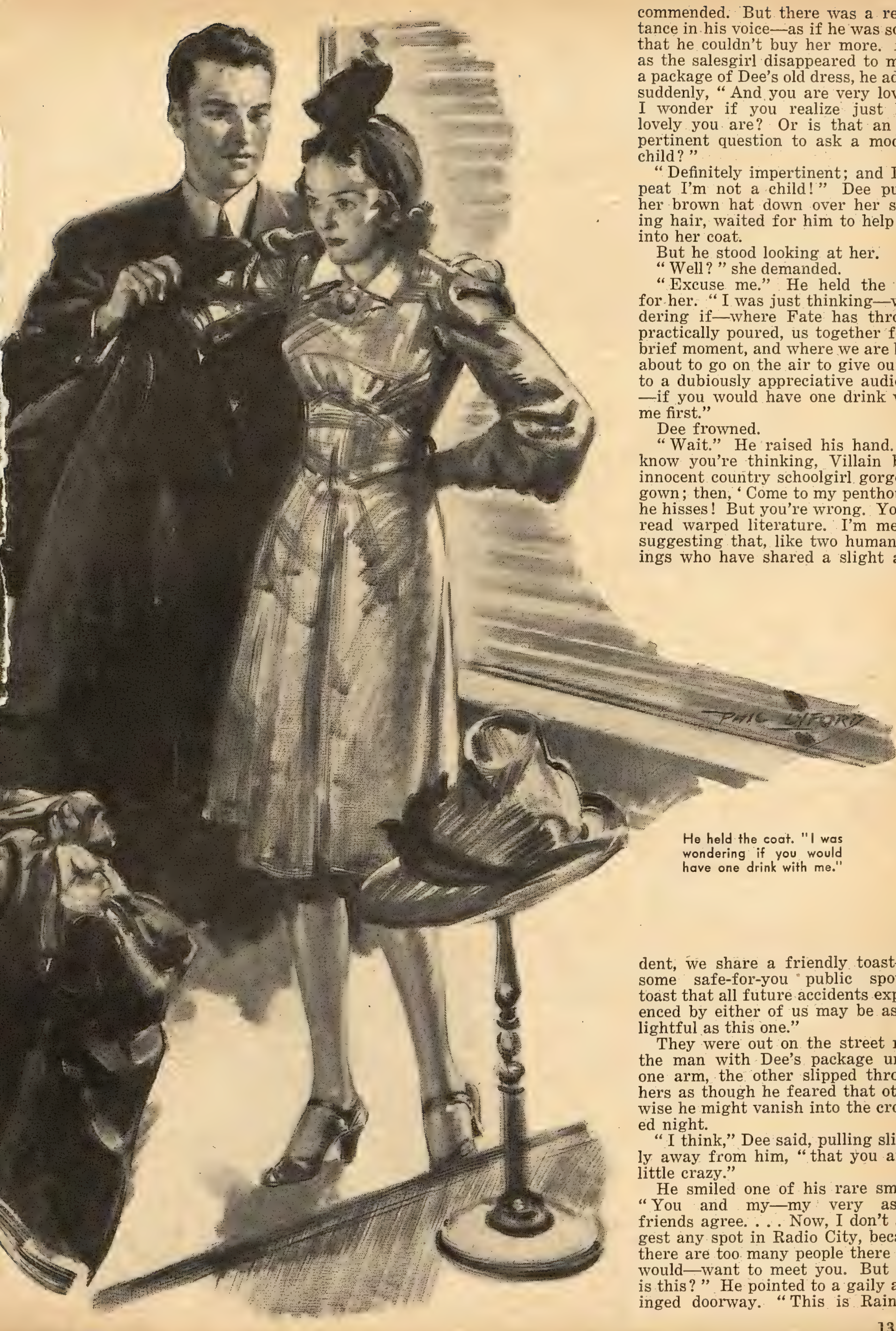
Dee frowned.

"Wait." He raised his hand. "I know you're thinking, Villain buys innocent country schoolgirl gorgeous gown; then, 'Come to my penthouse,' he hisses! But you're wrong. You've read warped literature. I'm merely suggesting that, like two human beings who have shared a slight accident, we share a friendly toast—in some safe-for-you public spot—a toast that all future accidents experienced by either of us may be as delightful as this one."

They were out on the street now, the man with Dee's package under one arm, the other slipped through hers as though he feared that otherwise he might vanish into the crowded night.

"I think," Dee said, pulling slightly away from him, "that you are a little crazy."

He smiled one of his rare smiles. "You and my—my very astute friends agree. . . . Now, I don't suggest any spot in Radio City, because there are too many people there who would—want to meet you. But how is this?" He pointed to a gaily awninged doorway. "This is Rainbow



He held the coat. "I was wondering if you would have one drink with me."

Charlie's—so named because he has, on this narrow slice of metropolitan real estate, at last found his pot of gold."

Dee, utterly unbelieving that all this was happening to her, to Deeda Mason of Eastmouth, Cape Cod, found herself seated beside her electric escort in a leather nook in a little barroom sufficiently full of people to be—as he had promised—public and quite safe.

Upon their entrance a fat jolly man behind the bar grinned all over, started to leave his position.

The man with Dee waved; but the gesture, although one of greeting, checked Rainbow Charlie's advance. Nodding and beaming slyly, the bartender returned to his post.

"Now for you," Dee's escort said to her, "I suggest a—say, a Clover Club."

"No, thank you," she objected with surprising firmness. "I'm neither young enough nor old enough for pink drinks! I'd like Scotch-and-soda, please—Haig & Haig, pinch bottle, if they have it."

He opened his blue eyes wide in an expression of exaggerated amazement.

"Don't look so surprised," she said, after he had ordered—duplicating hers. "Not that I follow in his footsteps, but my dad is probably the drinkingest sea captain on Cape Cod." Then she bit her lip. Personalities were out! This man was choosing to be a mystery; so would she be.

An odd look crossed the man's face, a fumbling, trying-to-remember look. But it was wiped away before her next quick words, "Cape Cod, Hollywood, I mean."

WHEN their Scotches arrived, the man toasted, "To Fate, who gave me a cup of coffee when I most needed it."

Dee touched her glass to his, drank sparingly. The fairy-tale quality of the whole adventure was rolling over her. It was becoming more and more poignant, even as it became less real. She experienced the sensation of past and present merging. And again she was sure that somewhere—perhaps only in a dream—she had laughed and talked with this man.

"Look, Mary Pickford," he said suddenly. "Do you mind if I ask a question? An odd but important one."

"No."

"You haven't a lot of money, have you?"

She shook her head.

"That wasn't the question—that was just the preamble to it. We've no time to waste delving into personal histories. I don't know who you are—you don't know who I am. We're ships that pass. So be it. Here goes for my question—and please give me an honest, un-self-conscious answer. What do you consider the most important thing in the world?"

Dee put down her glass; for suddenly her hand was trembling. Her thoughts, too, were trembling. Because *the most important thing in the world was happening to her; had already happened!* A bolt of lightning had fallen this evening, and she, Deeda Mason, had been the tree in the way. She knew that was how it had happened, how love always happened. And she didn't even know this man's name, or he, hers! And the cruel, the shameful part of it was that he obviously had no desire either to enlighten her or to have her enlighten him! Ships that pass, he had said, meaning that they would probably never see each other again. Meaning, also, that he had no wish to change the situation.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR. *refused to follow the family pattern of finance or railroading and went into journalism. He has been a reporter, newspaper publisher, radio commentator, and scenario writer. In the course of his career he has interviewed all the leading world figures.*

And he could sit there calmly asking her with impersonal eagerness what is the most important thing in the world! Dee became suddenly angry—not so much at him as at all stupid mankind. She knew this man didn't, couldn't realize what had happened to her; and his very stupidity added to her wrath. Of course, *love* was the answer he expected to his question. At least Dee didn't see how it could be anything else. And she was astute enough to guess that he probably had a good reason tonight for wanting to discuss it with a stranger. But she knew that *she* wasn't the reason—she was the stranger!

She took a slow steadying sip of her drink. Then she turned on him with a look of gentle but positive disapproval. "You don't ask people questions like that! It isn't done. You don't open up discussions of the heart or soul—not right off the bat—and in a place like this."

He sighed. "You're quite right, and I'm wrong again. One doesn't ask questions of the heart and soul in a place like this—or at least one doesn't on only one drink! And unfortunately one drink is all we have time for. So down it, little Mary. And forget my question. I stand corrected—you're not a child; you're too much of a grown-up."

Now it was Dee's turn to feel that she stood corrected. And being called too much of a grown-up hurt her more than his former insistence that she was a child. Why hadn't she answered his question lightly, casually? Where was her sense of humor, her sense of balance? Why had they deserted her? . . . But she knew why. Love is the easiest thing in the world to discuss when it's around the corner; the hardest, when it has suddenly dropped on your own doorstep!

The man smoked in silence for a moment. Then he said, "I'm not reopening the issue—but I have a hunch that you know and are still lucky enough to believe in the answer to my question!"

"Don't you?"

"I once thought I knew the answer; but I've recently given up believing it works. . . . And now," his voice changed the subject even more definitely than his words did, "I'll tell you the story of Rainbow Charlie, who was a prizefighter who could never seem to savvy that fights very frequently are fixed."

THUS the precious minutes fled. As Dee could see by the grinning bar clock. "We've got to go!" she exclaimed, waving toward the clock. "I'm on the air at eight."

So go they did. They almost ran to the big Rockefeller Center Building. And once in the elevator, surrounded by a chattering crowd, much of the strange magic of the adventure slipped away. The man became again tired and pursued-looking. Dee could fairly feel him vanishing from her into a world that was utterly different from anything she could ever know. Several people hailed him, calling him Walter and shouting questions about his trip, asking how Poland was, how it felt to be a little father.

No one hailed Dee; but she, too, felt pursued by her own private demons. She had to sing tonight; had to be good enough to land the church-hour spot tomorrow. And she had to say good-by to this man, whose name she didn't know—and to something else, the name of which she did know. Something to which she was afraid that no good-by could ever be said! *What is the most important thing in the world?*

"Good-by," Dee murmured to the man, as they stepped into the busy reception hall before the studios. "And thank you."

"Good-by." The man looked at her, then at a group of men bearing down on him. One of them carried an expensive overcoat over his arm, and an extra hat. Others, who looked like reporters, held pads and pencils.

"No!" the man said abruptly to Dee. "Not good-by yet. Let's say it after our broadcasts. Couldn't you meet me here? Please—"

The men were close now. The man holding Dee's hand looked suddenly tireder than ever, and beaten—like a proud fox at last brought to cover.

"Yes," Dee consented quickly. "I'll meet you here after." And she fled, because she knew that he wanted her to. But she fled gladly, because she knew that he wanted her to come back.

Who is this strange man who has fascinated Dee? Why is he keeping his identity a secret? Has she found love only to lose it? There are plenty of puzzles and surprises in the next installment of this exciting modern novel—and a dramatic revelation.

An eminent American's startlingly forthright challenge to the U. S. A.

SHALL WE BREAK WITH RUSSIA?

BY SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT is about time the smug, complacent American attitude—the " it-can't-happen-here " state of mind—gave way to vigilance and vigor in dealing with the problem of Communistic treachery inside the United States.

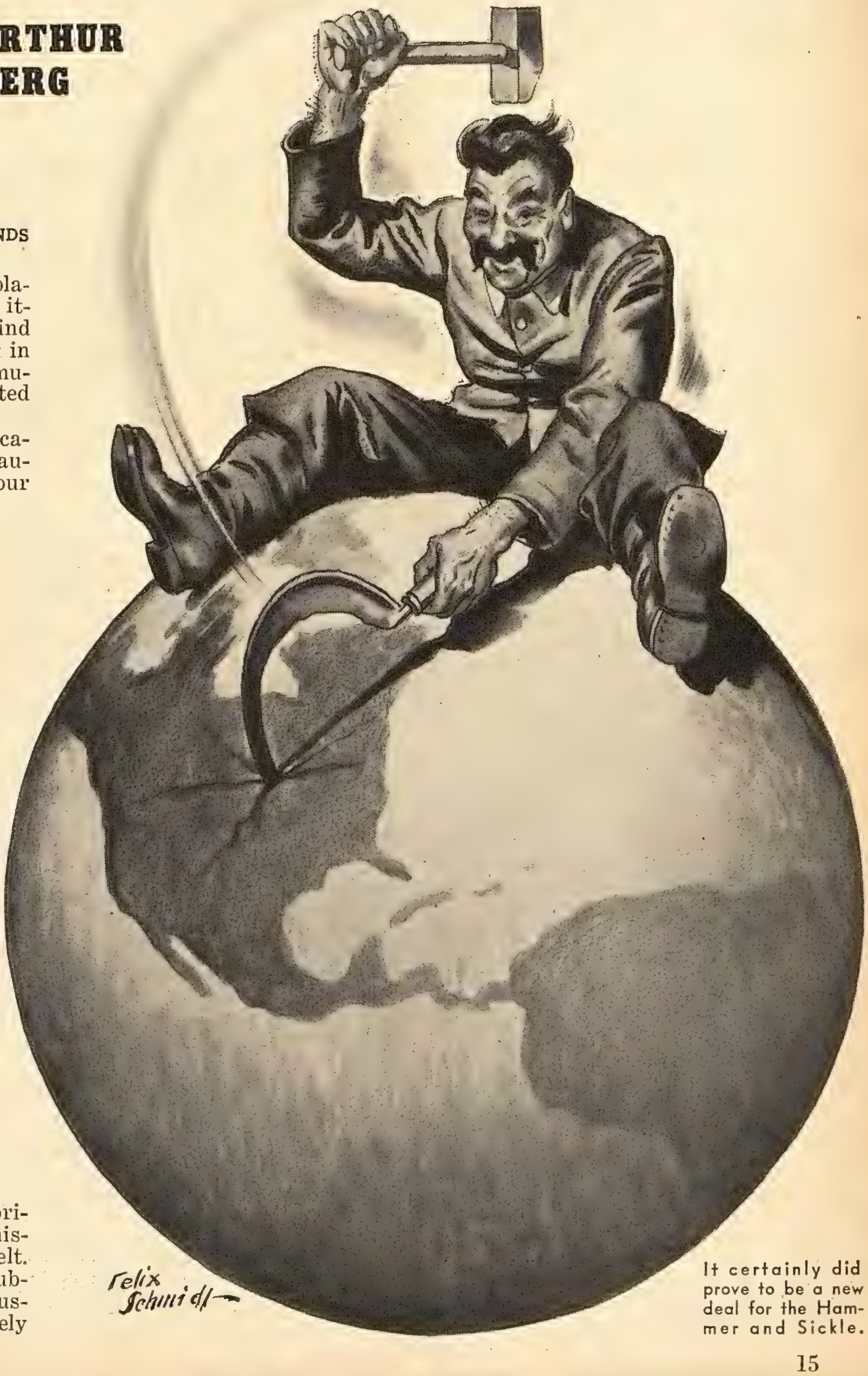
That problem is no longer academic. It calls for elementary precaution, as would the protection of our homes against bacteria that mean death.

Upon treachery the technique of aggression is largely built. We know that now. We saw in Norway precisely how it works. It capitalizes treason, and glories in doing so. In Norway it happened to be Mr. Hitler's agents " who stole the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the Devil in." Mr. Stalin's technique, as the United States has already experienced it, is no different except, for the time being, in degree.

Norway can do nothing about it now. But it is not too late for the United States to do something about its own kindred jeopardy.

We want no vipers in our bosom. Yet we have them, and we know that their supreme purpose is to strike against us with fatal poison if and when Moscow signals. There may not be many of them—relatively. But there weren't many traitors in Norway, relatively, either.

In the United States the chief symbol of treachery is the notorious broken contract between Commissar Litvinoff and President Roosevelt. The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—better known as Bolshevik Russia—has repeatedly and conclusively



It certainly did prove to be a new deal for the Hammer and Sickle.

violated the terms of its agreement with the government of the United States under which we " recognized " Moscow in 1933. It is continuously engaged, directly or indirectly, in a conspiracy to undermine the government of the United States and ultimately to overthrow it by force. It not only believes in " world revolution " as an abstract objective; it is constantly attempting to promote this objective inside the United States.

This is not merely a matter of opinion. It is a conclusion of fact which is sustained by the official records of the government of the United States. It is my opinion that we are guilty of complete folly if we suffer in silence and in acquiescence this violation of our rights.

I am not talking about going to war with Russia or about anything of the kind. I am proposing no desertion of the code of neutrality, to which I hope this country is permanently committed. I *am* talking about the fact that our diplomatic relations with Russia are based on a contract. We extended " official recognition " to Moscow on the basis of the specific pledges contained in the Litvinov-Roosevelt correspondence of 1933. The pledges have been violated. The contract has been broken. Therefore there is no further justification for the relationship which was established, and which has been contingent upon the integrity of these pledges and the fulfillment of this contract. We should revert to the basis of relationship which existed prior to 1933.

If we are willing indefinitely to condone this breach, Moscow will get a wrong idea about its immunities under the American flag. On the other hand, plain talk and conclusive action *now*—in respect to this matter which is wholly within our own jurisdiction and control, and wholly within our obvious right—may save a peck of trouble day after tomorrow.

The United States is the one and only republic in the New World which still maintains diplomatic relations with the Soviets. North America, Central America, and South America are a unit upon this score—with the single exception of our own country. If there were nothing else to awaken us (and there is plenty), we should be put upon notice by this unanimous anti-Russian attitude of United Pan America that we need to have a powerful reason for officially fraternizing with the Bolsheviks. There is no such reason. On the contrary, powerful reason runs the other way and recommends that we harmonize our attitude with that of our " good neighbors " in the Western Hemisphere. The distinction of being the only Bolshevik bedfellow in the New World must be as distasteful as it is lonely.

Of course it is none of our business what kind of government the Soviets have inside their own territory. They can be as Communistic and as ruthless there as they please. But, by the same token, it is none of Russia's business what kind of government we have inside our own United States. We have no right to interfere in their internal affairs. They have no right to interfere in ours. That is what this question is all about.

When the Soviets took charge of Russia in President Wilson's time, we realized the impropriety and the hazard of having any official relationship with the heart and center of an ambitious " world revolution." Secretary of State Colby, under President Wilson, declined to recognize Moscow in one of the most powerful state papers ever written. The Harding administration took the same view. Secretary of State (now Chief Justice) Hughes said: " There is conclusive evidence that those in control of Moscow have not given up their original purpose of destroying existing governments whenever they can do so throughout the world." President Coolidge next declined recognition, on similar grounds. Then came the Hoover regime, and still the same consistent attitude, to which Secretary of State Kellogg gave expression.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ THE WINDS OF SPRING by Walter Havighurst. The Macmillan Company.

The story of Jan Sorensen, Swedish scholar and ornithologist, who emigrated to Wisconsin as a pioneer and clung courageously to his faith in the value of scientific accomplishment while his Scandinavian neighbors reaped the material benefits of the growing prosperity of America. A moving account of a man's unswerving idealism and of a woman who loved him for it, set against a vivid background of a land of forests and birds as yet unspoiled by encroaching civilization.

Then came President Roosevelt and 1933 and the New Deal. Whatever it proved to be for us, it certainly did prove to be a new deal for the Hammer and the Sickle. President Roosevelt concluded to end this long-time breach. But he knew that he was dealing with treachery, so he sought to tie its hands. Commissar Litvinov came over and agreed to everything the President asked. They exchanged a series of international love letters, all dated November 16, 1933. Russia signed up to compose her debts to us.

Still more important—and fundamental to everything else—Russia agreed also to quit all relationships with internal revolution inside the United States or with any agencies over there or over here which should be engaged in " any act overt or covert liable in any way whatsoever to injure the tranquillity, prosperity, order or security of the whole or any part of the United States . . . . and in particular any act tending to incite or encourage armed intervention or any agitation or propaganda having as an aim the violation of the territorial integrity of the United States, or the bringing about by force of a change in the political or social order of the whole or any part of the United States."

On the strength of these unctuous assurances—despite the probability that they were not worth the paper they were written on—the President recognized the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. We opened our gates, we extended our hospitalities to the agents of Communism. Then things began to happen.

It did not take long to demonstrate that the leopard had not changed its spots; that the undependable Russia of yesterday was still the undependable Russia of today; that we were the victims of an atrociously bad bargain.

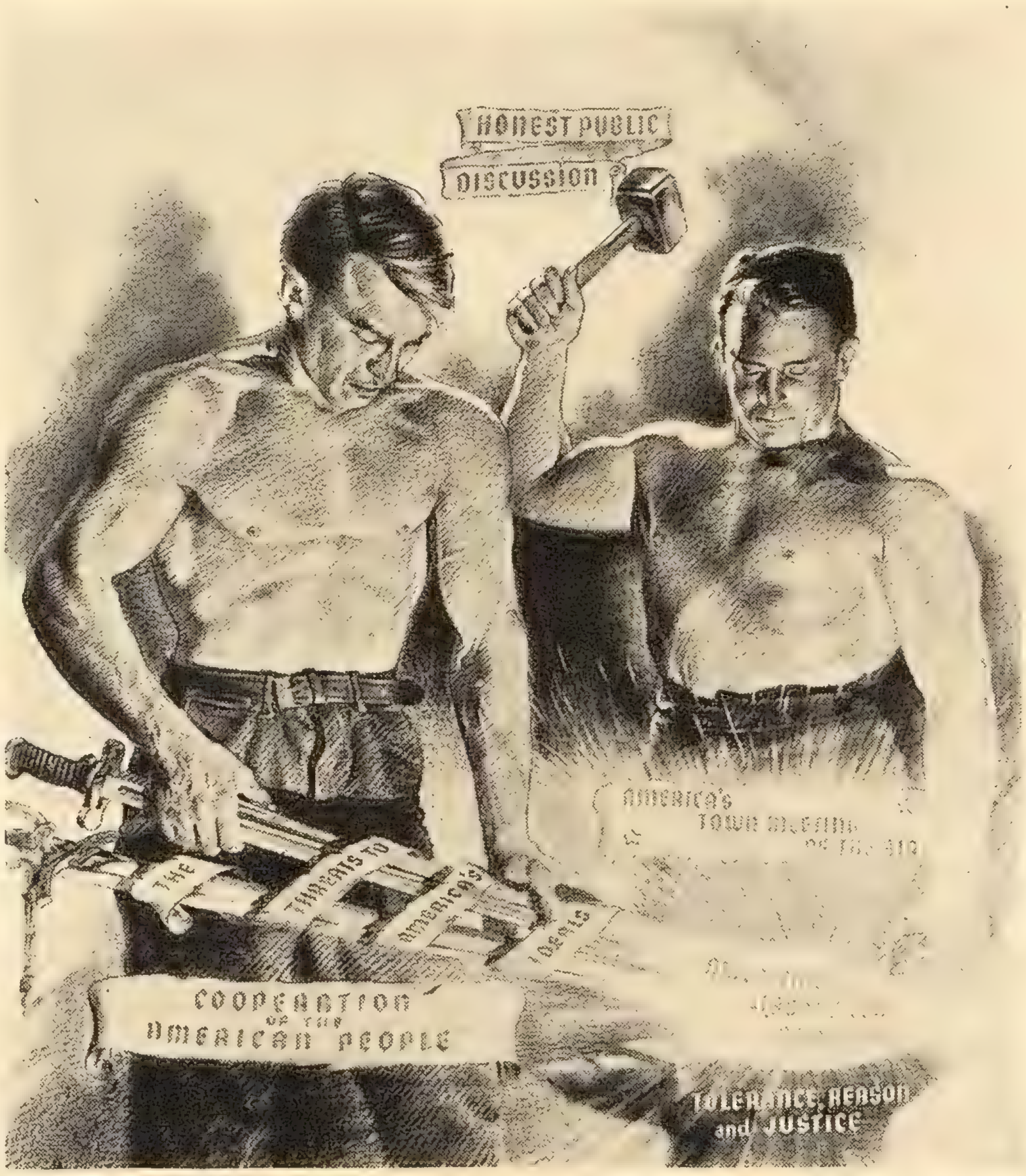
First, the debt negotiations promptly broke down. Russia owed us what is now $395,000,000. There were some desultory conversations on the subject—a sort of shadow-box pretense at preliminary good faith. But on January 31, 1935, the State Department issued an official statement which concluded: " In view of the present attitude of the Soviet Government we feel that we cannot encourage the hope that any agreement is now possible."

It never was possible. It never has been. There never has been any sort of agreement. Soviet Russia is just as much of a defaulter as she was on the pious day when she agreed to quit being one. Thus came the first disillusionment. But that was relatively inconsequential, because there were plenty of other defaulters. Six months later, however, we came to grips with the things that really count.

Our ordinarily placid State Department wrote Moscow that the Seventh All World Congress of the Communist Internationale — plotting its world revolution here as elsewhere — was guilty of " flagrant violation of the pledge given by the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics on November 16, 1933, with respect to non-interference in the internal affairs of the United States." It said the government of the United States " would be lacking in candor if it failed to state frankly that it anticipates the most serious consequences if the government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is unwilling or unable to take appropriate measures to prevent further acting in disregard of the solemn pledge."

RUSSIA rather contemptuously dismissed the protest as meaning nothing. She had what she wanted. She declined to admit guilt or to do anything about correcting the intolerable situation. But the State Department simply wrote another note convicting Moscow of " a clean-cut disregard and disavowal of the pledge by the Soviet Government." Incidentally, when Secretary of State Hull responded in January, 1940, to my Senate Resolution asking for this official record, he said that we had an "irrefutable case" against Moscow in 1935. *Irrefutable!* But nothing happened. We swallowed the offense charged, and carried on in our injured innocence. The offense charged was a participation in an effort internally to overthrow the government of the United States by force.

In 1936 Rear Admiral Taussig, testifying before the House Appropriations Committee, said: "Members of the Third Internationale are very active in the United States in furtherance of their plan for world revolution, which includes the overthrow of our present form of government." I felt that this exhibit, coming as it did from a high officer of our own government, carried with it an authenticity which could not be ignored. So I called this testimony to the attention of our State Department. Nothing happened.


HONEST PUBLIC DISCUSSION
THE THREATS TO AMERICA'S IDEALS
AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR
COOPERATION OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE
TOLERANCE, REASON and JUSTICE

This cartoon, drawn by Reynolds Jones, 1033 Williams Boulevard, Springfield, Illinois, was awarded second place in the Liberty Town Hall Cartoon Contest. Mr. Jones received a prize of $300. The work of other prize winners will appear in coming issues.

Now we come down to 1940. A committee of the House of Representatives to investigate un-American propaganda activities officially reported on January 3:

> Hundreds of pages of testimony have established the fact that the Communist Party of the United States can make no more than a superficial claim that it is a political party in the sense in which the American people understand those words. It is on the contrary a constituent member of the Communist Internationale and is its agent in the United States. The Communist Internationale in turn is completely dominated by the Communist Party of Soviet Russia. The Committee feels that a careful examination of the facts justifies the assertion that the Communist Party of the United States is a foreign conspiracy masked as a political party. The Committee is forced to conclude that in practice the Communist Party is actually functioning as a border patrol on American shores for a foreign power—the Soviet Union. Since the Communist Party of the United States has the avowed purpose of drastically changing the form of government of the United States, it is the opinion of the Committee that the Party's activities constitute a violation of the treaty of recognition entered into between the government of the United States and the government of the U. S. S. R. in 1933.

The record stands clear. There can be no denial of these cumulative implications. Communism in the United States is not a "political party." There can be no question that the Litvinov-Roosevelt agreements upon which Soviet recognition was based are worth no more than were the nonaggression pacts which were supposed to protect Poland and Finland. They are completely worthless. The Soviets long since abrogated the agreement under which we maintain diplomatic relationship. We alone still respect it. We do so at our peril. We thus invite internal subversion which is at war with every American conception. We not only invite this subversion; we actually license it. In the contemporary language of the State Department, this is "irrefutable."

It is not enough to say in reply that we are not afraid of what Communism can do to us. That begs the question. One rotten apple in a barrel has been known ultimately to contaminate all the rest. But whether Russia can achieve the destructive purposes of Communism within the United States is beside the point. The point is that the effort has been and still is continuous in spite of a direct and specific pledge to the contrary. The point is that Moscow has long since completely reversed the relationships with us which were presumed to have been established in 1933. We should face this fact and sever a relationship which has become a ghastly challenge to international good faith.

It is not enough to argue that, despite all this treachery, we had better maintain our diplomatic outposts in Russia for the sake of keeping ourselves more intimately informed regarding the trend of this menace. (We found recently that our outposts were not worth very much when we were trying to find out what had happened to our ship City of Flint.) For every outpost we maintain over there, they will maintain a dozen over here, because we are relatively only children in the arts of intrigue and infiltration. The privilege of maintaining our listening posts over there is as nothing compared with their privilege of maintaining subversive depots over here.

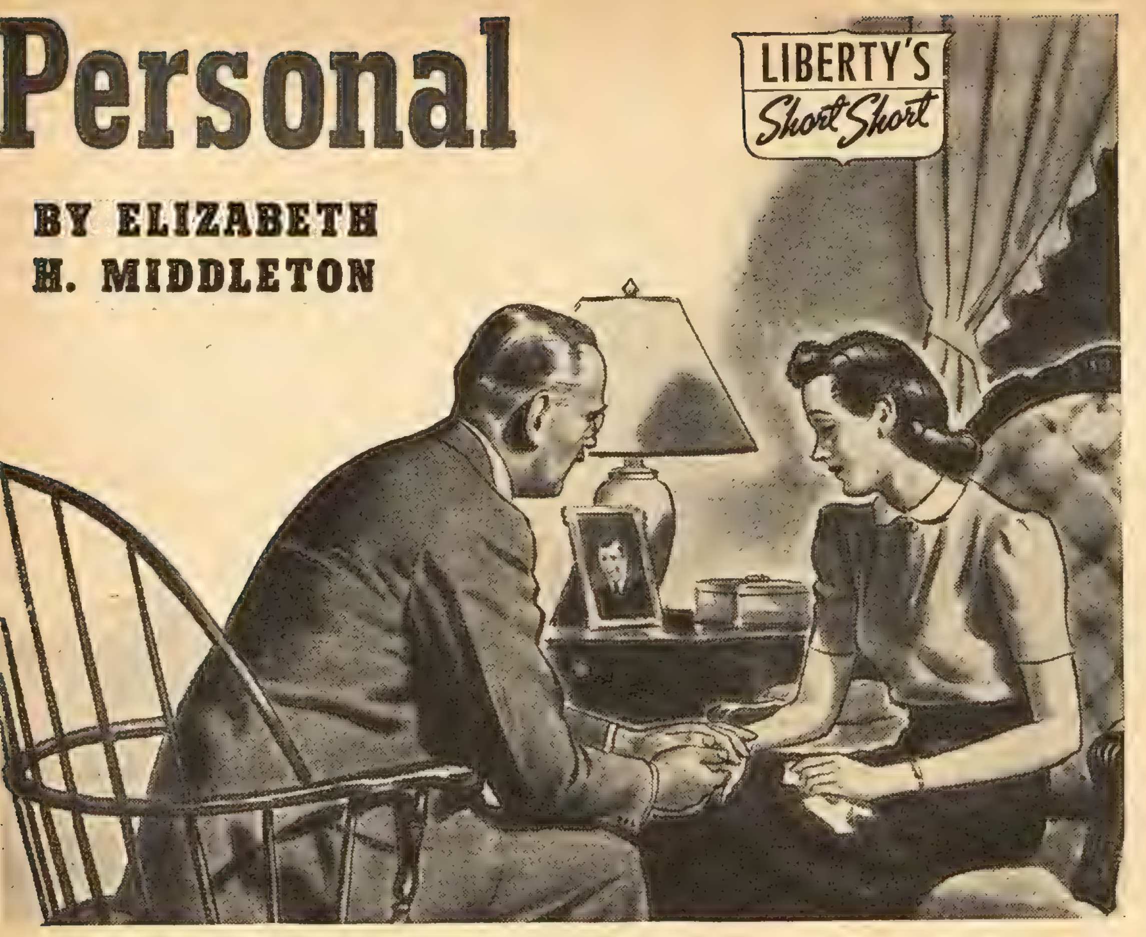
BUT the thing of paramount importance is the principle involved. We are victims of a broken contract—a contract which this administration deemed to be necessary as a prerequisite to diplomatic relations between the government of the United States and the government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The contract involves the internal sanctity of American institutions. This is a domestic problem. It relates to our own government and to our own institutions and our own order of things inside our own United States. It has nothing to do with our external neutrality or with our detached status in respect to world affairs. It has nothing to do with peace or war. It is simply a case of quietly demonstrating that Uncle Sam is not the gullible chump which Moscow seems to think he is. It is past time for the United States to tell the world that we are not running a polyglot boarding-house in which the visitors can foul our hospitality and get away with it.

Our Moscow embassy should come home. Moscow's embassy should go home.

THE END

Personal

BY ELIZABETH H. MIDDLETON



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

IF I only thought she'd read it, if she'd just see it once, doc, she'd come back to me sure. But you know how it is. Nobody ever reads the Personals in a paper."

"H'm," said the doc, his blue eyes twinkling. "What makes you think they don't? Listen; I'll tell you about one I put in a Milwaukee paper several years ago."

The man leaned forward, hope flickering in his tired face. "Did you get an answer? Did it work?"

The doc drew in a deep breath, expelled it slowly. "Yes," he said; "it certainly did work. This is the way it was:

"In those days I practiced in a small town, and I knew my patients inside out, or thought I did—knew all the kind things they did when a neighbor was in trouble, knew all their cussedness too, and their little secret sins they'd rather die than tell the preacher. Well, I had one family had a daughter we'll call Rhoda. Nice girl; handsome, too, in a dark flashing sort of way. High-strung as a race horse. She and a boy named Leonard had been childhood sweethearts, and when they grew up they still stuck together, planned to be married some day.

"And then along came a stranger, a shock-haired, loose-jointed fellow with a nice grin, could turn his hand to almost anything, sort of fellow the dogs follow in the streets. Right away from the start it was him and Rhoda, and poor Leonard was left out in the cold. Every one in town knew all about it, because that's the way those places are; and they sure did talk, pretty near split the town in half, what with some blaming her for dropping Leonard, and the other half all agog over the whirlwind romance. And then, just as quick as it started, it was all over. I never rightly knew what happened. Rhoda didn't tell me, and I didn't ask her. But Tim just got up and left one day. Pulled clean out of town.

"Well, sir, the town knew it almost before Rhoda herself did—and how the tongues did wag! As for Rhoda, she took it mighty serious. Stayed in the house; wouldn't see any one, not even that nice Leonard. He came every day with flowers or some jelly or cake his mother'd made, and she wouldn't see him. She even refused to eat. Finally it got so bad her folks called me in. Now, Rhoda had always told me things, ever since she was a baby falling down and hurting herself; so I saw her alone, and figured maybe the two of us could straighten out the mess.

"I pulled up a chair and took her hand in mine. 'Look, child,' I said. 'This won't do. God never meant you to grieve like this. Forget Tim. He isn't worth it.'

"She turned those great black eyes of hers on me. 'Tim? You think I'm crying over Tim?' She laughed, and it made me want to bawl. 'I wouldn't shed a single tear over him. I hate him. You hear? I hate him!'

"'Then why on earth are you sitting here in the dark fretting yourself sick?'

"'Because I'm ashamed,' she said. 'Because I'm a coward. They all know I was jilted. Yes, jilted. That's not a pretty word. Every one knows it. I can feel them talking about it!'

"I said, easy as I could, 'They're not all that way. How about Leonard, Rhoda? Haven't you forgotten him?'

"A sort of gentle look came across her face. 'Dear Leonard. No, I haven't forgotten him.'

"'It's a fact he loves you,' I said. 'One of those things nobody doubts. Come now, don't you still love him just the least little bit?'

"She gave me a wry smile. 'Maybe you're right, doc; but I'm still too much of a coward to go out and face all those staring old biddies.'

"It was then, all of a sudden, that I got my big idea. 'Rhoda,' I told her, 'I can fix all that.'

"I left her gaping at me.

"Back in my office, I sat down and wrote out an ad for the Journal. It went something like this: 'Angel: [That's what Tim always called her.] Can't live without you. Please forgive. Tim.'"

The man said, "Did it do any good?"

The doc chuckled. "Yes, it worked fine. That town was a-humming with it inside of twenty-four hours. First, Rhoda came out as far as the front gate. Next day she walked down and got the mail, holding her head up stiff and proud. Pretty soon she wasn't hiding at home any more, and there she was, laughing louder than any of them, dancing harder, and — going steady again with Leonard. It wasn't two months till the wedding date was set. And you should see her now. A fine woman she is; her husband adores her, and they've got six nice kids."

"Did Leonard find out what you did?"

"Leonard? Well, no; I don't think so. I don't believe Rhoda ever told him. You see, things happened so fast all at once. Here was the wedding day all set, and that whole town whipped up to a lather over it.

"The day dawned clear and warm, like a wedding day should, and the morning train pulled in from Milwaukee, and—Tim was on it! I didn't know that, though, till later. You see, I'd overlooked one little thing: there's lots of folks besides those in Coldville read that paper.

"About noon I went over to Rhoda's house, all slicked up in my best. Rhoda's father beckoned to me from the stairs. I went up, never guessing what had happened. Her room was empty, except for her mother sitting over by the window, crying into a handkerchief. There on the bed lay the wedding dress and the lace veil. Everything was there—except the bride!

"The next morning I picked up my Milwaukee paper, and it was habit made me turn to the Personals. Mine was still running, and right below it was a new one. It said: 'Dear: [That's what she always called Leonard.] There's only one thing more important than the man who loves you, and that is the man you love. Please forgive. Rhoda.'"

The doc leaned back in his chair, regarding his visitor with bright quizzical eyes. "Yes, sir. These Personals certainly do bring results."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

Actual color photograph showing one part of Luckies' famous "Toasting" process—which adds extra mellowness to the golden leaf.

"...and that's how 'Toasting' works!"

YOU MAY BE as familiar with the phrase "It's Toasted" as you are with your own name.

But do you know how "Toasting" gives you a better cigarette?

First, it uses higher heat treatments to take out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco... making Luckies easy on your throat.

Second, it uses the concentrated sunshine of ultra-violet rays to add extra mellowness to the fine tobaccos in Luckies.

No other cigarette gives you the Cream of the finest crops on record —plus the throat protection of "It's Toasted."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll see why with independent tobacco experts —buyers, warehousemen, auctioneers—WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

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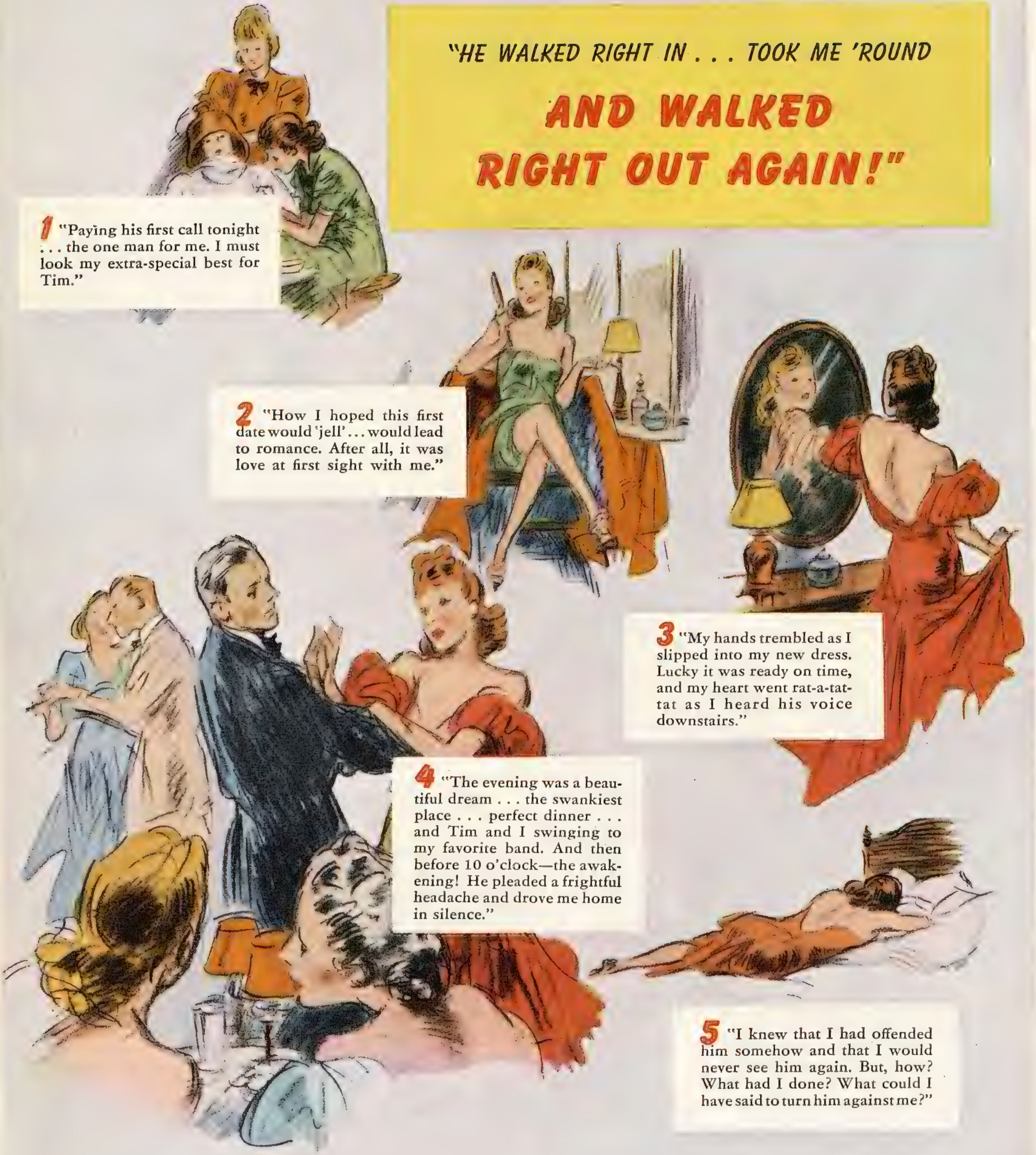
HAVE YOU TRIED A *LUCKY* LATELY?

"HE WALKED RIGHT IN . . . TOOK ME 'ROUND

AND WALKED RIGHT OUT AGAIN!"



1 "Paying his first call tonight . . . the one man for me. I must look my extra-special best for Tim."

2 "How I hoped this first date would 'jell' . . . would lead to romance. After all, it was love at first sight with me."

3 "My hands trembled as I slipped into my new dress. Lucky it was ready on time, and my heart went rat-a-tat-tat as I heard his voice downstairs."

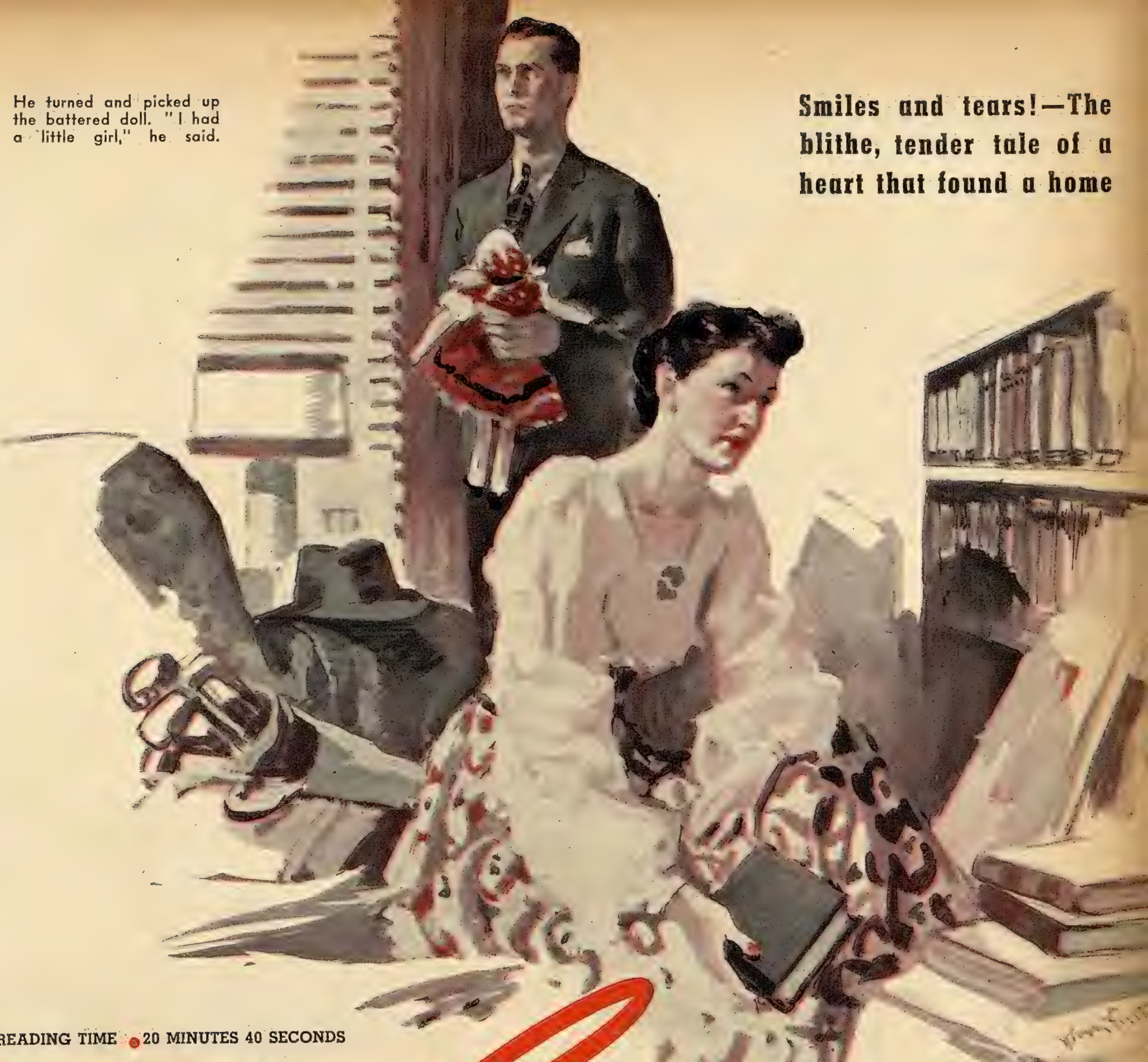
4 "The evening was a beautiful dream . . . the swankiest place . . . perfect dinner . . . and Tim and I swinging to my favorite band. And then before 10 o'clock—the awakening! He pleaded a frightful headache and drove me home in silence."

5 "I knew that I had offended him somehow and that I would never see him again. But, how? What had I done? What could I have said to turn him against me?"

WE CAN TELL YOU, JANE:
You saw to every detail except the most important one. The loveliest complexion, the smartest dress, the gayest wit, the softest lights, and most seductive music won't help you when your breath is on the offensive side. Since many cases of halitosis (bad breath) are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth anyone is likely to be a victim without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about this condition.

Why risk offending in this way when it is so easy to make the breath sweeter and purer with Listerine Antiseptic? Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts this fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Simply rinse the mouth with it before social engagements. Better yet, get in the habit of using it morning and night. It may pay you real dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.



He turned and picked up the battered doll. "I had a little girl," he said.

Smiles and tears!—The blithe, tender tale of a heart that found a home

Love Story – PAGE ONE

BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IT was funny how he rented the room in the first place. They put an ad in the paper, and nobody answered, and then they forgot about it. Mary said to herself, "I'd just better try to get more music pupils."

When he came to look at the place, nobody was home except Iris and Cozy, and of course their account of the interview took the whole thing out of the realm of reality into the kingdom of fantasy, where both of them lived—Iris the sugar-bun baker, and Cozy the sugar-bun devourer.

"He's come, mummy!" Cozy cried, running out to meet Mary when she and Gramma got off the bus which stitches around the edge of town with a thin thread of passengers, lightly basting this suburb to the city. "After all the time I've been 'specting him, he just came today!"

"Who's come?" Mary said, prepared to hear it was Peter Rabbit, a migratory turtle, or even that man from the bank who talked so decisively about that loan which poor Gregory had borrowed before he died.

"*You know,*" Cozy said with that fine shade of embarrassment which meant she didn't know his name, "You know . . . to live with us." Nobody had told her about it, of course, when the advertisement went in, for Cozy was only five; not a baby any more, she often pointed out; and indeed she did look every day a little less like the tea cozy from which Gregory had nicknamed her. Nobody had told her, but they have a mysterious way of learning things, when they're five.

The mesh of the screen turned Iris into cross-stitch, simplified to brown face and red-checked apron.

"Yas'm," Iris said, "he cert'n'y did come. Lef' the money for you, Miss Mary." Three pert bills . . .

and nobody could think they came out of the realm of fancy! "He plays a violin, and he sez please ma'am can he keep a riding saddle in the attic, and he ask special if he can come fo' Friday dinner."

Gramma said, "So we've got our paying guest. I'm seventy-two and we're starting in business." But she looked very much pleased about it. There were things much worse than paying guests; the bank had made that understandable even to Gramma.

"What's he like?" Mary asked, and Iris drew in huge breath on which to paint his portrait.

"Well," said Iris, "he's is-y. He may have been ain't-y sometime in his life, but now he's good and is-y." That was the stroke Iris always blocked in first in her genial caricatures. After you'd lived with her awhile, you picked up that classification yourself. "Is-y people think more things is *is*, than is *ain't*." This was her definition, if you happened to be a literal-minded person needing explanation. "Laws he'p me from having ain't-y people around. 'This ain't right . . . we ain't got that.' . . . Gets so after awhile everything *ain't*."

So he was is-y. Well, that was something. But hardly enough to outweigh this basic wrongness, which was gender. The ad had distinctly said "a settled woman."

COZY was saying, her eyes nearly black with the blown-up balloons of the pupils showing how moved she was, "And the minute I saw him I loved him so much that of course I knew who he was."

"Who he was, Cozy?"

"Yes," she said. "*You know.*" And before any one could prevent her, she had pulled Gramma down and whispered in her ear.

Mary knew from Gramma's face that she had said that thing again which was so hard for them both. She hadn't spoken about it for many months now. Mary couldn't tell which hurt her more, seeing the baby tactfulness budding into evasion, or having her ask and ask about Gregory, whom she remembered mistily. ("Why *haven't* I my daddy?" When even grown-ups cannot say a satisfactory why. . . .)

"Run in now," Gramma said gruffly, and her eyes were pinched and hurt, as they were when she had to think about her dead son.

Iris said, "Yas'm, he said we ought to spray the delphiniums with arson of lead. His mama come from down Boonesville way. People name of Trask. Very is-y people."

Gramma said in her harsh determined voice, as if what Cozy had whispered had decided her, "Of course we cannot take him in. We still have conventions, I should say."

"Two widow women and a child," Mary said. "Sounds perfectly proper. Not to mention our cook's being practically kinfolks with his family."

"Nonsense," Gramma said decidedly. "Let's go up and look at the room. We'll write another ad and put it in the paper. We'll leave out the 'settled.' What woman would recognize herself as settled?"

They went into the house, all of them a little subdued for some reason, as they trailed up the fine old stairs spiraling like a shaft of mounting music. They stood in the doorway and looked in, as if the man had left some imprint upon the air.

ALREADY the room belonged to some one else; it had all week. To some anonymous stranger. "Do you suppose she'd like the yellow curtains? Put my traveling clock on her table . . . I'll not be going anywhere." All week they had looked at it with the eyes of the settled woman. But now they looked at it with the eyes of Peter Barton, who wanted to bring his saddle to room with him, and who knew when delphiniums needed a spraying.

"What would make a man want a room?" Gramma said in an unfriendly way. "Why doesn't he live in a hotel somewhere?"

"Maybe he did," Mary said. "Maybe he's been through all that."

"He ought to get married," Gramma said. "If he's old enough to carry around violins and saddles, he ought to be married. Something wrong with men who don't marry. Selfish. And, what's worse, old-maidish."

Unexpectedly from behind them, Cozy said, "He said he knew me too, the minute he saw me." Mary and Gramma jumped at the sound of her voice. "I asked him where on earth had he been, and he said God knows."

Gramma went to the head of the stairs and shouted down to Iris, "Come get this child. She's getting entirely too big now to listen to what people say. I won't have it." Two bright hurt spots burned on her cheeks. She had accepted her loss in her own way; she knew how to bear it now. But no one was to remind her of it. That's all she asked.

You'd have thought she didn't care, if you hadn't known how they had been together, Gregory and his mother . . . salty-humored rascals, clashing cheerfully. You could see their minds, agile boxers dancing around on their toes, sparring with each other, wrestling and shaking hands, then grappling again.

Nothing soft between them which *could* meet into weeping; only the flinty concrete of their love, stronger than any softness. There is no pattern for grief at such a loss as this; a strong old woman can only be silent. Or gruff. Mary knew that.

"We'll have to take that silly workbasket out," Gramma said, stamping to the doorway again. "Women don't sit and sew any more. And that fluffy dressing table looks too flibbertigibbety. A woman in a rented room ought to have a chest. We might as well use that one in the attic." Gregory's chest. . . .

"I told him all right," Iris said. "I said mighty glad to have him. He cert'n'y got blue eyes, Miss Mary. He laks to laugh right good, that 'un. He said he'd leave him phome number, and I said neva mind; we'd take him, positive."

"You had no business to say that, Iris," Gramma said. "You take entirely too much on yourself."

"Yas'm," said Iris cheerfully, and went downstairs.

"You let those two run all over you," Gramma said to Mary. "And I run all over you, too."

"Yas'm," said Mary, and she kissed her old mother-in-law. She went over then and sat in the chair by the window, and Gramma could see her being the stranger, trying out this room. "Iris'll have to keep that back-stairs door open," Mary said dreamily. "A roomer probably hasn't smelled bread baking or meat roasting for a long time."

Gramma said, "It's out of the question to take a man. But one thing about a man, we wouldn't have to be friendly with him. Men live their own lives. But a woman in a room is enough to break your heart. We'd have to be nice to her."

"And heaven knows we don't want to be nice," Mary said, dimpling.

"Exactly."

"We could let Cozy be nice for the whole family. Cozy doesn't know any better yet."

"It's time you straightened that child out," Gramma said. "She runs back and forth between one world and the next. She's got to find out what's real and what's make-believe."

"She'll find out," Mary said; "it comes to you finally. You run back and forth, and then one day you go to the gate and they've locked you out."

Cozy said, still lurking behind Gramma, "He said the last time he saw me I had straight hair. I told him I felt badly about the straight hair, so you prayed God to send me braids. He says he *loves* braids."

Gramma muttered, "Sounds as if *he* got locked out on the wrong side of the gate! Well, no use thinking about him. What we're looking for is a nice quiet woman boarder. Last thing we need is a man in the house."

BUT already, with and without permission, there was a man in the house. Cozy had a pile of toys ready to be mended. "He says he's a fine mender and a grass cutter and he can make up songs," she said.

"Darling, go wash your hands for supper."

He was all over the house. He made you stop and look at yourself in a mirror as you passed. . . .

And when Mary went into the kitchen to say that Gramma felt like eating only milk toast tonight, there was Iris sitting beside a bushel of tomatoes, humming as she skinned them to drop them juicily into the granite boiler.

"What on earth, Iris?"

"Ah'm making us up a little chili sauce," Iris said. "Nothin' a man laks lak chili sauce with good ole beefsteak."

(Continued on page 24)

QUICK *response...*

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TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. D. T., 8:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. D. T., 7:00 C. S. T., 6:00 M. S. T., 5:00 P. S. T.

(Continued from page 22)

"You heard what Mrs. Matson said. It's out of the question. You and Cozy have let this nonsense go to your heads."

"Sure have, Miss Mary. Uh-huh," Iris said, and laughed fit to kill.

After supper they wrote another ad for the newspaper. Mary said she'd go out and mail it.

"No use troubling yourself," Gramma said. "Morning's plenty of time." And she flipped her newspaper noisily and read the financial news, although heaven knows they had nothing to invest these days.

At bedtime Mary stopped in to see that Cozy was not tied in too complicated a knot. The blue eyes opened and she was wide awake.

"When *is* Friday?" she asked.

"Day after tomorrow, darling. But it's Saturday you're going to the party." But Cozy wasn't to be diverted.

"I probably won't have time to go to the party," she said. "He's coming on Friday, and Saturday he'll want to play with me." Then she closed her eyes and smiled, and was quite, quite lost.

Mary went across the hall to her room, and she thought, This is the first chapter of a love story. He'll be a dozen strange creatures before the tale ends happily ever after. But this is the first page. And she thought how strange and beautiful and frightening is a little girl of five who knows everything but must forget much wise knowledge in the process of learning clever little expediencies.

THURSDAY passed and nobody mentioned him again, but Cozy went around busily about her mysterious secret life. She sorted all her picture books, and changed all the furniture in her dolls' house, and when it was bedtime, she went without a murmur. No one spoke of him, but Iris scoured the workbench in the garage where Gregory used to keep his tools, and through the house all day there was the virile smell of tomatoes simmering in spices.

"Milk toas'," Iris said, "an' buttered spinach! Be mighty nice gettin' my hands on a rare roas' and stuff."

"I suppose when he comes on Friday, we'll just tell him," Mary said. "Too bad we can't let him know."

"Let *whom* know?" Gramma said, not looking up from her financial page. "Oh. Well, he has no business to be so impetuous." After a short while she tramped off to bed, unprotesting. Almost like Cozy herself.

Mary thought, Just a matter of sending Iris to the door with the money in an envelope. Or perhaps I should speak to him. As Gramma says, it *was* impetuous. Like an upset can of yellow paint, she felt the thought of impetuosity running gaily across sobriety.

Friday came, and in spite of themselves they all woke up excited. Iris baked up some honey buns . . . twice as many as they could eat. Gramma decided suddenly to have that little Frenchwoman come out and shampoo her hair. But Cozy went around in a trance of happy calmness. Cozy sat out on the curb, unashamedly waiting. Playing softly on her harmonica and waiting.

At last, just before dinner, he came, driving up to the door in a reliable-looking car, pleasantly shabby and crammed to the gunwales with the items of his taste and habits. Books wreathed and festooned with rope, a saxophone (not shiny . . . looking rather as if it hadn't been played since a boy had tootled his way through college), the celebrated saddle, two pairs of handsome riding boots, and what looked like several silver cups muffled in felt bags. Such a pile of this and that you never saw; it was as if the thread on which a man's life had been strung had snapped, and these items were broken beads.

20 QUESTIONS

1—What twenty-one-year-old youth recently performed a feat never done before, which other members of his chosen field of sport would give anything but their right arms to equal?

2—Who, according to legend, were the Three Wise Men?

3—Do sun spots ever directly affect business?

4—What was the loudest noise ever heard on earth?

5—What event occurred recently in Denmark which should have called forth the firing of cannon but did not? Why not?

6—Does the Vice-President of the United States vote on any measures that come before the Senate?

7—Do barbers' poles turn clockwise or counter-clockwise?

8—A detective at the scene of a murder found a package wrapped in brown paper, tied with dirty string. He did not wish to open it. How could he find out what was inside without removing string or paper?

9—What was the burden of the argument used by the serpent to induce Eve to eat the apple?

10—Who was the "Lucy" to whom Wordsworth wrote so many famous poems?

11—What does the symbol $\overline{M}$ stand for in Roman numerals?

12—Who was William Dawes?

13—To whom was Ruth speaking in the Bible when she said: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God"?

14—What does a moving man mean when he talks about "home cooking" and "chowder"?

15—A hunter left camp and walked five miles due south. At that point he shot dead a bear. He then walked three miles due west, and found he was the same distance from camp as he had been when he shot the bear. What color was the bear?

16—What have women to do with the derivation of the word "dangerous"?

17—In what war was the first submarine used, and who designed it?

18—Women of what country and time were famed for having the most extravagant hair-dos?

19—What is the origin of the exclamation point?

20—By what name is the former Nancy Langhorne of the Virginia Langhornes known throughout the world?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

But strangest item of them all was a doll. Not a new doll which a bachelor might buy to give a little girl, but a fat comfortabe doll that looked as if it had slept with people.

"Mummy, he's here!" Cozy screamed. "We thought you'd *never* get here," she said radiantly, hanging on his large square hand. Now that she had him within the possessiveness of her little fingers, you could see he was even better than she had remembered. She put her nose against his sleeve and closed her eyes. You could see how good he smelled: like leather and shaving soap and cedar chests probably. Like a man who might have peppermints in his pocket.

HE was tall and expensively shabby, like his car, and his face looked as if it had been out in many weathers. His eyes, as Iris had said, were cert'n'y blue, and there were deeply engraved lines about his mouth, as though he had smiled when he didn't feel much like it.

"I'm terribly sorry," Mary said. "We'd have let you know, if we had had your telephone number."

He stood there beyond the screen door with Cozy hanging on his hand, and all the measurements of his need written in his face. He stood there like a man asking for a handout, humbly mentioning the woodpile. Mary thought, If Gramma only weren't so strict, I'd take it into my own hands . . . after all . . ."

"I had references," he said. "I thought afterward I should have left them with the maid."

"It's not that," Mary said. "In fact, you did leave references . . . two of them, absurdly enthusiastic." He looked puzzled, not guessing what she meant. You could see he was the kind of man who'd never guess nice things about himself. . . .

She heard Gramma there behind her, waiting for her to say in a businesslike tone that it was quite out of the question. She took a deep breath to speak, but no words came.

"Well, don't let the man stand there," Gramma said. "Ask him in. Where's that good-for-nothing woman? . . . She never thinks of answering the doorbell. . . . Come in, sir."

He said falteringly, "Probably I shouldn't have brought my luggage. Maybe I should have come over yesterday to see if everything was all right."

Gramma said, "We're about to sit down to dinner. We'd be glad to have you join us. But of course it's out of the question about the room."

"I see," he said, and he started to turn away. But Cozy hadn't even heard what Gramma said. Cozy opened the door, and somehow the

(Continued on page 26)

Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Colbath *live in Highland Park, Illinois. They entertain often, and especially like to have guests in for dinner. "Wine with the meal has become a custom with us," Mrs. Colbath says. "I simply put an extra glass at each place, then serve red Claret or pale Hock wine with my main course. Our friends tell me they never knew food could taste as delicious as it does with wine."*

Mr. Gerald Wilson *(above center)* **of Jackson, Michigan, writes:** *"I notice that more and more of my friends nowadays choose a moderate beverage like wine. Sherry gets the call most frequently at my house. It's an especially good man's drink, served alone or with cocktail snacks."*

From hosts and hostesses everywhere comes word

"So many people now prefer Wine"

Folks report more and more of their guests appreciate an opportunity to stay on the moderate side

It has amazed people who entertain a lot. Today at almost every party they notice increasing numbers of their guests prefer wine. Rapidly, in almost every city and town in America, the custom of wine serving has swept into vogue.

Popular hosts and hostesses believe there is a reason for it. So many people, they discover, now like to be moderate when they relax and enjoy themselves. And that's one thing about wine — it's a leisurely kind of beverage, a natural part of more gracious, more considerate hospitality.

Men and women find they prefer to sip wine slowly. To linger, as a connoisseur does, over the delicate bouquet, the subtle satisfying taste.

And serving wine because it makes for an easier more enjoyable evening, people notice it is surprisingly inexpensive. The reasonable price of good wine, many report, is a welcome help in balancing the entertainment budget.

Why don't you try offering your guests an opportunity to choose wine? Nothing is easier, for discriminating hosts and hostesses in America serve their wine very simply today. Some suggestions, to start with, ar printed in the panel at the left.

Dine at a hotel during **NATIONAL HOTEL WEEK, JUNE 2-**
. . . and enjoy a glass of good wine with your meal

Be Considerate
Serve Wine

All you need to know to Serve Wine

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with the dessert course or refreshments, called *sweet* wines . . .

With your dinner — served in portions about half the size of a water goblet, try:

Burgundy, which is red, full flavored — the perfect complement to roast of beef, steak, turkey

Sauterne, which is golden, slightly sweet—grand with chicken, fish, any mildly flavored main dish

At the appetizer hour, with dessert, or in the afternoon or evening (usually served in cocktail size glasses) try:

Sherry, which is amber, mellow yet piquant — the ideal before-dinner wine with appetizers

Muscatel, which is the color of old gold, rich, sweet with the distinctive flavor of Muscat grapes

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting

Mrs. Loughton T. Smith of Dallas, Texas, *is a popular and graciou hostess. She says: "These sunny afternoons I like to have guests drop in at my house. I usually bring out sandwiches or cakes and a wine like Sauterne. It's appreciated by everyone these days."*

Fishing

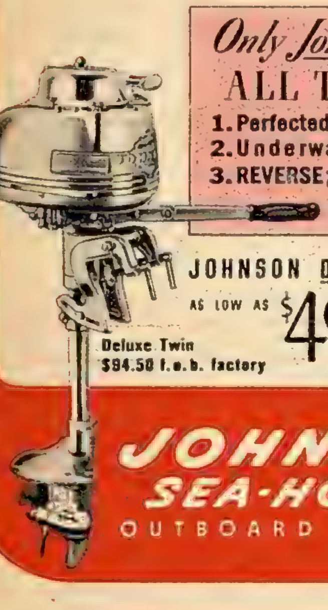
LIGHT, low cost, DEPENDable outboard motors were made for you—and for fishin'. And you'll find, by asking all the anglers you know, that Johnson Sea-Horses are "tops" in the fishin' field!

There are eleven of 'em. One of the lot is just your size and power and price. Eight of them (and they are the ones you'll go for) are Perfected Alternate Firing Twins—smooth as a breeze. Nine of the eleven have REVERSE—and that's something you can't get in any other outboard!

See your Johnson dealer for a demonstration during National Outboard Motor Week (June 8 to 16 inclusive). You'll find his name under Outboard Motors in your classified phone book. Johnson prices are low—*and many Johnson dealers sell on time payments.*

JOHNSON MOTORS, 1403 Pershing Road
Waukegan, Illinois
Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

Free! New Sea-Horse Handy Chart of motor sizes and specifications. New features! New models! Write for your copy. Sent free!



Only Johnson has
ALL THREE!
1. Perfected Alternate Firing
2. Underwater Exhaust
3. REVERSE; 360° Steering

JOHNSON DEPENDABILITY
AS LOW AS $49.50 F.O.B. FACTORY

Deluxe Twin
$94.50 f.o.b. factory

JOHNSON
SEA-HORSE
OUTBOARD MOTORS

(Continued from page 24)

two of them were in the hall, and he was putting his hat on the old cherry tip table where Gregory used to lay his.

Gramma said with dignity, "Since it's our mistake in not having a properly trained maid, we'll certainly cooperate in making things easier for you. Dreadful nuisance for you to have brought your luggage. But there must be some place you can go for the night."

"Think nothing of it," he said. "And of course there's no necessity for my staying for dinner."

"Now you hush your mouth, Mr. Barton," Iris said from the kitchen, where she had been pantingly listening to every word. "We's got special ham fo' you, and string beans cooked in potlicker, jes like your mama used to have down Boonesville."

Mary, somewhere between the dignity of Gramma and the overflowing welcome of Iris and Cozy, said, "It's about a half hour until dinner . . . there's a newspaper in the library . . . if you'd care to . . ."

"He's going to cut grass," Cozy said. "He used to be a champion grass cutter, didn't you, Mr. Barton?"

Without a word Gramma stalked into the library and rattled among the papers. There were some informalities which even she couldn't cope with, and when she couldn't cope, she merely left, which was in itself often effective coping.

SOMEHOW he did manage to get out into the yard, with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up. The lawn mower, singing summer instrument, caroled up and down, and Mary could hear Cozy talking and talking as she followed at his heels. Sometimes they stopped and spoke earnestly, and once he lifted her up to look at something on a high lilac bush.

"Just a sample of what it would be like," Gramma said. "All that noise and racket. Impossible to get in a nap. At seventy-two I'd have to begin changing my habits." She sat there rocking truculently, jabbing with her tatting shuttles, and sometimes peering out of the window to look at the two of them.

It *was* a dinner. Iris herself contributed the brandied peaches sent her by her sister down in Georgia. He had the artful, appreciative indifference of a very manly man; you could see he expected things to be right and made no comment upon them. You could see that women who wanted to please him would have themselves laid out such a lifetime of striving and trying that they could never grow flabby in their caring. If they cared at all.

Iris hung over him in a dither of effort. But he, after the first savoring surprise, turned his attention mostly to Gramma. He disagreed with Gramma; he argued with her as though she were a man, a young man his own age. She was shocked and sulky at first, and then she began to enjoy it. She pounded on the table and argued with him, and she roared with him when he made a witty point.

Mary thought, What *does* this remind me of? . . .

They sat long over their meal, and suddenly they realized it was dark, and the car still standing at the curb.

"I suppose I've got to be going," he said. "I didn't mean to stay so long."

Gramma got up and turned her back to Mary, "Nonsense," she said. "Even Mary wouldn't turn you out with nowhere to go. You might as well have the room tonight. Tomorrow's Saturday, and you can look for a permanent place." She was all bluster and busyness now. Her humorous, naughty eyes were mischievous mice nibbling at Mary's amazement, then scampering away. "Iris, come help move Mr. Barton's luggage in."

NOW they were all moving him in, carrying absurd armfuls of fishing sweaters and magazines and golf clubs and homemade footstools and decanters up the stairs to the room where the settled woman, for tonight at least, wasn't going to live.

Every one was shy about bringing in the doll. Even Cozy, with mature intuition, pretended not to see it. So Iris brought it in last, and set it in the armchair, as carefully as if it were a child.

Then Gramma took Cozy firmly by the hand and shooed Iris before her down the stairs. Mary said to herself, "They're self-conscious now, because they expect me to talk about the charge for the night and the dinner. . . ." She stood uncertainly in the door, wondering how a landlady's voice should sound.

He had gone over and was looking out the window, as if he too wanted to say something difficult. He turned then, and picked up the battered experienced-looking doll.

"I ought to explain about that, perhaps," he said. "You see . . . I don't know whether or not it would make any difference if you should decide you'll rent me the room. But the fact is, I've been divorced. A year ago."

"I see," Mary said.

He looked quickly at her and then looked away.

"I had a little girl," he said, and that was all he said. Scarcely knowing what she did, Mary stooped and slid the rope from one little pile of books and stood them carefully along the shelf. She looked as if she hadn't heard him, and he looked as if he hadn't spoken, two strangers a world apart, blindly meeting on their way to a world which hadn't happened yet.

All the doors were closed now, and the house was quiet. But it was a vivacious, interested quietness, for people were thinking about each other and not about themselves. In their five ways they were thinking of the unseen currents of life which sweep people together, fitting need to supply in ways sublime and droll.

Iris was still in the kitchen, writing laboriously to her sister. "Pack me up some yams and send them up here," Iris was writing. "I can't have no truck with these puny sweet potatoes they is up here."

Gramma turned on her reading lamp and sat down heavily. He had been wrong about that steel dividend, but she must assemble her facts before she beat him down. He had not treated her with respect, thank heaven, the way people do when they don't want to bother . . . in time he'd get so he could fight with her and tease her and rag her around just the way Gregory did. . . . "What am I saying?" she muttered bluntly. "He's a roomer we don't know anything about. . . ."

Mary would kick like a steer about letting him stay. But she could handle Mary.

In the room where the settled woman would never live, Peter Barton was still sitting by the window. He had laid Pattie's doll up on the top shelf of the closet, telling himself there was no use leaving your sentimentality around to offend people.

He put his forehead on his hand and a tired rigmarole of thought uncoiled, a worn film blurred from too many showings. All the old quarrels . . . maybe if he hadn't laughed . . . the deceits and hysteria . . . friends giving advice . . . Pattie pulled between them . . . Patricia so spiteful at the last . . . and now the alimony, a clanking mockery of bond between them . . . over and over, whenever he was alone.

But somehow tonight the reel kept slipping off, and he found himself thinking of other things. New things, undimmed by all the old unhappiness. That child . . . she didn't look like Pattie, of course . . . but she felt like Pattie. . . . "Let me touch the darling little patterkiller," she'd said when he lifted her up to look at the caterpillar on the lilac bush.

What had happened today—what *was* it? Nothing that you could say in words, except that he had moved to another new room. Nothing more than that. . . .

IN her own room, Mary took out Gregory's old ledger and opened to a clean new page. She must be systematic now. This date, and the name of Peter Barton under the date. She shivered as she wrote it, as if it were somehow terribly important on the page. Well, it was important, the beginning of an epoch . . . the day on which she became a landlady.

In her little bed Cozy was sleeping, secure in her timeless knowledge. "He's come," she said to herself even in her sleep. "He's going to belong to us."

With the wordless patience of the simple, she knew it as certainty. Time would have to pass; grown-ups would have to argue and adjust and find sufficient reason.

But in the end it would be this way, people brought to people whom they fit, as simple as buttons finding buttonholes.

THE END

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AUNT HATTY SAID TO BE SURE TO SEE THE MONKEY CIRCUS WHEN WE GOT TO TOPEKA, KANSAS
WELL, HERE THEY ARE — CUTE LITTLE TRICKS, AREN'T THEY?
AREN'T YOU AFRAID HE'LL GRAB YOUR PIPE?
OH, NO CHANCE OF THAT — HE DID IT ONCE AND SCORCHED HIS HAND!
LOOKS TO ME AS THOUGH YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR BRAND SINCE THEN!
YOU BET — AND IT WASN'T BECAUSE OF THAT MONKEY. MY TONGUE WAS GETTING AWFUL TIRED OF HOT SMOKES!
I WONDER WHY ANY SMOKER PUTS UP WITH OVER-HOT SMOKES WHEN PRINCE ALBERT BURNS SO COOL
WE FELLOWS AROUND HERE THINK P.A. IS THE MILDEST-SMOKING TOBACCO THERE IS
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — COOLEST OF ALL!
WELL, A COOLER SMOKE IS BOUND TO BE MILDER — EASIER ON THE TONGUE
YES, PRINCE ALBERT IS A TOBACCO A FELLOW CAN SMOKE IN COMFORT — RICH, FULL BODY WITHOUT HARSHNESS

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

ADMIT ONE
TO THE CIRCLE OF SMOKING JOY
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
I KNOW CHOICE, FULLY AGED TOBACCO WHEN I SMOKE IT. PRINCE ALBERT'S TASTE AND AROMA ARE DELIGHTFUL
SUCH MILDNESS AND SMOOTHNESS! THERE'S NOT EVEN A HINT OF HARSHNESS IN COOL-BURNING P.A.
I CAN ROLL 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES LIKE AN EXPERT NOW. P.A. IS CRIMP CUT TO LAY RIGHT, TWIRL UP FAST, TOO!
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

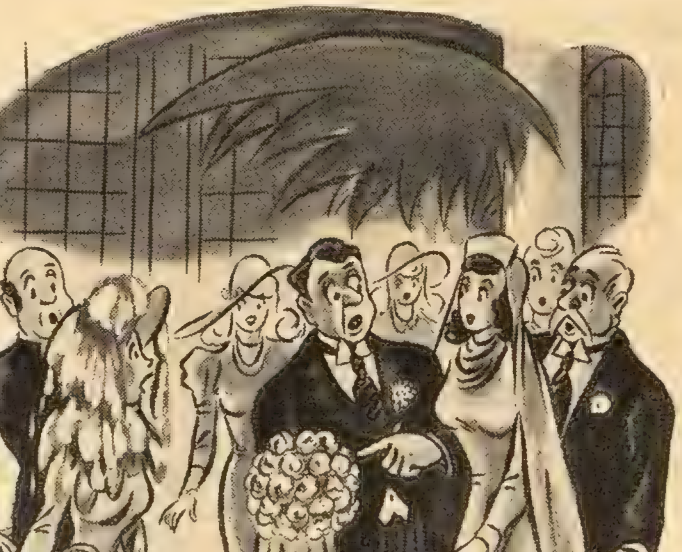
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A CERTAIN young heiress of fashionable society never has anything on but a bathing suit beneath her evening gown; declares it feels better and trims her figure slicker than undies. . . . Another rich girl of the sporty set ordered a white bridal swim suit for her wedding aboard her father's yacht; she and her bridegroom dived off, as a joke, right after the ceremony.

These oddments of bathing-suit behavior came to my knowledge through a recent conference with Adrienne Hearst, specialist in smart new things for water wear. I thought it time to pick up some advance information for the coming summer, so I asked Miss Hearst what we ought to know about our bathing suits of 1940. . . . "This year's color novelties," she said, "will be combinations of white and gray, combinations of ice-blue and black, and the new cocoa shades. Choose your color according to the way you tan. Blues and greens are generally safer than pinks, reds, violets, or purples. Checks look younger than prints. Avoid yellow unless you tan a real gold bronze." . . . Once a pupil of Isadora Duncan, Miss Hearst keeps graceful movement in mind when she designs her exclusively custom-made bathing suits—priced from thirty-five dollars up! She advocates skirted suits for broad-shouldered girls; suits with the leg part slightly lengthened for short-waisted women. Only the slimmest kids, she says, can get away with that *diaper* line cutting tight across the thigh. . . . Here are expert suggestions from her if you make your bathing suit at home: Use 2½ yards satin lastex material. Buy lastex sewing thread at a five-and-ten store. Stretch all seams while you stitch them.

☆ Letters from men to women bring us many a human side light on war and the incurable boyishness of the warrior mind. An English friend now in this country received a belated letter from her young cousin, who commands a British submarine. He tells of encountering the Bremen at sea during the big German liner's escape voyage. "We had the chance of a perfect shot at her," he writes, "and you can imagine how awful we felt at being obliged to pass it up. But there were no orders to sink her, so of course we might have been in for a frightful wigging if we'd done it." Then he adds: "I consoled myself by calculating that it would cost the Germans about four thousand quid a year to keep her painted."



"No, no, dear! You're supposed to throw the flowers, not the wedding cake!"

☆ Kitty Carlisle made the acquaintance of Albert Spalding, famous violinist. Told him how much she enjoys his concerts. "I adore violin music," she said, "but I can't stand amateur scraping. Only this morning I had to complain to my hotel manager about one of those nuisances."

"Where do you live?" asked Mr. Spalding.

"At the Ritz Tower," replied Miss Carlisle.

"Ah," said Mr. Spalding, "so *you* were the lady! I live there, too."

☆ This *Sherry Ham Loaf* makes a handsome delectable dish at a buffet meal for guests: . . . Pour 1½ cups scalded milk on 6 large plain crackers crumbled and rolled. Add 1 pound ground ham, 1 pound ground fresh lean pork, 2 beaten eggs, pepper, and a pinch of celery salt. Stir together well. Generously cover the bottom of a buttered bread pan with a mixture of 4 finely chopped dill pickles, 2 chopped pimentos, 1 scant cup California sherry wine. Now pack the meat in and bake 1 hour in slow oven. Chill thoroughly in baking pan. Turn out on platter just before serving. Decorate base with stars and crescents of aspic tinted green. . . . Next week I'll give a second buffet recipe suitable for June wedding parties.

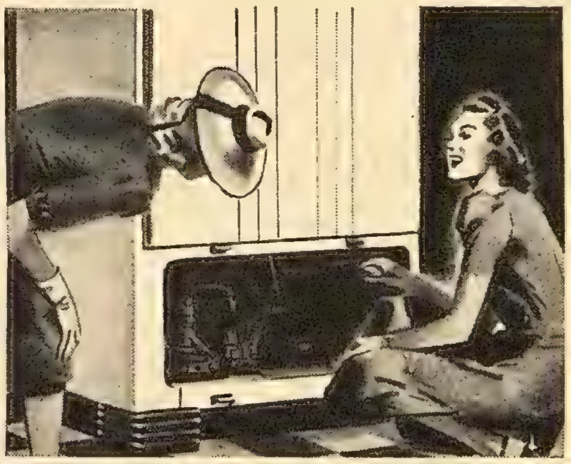
☆ Don't open your morning mail before breakfast, warns a prominent nerve specialist. Maybe the postman has brought cheerful tidings, then again perhaps he hasn't. The doctor says don't risk jangling your nerves for the day by reading bad news on an empty stomach. If world events upset you, let your newspaper and radio wait until you've eaten something. . . . Sounds like a sensible idea, yet I'm afraid most of us cling to the gambling instinct. We always hope our morning mail contains kind words or checks—instead of bills.

☆ Paula Gould's novel, Publicity Girl, discloses the hectic life led by some lady press agents. Paula's a press agent herself. (Published by House of Field, Inc.)

☆ Confucius had a wife who bore him one son and two daughters, but nobody seems to have paid much attention to anything she said. Do you suppose this may account for the fact, well known to Chinese historians, that the marriage was not a success?

What, you too, Mabel?..

You're the third girl I've met who's
replaced her old refrigerator with
the one that freezes with
NO MOVING PARTS!
Is Servel Electrolux *really* so different?



1 **"Just listen to it,"** she tells me. "That's all you have to do. Hear *anything?*" "No," I admit, putting my ear up close. "But doesn't Servel Electrolux *ever* make a noise?" *"Never,"* she says. "It's one refrigerator that simply *has* to be silent... it can't make a sound!"

2 **"That tiny gas flame** does all the work," Mabel explains. "You see, it takes the place of moving parts. There's nothing in the freezing system of Servel Electrolux to cause noise; no parts moving around in there to wear, either."

3 **"And talk about savings!** Our Servel Electrolux runs for just a few cents a day. And this low running cost *stays* low—even after long service. Why, friends who've had their gas refrigerator for nearly ten years say it still operates for as little as it did when it was new!"

4 **"Did you ever see such convenience, too?"** she adds. "I knew they'd made a lot of improvements in the new refrigerators, but I never dreamed of anything like Servel Electrolux. It has just *everything!* I ask you... what woman wouldn't pick it for her *second* refrigerator?"

• • •

People with experience are changing to SERVEL!

"*I don't believe* anyone who has ever changed to Servel Electrolux would ever go back to another kind of refrigerator. You never know it is in the kitchen, it's so quiet."—*Dorothy Walter, Los Angeles, Cal.*

When you buy your new refrigerator ... be wise to values, too!

Whether you're replacing an old automatic—or choosing your first—get all the facts. Ask these questions ... You'll find that only with Servel is the answer **"YES"** to every one...

1. **Will it be permanently silent?**
2. **Will it give us longest service?**
3. **Will it save us money year after year?**
4. **Has it every worthwhile convenience?**
5. **Are we assured of dependable service?**
6. **Can we—right now—afford it?**

The 1940
SERVEL
ELECTROLUX
Gas Refrigerator

Important

IF YOU LIVE BEYOND THE MAINS, THERE ARE MODELS TO RUN
ALSO ON BOTTLED GAS, TANK GAS OR KEROSENE
Write for details to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

Professor Keller in action, "dominating" his rebellious lion.

Part-time Daniel

BY LOUIS KOSOFF

READING TIME
3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THERE were five seconds in the act that were always dangerous. Anything could happen.

The little man in the uniform of an animal trainer slipped quietly into the cage. He had neither whip nor gun nor chair. At a word from him, the five beasts that had preceded him, snarling, leaped on to pedestals. Three were of the cougar type, and there were an African lion and Rajah the leopard—the latter 150 pounds of unpredictable devil.

It took five seconds to move a pedestal into position for the next routine. Moving it, the trainer would have his back to them. He turned—and Rajah sprang.

Facing the audience, the little man heard women scream. He wheeled about. Too late! Long fangs ripped into his flesh and down he went.

Outside the tent the young spieler was chanting, "Hurry, folks! The show has just begun!" At the terrifying sounds that came to him he whirled and plunged into the tent beneath a canvas banner that read:

PROFESSOR GEORGE L. KELLER'S
JUNGLE KILLERS

Should you stroll across the campus of the Pennsylvania State Teachers College at Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, you might pass without noting him a genial little professor who is chairman of the Fine Arts Department. He is a graduate of Columbia University, and he taught there three years. His master's degree he took at Bucknell. He is an authority on magazine illustration, stage settings, architecture, and costume designing.

His name is Professor George L. Keller. The same man!

For five years he and his "Jungle Killers" have spent summer vacations touring the towns of New York and New England with the James E. Strate traveling carnival. "Teaching and art," he explains, "are my business. Animal training is my hobby. There is no conflict between the two, and I find that the one is the perfect relaxation from the other."

He began to amuse himself by collecting and taming small wild animals. Then, nine years ago, a friend in Arizona sent him a mountain lion cub. He realized that if he hoped to keep it, he'd have to train it before it matured. He knew nothing about training such animals, but was keen enough to discover the basic secret.

"The whole secret and the only one," he says today, "is not to be afraid. You must dominate them."

Some one next sent him Brownie, a bear cub. Trained, Brownie became known as the "talking bear," and his radio debut five years ago created something of a nation-wide sensation. Letters poured in. Professor Keller decided to organize an animal troupe. Having done so, he began showing his act in a modest fashion.

It developed to such proportions that he needed assistants. Last year he had five: Robert Zimmerman, a State Teachers College senior; Edward Graham, a junior; Harry Barnhart, a senior and an outstanding athletic star; Blake Stokes, principal of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, public schools; and Kenneth Roberts, a teacher of Millerstown, Pennsylvania.

It was Robert Zimmerman, that afternoon when Rajah sprang, who was the first to help avert a tragedy. Rajah had buried his fangs in the professor's knee. Keller twisted instinctively toward the steel bars of the cage. If the leopard tugged him to the center of the ring, he might be killed before help could come.

Zimmerman poked a revolver in through the bars and fired a blank cartridge in Rajah's face.

Surprised and terrified, Rajah opened his jaws. Keller struggled to his feet. He hurled a command. Rajah spat and snarled defiance, but as his trainer advanced he slunk back to his pedestal. There he crouched as if to spring a second time.

Again Keller spoke, more sharply. His eyes seemed to bore into those of the beast. And suddenly the long days he had spent in training Rajah paid dividends. Slowly, sulkily, the leopard came off the pedestal, lay down on the grass, and rolled over and over like a kitten. Then, at another command, he trotted off sullenly to his own cage.

The blood was still streaming from Keller's leg, and he cut the performance short. The crowd gave him a tremendous ovation. That was, he admits, a close call. "The danger," he explains, "wasn't so much from the leopard as it was from the others. The smell of human blood usually transports them into a frenzy."

Finishing the act was common sense, not heroics. "If I had let him sense that his attack stopped the act, I could only have expected him to repeat the next time out."

Thus the sane philosophy of a part-time Daniel who steps each year from college hall to lions' den.

THE END

From campus to lions' den! The story of a gentle professor's amazing hobby

Back from Havana:—

EASTERN Air Lines

OWL:

Hello, Fred—did you have a good time in Cuba?

PERRY:

Yes . . . thank you. I'm only sorry I had to leave that part of the world so soon.

OWL:

Did you smoke any Havana cigars while you were down there?

PERRY:

That's a treat I never miss when I'm in Cuba. That Havana taste suits me.

FRED PERRY APPROVES HAVANA FLAVOR OF NEW WHITE OWL

OWL:

Do us a favor, will you? Try this *new* White Owl Cigar and tell us what you think of it.

PERRY:

Sure thing—but I warn you I'm finicky about cigars. (*After several puffs.*) Say, that's something, now. There's Havana flavor for you . . . mild, too!

Copyright, 1940, by General Cigar Co., Inc.

NOW BLENDED WITH HAVANA!
New WHITE OWL Cigars
To Father . . . ON HIS DAY
New WHITE OWL

FRED PERRY, internationally famous tennis star, recently returned from an exhibition tour of Cuba. We interviewed him when he arrived in New York. Knowing that he smoked cigars and that he would be fresh from the home of Havana flavor, we asked him to check the *new* White Owl for Havana flavor.

The *new* White Owl, with its Blended-with-Havana filler, does have a rich Havana flavor—thousands of smokers will go along with Fred Perry on that. And the fact that you now can get this preferred cigar taste in a good 5¢ cigar accounts for the *new* White Owl sales record. Are you missing out on this cigar "find" of the year?

Give Dad a *real* treat! Special Father's Day gift box of 25 cigars. Limited quantities available.

5¢

See how the new White Owls are made— New York World's Fair, 1940

A vivid tale of two women, a man who lived by rule, and a case of

Bloo

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THAT dull red brick two-story house was where Captain Sam French, Company A, First Infantry, lived. You could tell because there was a sign in the middle of the front lawn that said so. If it hadn't been for that sign you wouldn't have known.

Thank heaven for the sign.

Inside it was different. Sam sat down for dinner in a cozy room and had a tasty meal. He let his wife run the house. He had enough to do running Company A.

"I'm worried," Sam said.

"Yes?" his wife prompted.

"It's Private Powell," Sam went on. He put some meat and potatoes on Sam Junior's plate. "He'd had to take his wife to the hospital. Pneumonia. But he'd overstayed his leave, so I gave him ten days extra fatigue and restricted him to the company area."

His wife nodded. That was all. After a while they went into the living room and sat by the fireplace. It was the rainy season.

"Powell was very bitter," Sam said. "He wanted to know what made me so almighty powerful that I could make him stay on the reservation when his wife was dying outside and needed him. He wanted to know who I thought I was, telling him he was wrong in trying to save her life. Sort of like Corporal Stevens—remember? He was the same way. His sister got appendicitis, and he overstayed his leave to be with her. Good soldier, too. Just lost his head. He came around again after a little discipline. They all do."

Sam Junior lay in his mother's arms, asleep.

"Powell knew he couldn't overstay his leave," Sam said. "He knew he could have phoned or gotten in touch with headquarters some way and he'd have been given an extension. But things happened too fast for him. He did it the hard way. But he won't admit it. He wanted to know, if my wife was dying, what I would do."

Sam's wife smiled. She looked at Sam's face. "What would you do?" she asked him.

Sam didn't look up. His wife went to tuck Sam Junior into bed. Sam got up and stared out of the window at the storm. Lights were still on in the dull red brick barracks buildings and the dull red brick officers' club. The evenly spaced poplar trees along Officers' Row bowed in perfect order before the blast of the wind.

"I told him the regulations might seem harsh sometimes," Sam said. "I told him there was nothing personal about what I was doing, but there was a reason for every rule. I told him you couldn't make exceptions, no matter what the cause. He told me, by Harry, I'd find out some day there was more to rules and regulations than just sticking to the letter of them. He told me he had to see his wife. She needed him. She'd die if he wasn't there."

Sam undressed slowly, hanging his clothes neatly in the closet and placing his shoes at the foot of his bed.

"But there was nothing for me to do," he went on. "It was out of my hands. He could protest to the post commander, but that would take time—days. There'd have to be an investigation. And I was right and he was wrong. And he knew it. But he seemed desperate. Powell will come out all right. He has a good record. This is just the first time he's had anything big to face, and it's got him upset. Discipline is what he needs. It's really an escape for him. It'll give him something to lean on."

Sam's wife reached up and switched off the light. "There's taps," she said. She lay beside him in the bed. Her hand rested warmly on his shoulder. He stared into the blackness at the ceiling.

Next day Private Powell was on the garbage detail. His blue denims were clean. Private Powell never had done much extra fatigue.

Toward three o'clock Sam sent for him. But the orderly came back alone. Powell had left the reservation. He'd gotten out somehow. Broken arrest.

Sam gave orders. He reported to the post commander. Powell was to be caught and brought back. Absent without leave, breaking arrest—serious offenses.

"Powell broke arrest," Sam told his wife when he went home that evening.

"Did he go to the hospital?" she asked.

"I don't know," Sam said. "I suppose so. I haven't heard. I don't even know what hospital."

They went into the living room.

"I was going to talk to him this afternoon," Sam said. "It might have been possible for him to have seen his wife. I don't know. Powell was a good soldier. But you have to have discipline. You can't let down."

"What would you do if I were the one who was dying?" Sam's wife asked.

Sam stood by the fire. He didn't say anything. His wife bundled Sam Junior into his coat and cap and overshoes. Wednesday was show night. Sam always took his family into the city.

"It's miserable out," Sam's wife said. "I wouldn't like to be alone on a night like this."

They got into their car. The post speed limit was fifteen miles an hour. Sam didn't exceed it.

A pair of headlights swung off the highway and in through the gate as Sam drove up. It was a light reconnaissance car. There was a man beside the driver. It was Powell.

Sam stopped his car and got out. The driver jumped to the ground and saluted. "Powell's drunk, sir," he reported. "I picked him up on the water front."

The rain was a slow drizzle. Powell wasn't too drunk to stand up.

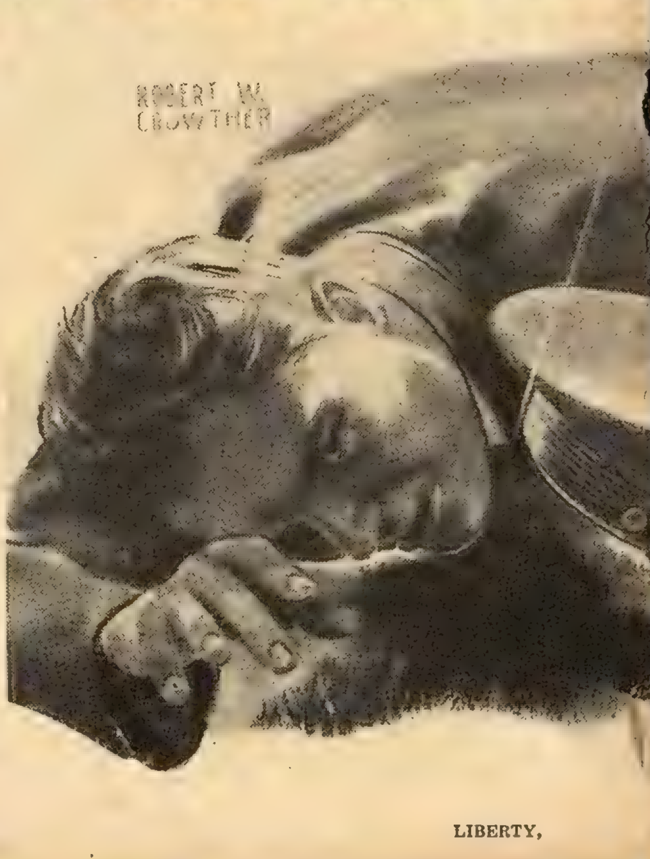
"How is your wife?" Sam asked.

"She's dead," Powell said. "Yeah, dead."

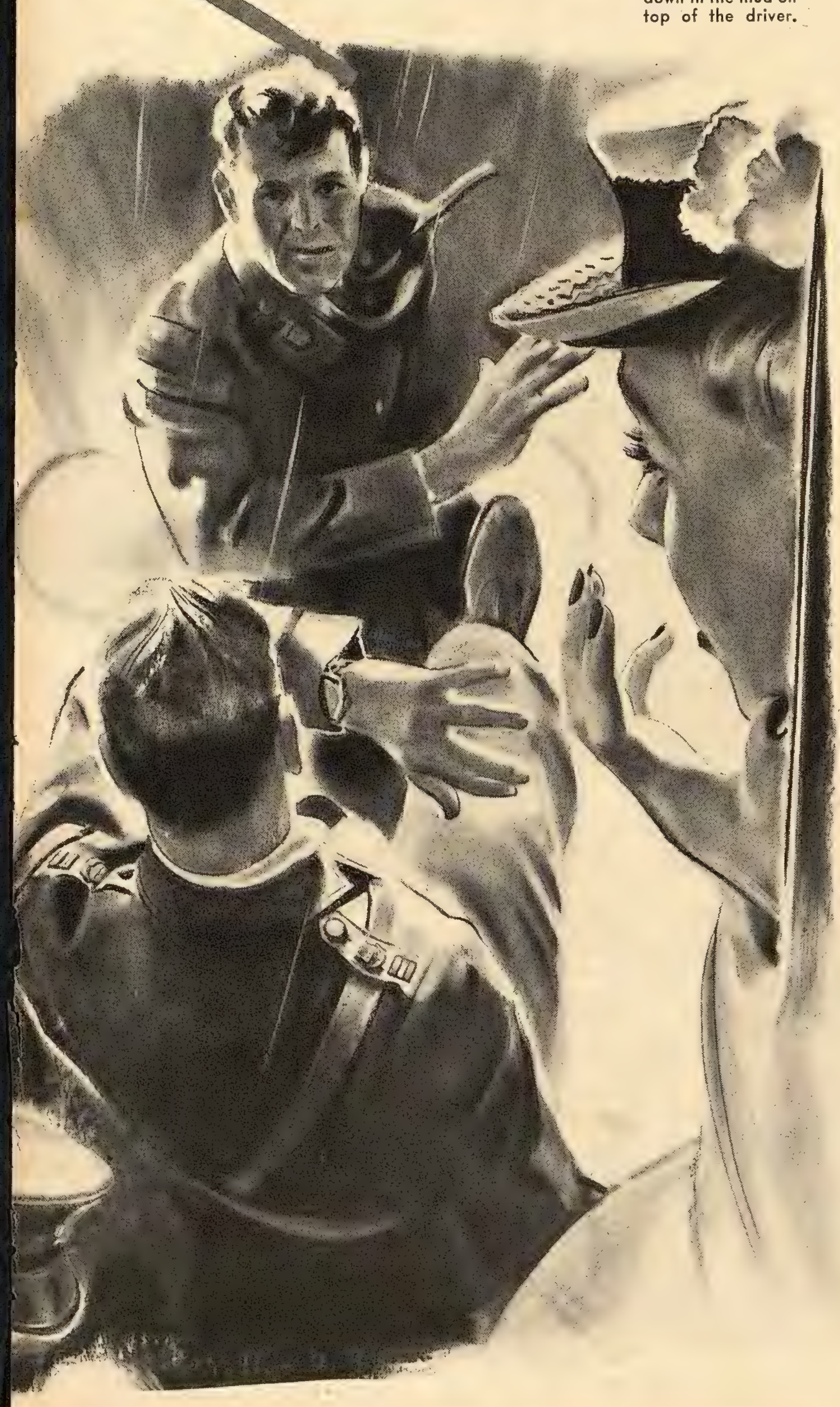
"Breaking arrest didn't help anything, did it?" Sam asked.

"I saw her," Powell told him. "I got to her before she died. She wanted

BY HAROLD JUDD ALFOR



RED TAPE



Powell shoved him down in the mud on top of the driver.

to see me. She knew me. By heaven, yeah, it helped."

"You didn't have to get drunk," Sam suggested.

Powell stood up close to him. "What's a guy do when his wife dies?" he asked. "Jump up and down and clap his hands? I went through hell tryin' t' save her. I overstayed my leave. I broke arrest. My wife meant more to me than anything else. Now she's gone. My record's shot, too. What've I got? When a guy gets down that way, what's he do? He gets drunk. Sure he does. That's the rule. You've gotta stick to the regulations. No exceptions. I'm a good soldier, see? I'm a good husband. I'm drunk."

"Sleep it off," Sam suggested. "You're getting in pretty deep, Powell. You know you can't talk that way to an officer. I'll see you again tomorrow when you're feeling better."

"Look, captain," Powell said. "You're right about me being in deep. I'm in too deep. I'm not the kind of a guy that takes things sitting down. I didn't even mean to get in trouble. It was something I couldn't do anything about. It was bigger'n me, and maybe I lost my head. But now I'm in and I can't see my way out. Maybe it's 'cause I'm drunk. Maybe it's 'cause I'm sorta crazy, with my wife gone. But I can't stay here and take it, see?"

"Maybe it's not so bad," Sam told him. "You've always had a good record. Maybe you'll see things differently in the morning. Anyhow, there's nothing to do but try to sleep it off."

"No, captain," Powell said; "there's plenty I can do."

HE DIDN'T say any more. He swung out hard, and the driver of the reconnaissance car staggered back and fell. And, before Sam could do anything, Powell had shoved him down in the mud on top of the driver. They wallowed there for a minute. It was long enough for Powell to jump into the reconnaissance car, back it out into the highway, and start off into the night.

"Report what's happened to post headquarters," Sam ordered. "Get men out after Powell. He's assaulted an officer and stolen government property. He has to be stopped. I'm going after him."

He sloshed to his own bus, and as he swung onto the highway the taillight of the reconnaissance car was fading into the mist and darkness.

Sam Junior sat on his mother's lap and stared wide-eyed through the rain-spattered windshield. Sam Junior was very young.

The highway was wide. The turns were easy. The speedometer needle was steady at sixty-five. The taillight in front didn't get much closer.

"He felt desperate," Sam's wife said. "He'd lost everything he treasured all at once."

Sam didn't say a word. The speedometer needle moved nearer seventy.

Rain was falling harder. It fought the windshield of Sam's car. Wind fought with him for the wheel. The taillight didn't get any farther away.

Sam's wife clung tightly to Sam Junior. Her face showed white in the darkness. Her lips were squeezed tightly together. So were Sam's. They were pulling up on the reconnaissance car.

"He doesn't know what he's doing," Sam's wife said. "He's shot to pieces. Everything seemed against him. He had to do something."

"He's a soldier," Sam said. "When a man's a soldier he's not really a man any longer. He can't give way to himself. He's just a part of something that's bigger, that's impersonal. He's not a thing in itself."

"If I had died," his wife said, "if the decision were for you to make—you're a soldier, but you're still a man, aren't you?"

Sam Junior whimpered just a little. She wrapped the seat blanket around him.

"No man can steal," Sam said. "No man."

THE taillight was a red ball close in front of them. The outline of the reconnaissance car was dark against the pavement. Spray from its spinning wheels gummed the windshield of Sam's car.

Sam's wife turned to look at him. "What are you going to do?" she asked. Hopeless uncertainty was in her voice. The speedometer needle was near seventy-five.

Sam didn't show he'd heard her. He was pulling out to pass the car that Powell drove.

Sam's wife breathed deeply. Her jaws were tight. She placed Sam Junior half behind her and braced herself against the dashboard, "Powell's drunk," she said. "He can't control that car. You can't bluff him to stop."

They were even with the reconnaissance car, then a little ahead.

Powell was hunched over his steering wheel. He didn't seem to see them as they hurtled through the night beside him. Sam's wife stared at the runaway. There seemed to be no sight, no feeling in him. Then she glanced back at the road. The curve was close upon them, the bad curve that took them up the hill. There was a sharp hiss as she drew in her breath suddenly—then a short choked cry as she saw the wheels of Powell's car waver and then start to slither toward them, skidding out of control at seventy-five miles an hour.

There was nothing Sam could do. There was no time. And even if there had been time, there was nothing he could do.

The reconnaissance car spun sideways and plunged into Sam's car. The shock tore the wheel from his hands. There was an endless second while they seemed to hover on the edge of the road, and then both cars crashed over, tangled together in wreckage, and smashed to a stop against a cement bulkhead on the other side of the highway. The night swallowed up the sound and echoes, and there was silence and the wind and rain.

Sam's wife stirred first. Her face was all blood. Her head had struck the dashboard, and the windshield had come in upon her as her body sheltered Sam Junior to her last conscious moment.

The roof of the car gaped open. Sam's wife crawled out into the storm. Headlights, stabbing through the dark, silhouetted her against the wreck. A car pulled to a stop close by, and she toppled forward onto the wet ground.

Sam was crushed against the steering wheel. His feet were caught against the floor boards. He struggled, half conscious, then vomited onto the smashed side of the car. There was a thick sickness all through him. The steering wheel had smashed his belt buckle hard against his stomach.

Only one man was in the car that had stopped. He carried Sam's wife and laid her on the back seat.

Sam Junior was unconscious on top of his father. The man got him out of the tangle and into the front seat. It was hard getting Sam loose, but Sam came to enough to help a little. He could walk, too, with a little support, and together they found Powell in the wreckage. He couldn't move, but he didn't know he was hurt. Both legs were useless. It looked as though one were broken at the hip.

Then Sam was sick again and couldn't talk. The man got them all in his car—Powell down on the floor in the back—and headed for town and a hospital.

Sam Junior came out of it and began to whimper. Powell wasn't too drunk to groan. Sam was hunched up in the front seat, all taut and trying hard not to be sick again. His wife regained consciousness and heard her boy's cries. She struggled to get up, but collapsed back onto the seat. Blood matted her hair.

The driver had a heavy car. He wound it up and it thundered along the highway, and water sprayed out from it almost as from a boat.

The city wasn't far away and there was a hospital quite near by. The big car spun up beside it and down the driveway to the emergency entrance. The driver jumped out and rang the emergency bell.

THE heavy Sam Browne belt and buckle had saved Sam's ribs even though the shock had made him sick. His wife was still conscious, moaning, faintly begging for Sam Junior between lips that were puffed and bubbly with blood. But her breath was coming hard and her whispers fading.

Time passed. No one came to the door. The driver was jittery. That drive through the rain must have worn him out. He rang the bell again. Then he rang it hard three times in quick succession. After that the door finally opened and a nurse peered out at the group.

"Get a stretcher," the driver said, "quick. These folks are hurt bad."

"Who are they?" the nurse asked.

The driver had started back to help Sam out of the car. "I don't know," he said. "They had a bad smash-up. I got 'em here fast as I could."

His back was to the nurse. He didn't see her shrug. "We can't take them in, you know," she said. "We have to be sure they can pay for medical attention first. We have to know who they are."

The driver spun around fast and went toward her. He was tense, trying to hold himself in. "Listen!" he said. "Are you gonna get a stretcher? Are you gonna help these folks? They've gotta have it now. So help me, if you don't hurry, it'll be murder."

SAM sat on the edge of the seat. His lips worked. He tried to say something. But instead he was sick again. Rain beat in the open back door of the car, and the blood on Sam's wife's face mixed with the rain and dripped onto the car seat and onto the floor.

The nurse still stood there. "Maybe," she said to the driver, "you could guarantee their bill."

"Lady," the driver repeated, "I don't know 'em. All I know is they're smashed bad. Lady, do something!"

"I'm sorry," the nurse said. "The County Hospital handles charity cases. You might take them there. We have to draw the line somewhere, you know. If we took everybody in, we'd be broke in no time. We can't start making exceptions to rules now."

"We'd never make it," the driver said. "It's too far. That woman and man in back need a doc right now."

Sam stood in the light of the open doorway.

"Look. This guy's an army man," the driver said. "That oughta mean something."

"Captain French," Sam managed to get out. "Call the fort. They'll tell you."

The nurse hesitated. "I haven't the authority," she said. "Wait a minute; I'll see." She closed the door.

Sam turned to the driver. His voice caught. "Oh, God!" he said. He struggled for breath. "Maybe we should go to the other place. Maybe there's some human beings there."

The driver shook his head. Sam's wife lay still. Her arm hung limp in the rain. The smashed place on her head was in the light.

"She wondered what I'd do," Sam whispered convulsively, "if it were her." He looked up, and the gray walls of the hospital stretched cold to the sky. "I'd have murdered a captain who treated me like I treated Powell."

"Red tape," the driver muttered—"just damn red tape."

Then the hospital door opened. Two internes with a stretcher were with the nurse.

"Too late," the driver said, "for her."

Sam stared dully into the night.

THE END

WHAT THESE MOVIE CENSORS DO

BY JOHN ERSKINE

A scene from Harvest, a French picture the censors did not understand.

Food for thought! . . A revealing look at some self-styled guardians of our morals

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

OFFICIAL censorship of moving pictures has long been regarded as a necessary evil, but public opinion now wonders why the necessity isn't clearer and the evil less obvious. If a picture story is anemic, it's the fashion to blame the censors. If we ask who the censors are, who appoints them, or what qualifications they have, we get no answer, unless it's the taunt that we as taxpayers ought to know about the system we are paying for, and if the censors operate in mystery like a secret Ogpu, we are weak-kneed to tolerate it.

Recently I decided to study censorship in every state in which it occurred, beginning at home in New York State. What I learned I will now confide to those of my fellow taxpayers who like to think they are living not under the impositions of despotism but under a system of self-government.

Let me make clear first of all that I have no personal grudge against the censors. I have now met the four women and one man who do the censoring for New York, as well as the man who directs the department, and they treated me with the utmost courtesy. I have seen them at their terrifically burdensome task, inspecting all films, domestic or foreign, so that your morals and mine will be uninjured, and though they are not precisely the individuals I would have picked to make my intellectual and ethical choices for me, yet they probably do it as well as any one could. What interests me is that they do it.

I speak of the state censorship, not of the Will Hays organization. The Hays office constitutes no essential menace to freedom of thought and conscience, since it is a device not to impose additional censorship but to gather into a code the official regulations and unofficial opinions that already exist.

To what extent is the censorship in New York State clearly defined and regulated? The law says that the Board of Regents, upon recommendation of the Commissioner of Education, shall appoint such officers and employees as may be needed. The law also provides that the director of the division, or, when authorized by the Regents, officers of a local office or bureau, shall cause to be promptly examined every motion-picture film submitted to them as herein required, and unless such film or a part thereof is obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, sacrilegious, or of such a character that its exhibition would tend to corrupt morals or incite to crime, shall issue a license therefor. If such director, or, when so authorized, such officer shall not license any film submitted, he shall furnish to the applicant therefor a written report of the reasons for his refusal and a description of each rejected part of a film not rejected in toto. The law further provides that the applicant for a license or permit whose application has been denied shall have the right of review by the Regents.

Now, it is easy enough to agree that anything obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, sacrilegious, or tending to corrupt morals or incite to crime should be banned. But what *is* obscene, indecent, immoral? Many earnest people in the United States think it is indecent or immoral for a woman to smoke a cigarette or for a man to drink liquor. Certain theories of evolution which are discussed casually in one part of the country may be considered an insult to religion in another.

In New York State at present there are five censors called reviewers.

The minimum qualifications for a motion-picture reviewer, as laid down in the civil service regulations, are: Graduation from an institution of recognized standing, with specialization in the arts and social sciences, and three years of experience in educational or social-service activities, involving the exercise of mature judgment, or any equivalent combination of education and experience; good knowledge of history, literature, and dramatics, with special reference to motion-picture editing, and of the laws and regulations relating to the exhibition of motion pictures in the state; ability to interpret the regulatory provisions in accordance with accepted standards of public taste and public morals; ability to deal firmly and impartially with motion-picture producers and distributors without arousing antagonisms; high standards of morality without intolerance; good sense of justice, mature judgment, and good address.

These specifications indicate a high ideal, but they are vague. There is also one serious omission—a knowledge of modern languages is not required, though the censors must pass on foreign films. This point I shall return to later.

THE law provides that applicants for the post of censor present themselves to the civil service examiners, and that the examiners report to the Commissioner of Education those who have passed the examinations with the highest grades. Vacancies, when they occur, are filled from this list. But there is a widely held opinion that the appointment of censors is not so simple and straightforward as this. The current legend is that various individuals or groups back certain candidates, who, if appointed, become their representatives on the censorship board. I have been told that one reviewer represents a religious group, another a patriotic society, etc. The very unwise secrecy with which the censors are surrounded gives color to these rumors. Theoretically I should have no objection to a representative of religion or of patriotism, but there is no such thing as a representative of religion in general; the representative, if he or she exists, doubtless belongs to some particular religious organization and advocates its philosophy. And patriotism is a name which covers many things.

The censoring is all done in the Motion Picture Division in the State Building on Centre Street. The head of the division is Mr. Irwin Esmond, a quiet-mannered gentleman, bred to the law, who has served many years in various divisions of the Education Department and eight years in the film censorship department.

The five reviewers are at present Mrs. Sally Minsterer, Miss Mary E. Farrell, Mrs. Helen H. Kellogg, Mrs. Evelyn Burt Young, and Mr. Frank B. Dermody. I am not permitted to give their addresses, since it is the policy of the division to grant the public as little access as possible to their censors. These five have done all the censoring for the state since some time before Mr. Esmond became the head of the division.

Every weekday during the normal working hours they look at pictures and make reports on them. During the past year, 1,920 films were reviewed, of which twenty-four were rejected in toto. Six of these twenty-four were later licensed after revision. From 140 films objectionable passages were eliminated.

During the year the censors reviewed 485 foreign-made films. Obviously they face here a peculiar problem which can be met only by those who have a special equipment.

IF it were the aim of the censors to cut from foreign pictures everything which is not identical with American taste as shown in American films, then there would be little use in importing foreign films at all. Foreign films can enrich our own moving-picture art in proportion as they are allowed to bring us, in subject matter and in treatment, as well as in technique, some excellent things we do not yet possess. The censor, in order to serve us wisely, must not only command the foreign languages; he must also know enough of the life of the country portrayed in the particular film to tell whether, in the opinion of the best people of that country, what is portrayed is objectionable.

Our censors have not even mastered foreign languages. Some of them, I understand, can read French or German, but none of them can keep up with dialogue on the screen. If you submit a foreign film for review, you must furnish the censors with what you swear is a literal translation of what they are hearing. Whether or not that translation is really literal, the reviewers are not, I believe, competent to say. When they are in doubt, the division calls in an expert from the outside in whom they have confidence. Therefore, although our censors can protect us against shocking sights, in all foreign films they are at the mercy of the translation handed to them, or of the person who checks up on that translation.

The fact that the censors are not familiar with foreign languages is well known and the consequences of this knowledge are demoralizing. I have no doubt that some importers do try to dress up or conceal the dialogue so as to deceive the censors. Not otherwise can I explain some of the things I have listened to on some foreign films. On the other hand, the censors, conscious that in this matter of foreign languages they don't know their business, grow unduly suspicious of all foreign films. As we saw, the law provides for appeal from an unjust rejection, but if the picture is rejected as indecent, then licensed after appeal, it starts with the wrong kind of publicity and attracts precisely the salacious audience which the censors would rather keep away.

Perhaps the most startling instance of censorship blundering is Harvest, the poetical and masterly film now showing in New York and other cities.

The censors barred it absolutely. The importers appealed to the Regents, who licensed the film exactly as it had been imported. The picture has been supported on the whole by men and women of discriminating taste, who saw that only once in a blue moon may we expect such entertainment on screen or stage. But part of the audience still come looking for something scandalous, and though I think the censors are responsible for getting the picture off on the wrong foot, the exhibitor exploits the wrong foot by advertising "the original uncut version banned by New York censors." The description is literally true, but it is misleading. This is the uncut version, but there never was a cut version. The censors never objected to anything visible to the eye; they turned the film down because of the dialogue, which they didn't understand, and because of some passages in a novel on which the picture is based, passages which do not appear in the picture. In other words, their objections are a permanent record of their inability to understand a foreign picture.

Under the law, these objections must have been stated in the written report which the censor board is required to make when a film is rejected. I asked the censorship division for a copy of the report, but was told that I must submit my request to Albany, as it is contrary to the policy of the censorship board to make public such documents. I have not yet been able to get a copy, but the report itself is of little significance compared with the fact that it is not intended for the public. With impunity the censors may hurt a good picture, but you and I who are paying for the whole ghastly procedure will have difficulty in getting at their reasons.

MR. ESMOND and his colleagues, I repeat, are personally not the objects of this criticism. They carry out their orders. But the system itself is atrocious, and it has not even the usual excuse that we can't afford to improve it. Pictures pay well for their licenses. The department could afford to hire expert linguists.

Secrecy is dangerous; morals should not be surreptitious. The idea that loyalty to what we believe is a good purpose will compensate for incompetence in our job is very dangerous indeed. The suspicion that special interests are at work in state censorship is destructive of our confidence in all authority.

It may be that no housecleaning is needed, but certainly the New York State Education Department had better turn on the light. We have a right to know what our censors are doing.

THE END

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Tales OUT OF SCHOOL

BY A SENATOR'S DAUGHTER

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

A senator's daughter can't kiss her sweetheart good night, for somebody may be there with a candid camera.

Washington behind the scenes! . . A breath-takingly candid lady tells all

DO not think, from my observations as one of the Daughters of the Senate, or DOTS, that there is no *esprit de corps*—which is French Embassy lingo for clubbiness — in what its membership likes to call the "Upper Chamber" of Congress.

Our papas may fight for choice committee posts, for juicy political plums, and for the foreground place in newspaper photographs; our mamas may gossip about each other and vie with each other in clothes and places at the table; but it is all in the family. Like a herd of wild buffalo, the senators and their she-folk will fight among themselves, but to the world at large they present a united front. At twelve thirty in the afternoon two senators may be in violent debate, quivering with passion, and at one thirty the same two, in the Capitol restaurant, will be hilariously telling each other what Confucius say. Senators may actually be so angry with each other that they won't speak in passing, as was long the case with Senators Harrison and Bilbo of Mississippi, Senators Holt and Neely of West Virginia, but if any common people are watching, the feudists are running over with courtesy toward each other.

That spirit prevails even to the exclusion of party lines. Senators are Republicans and Democrats or what have you in debating legislation and on Election Day, but most of the time they are as clannish as Brahmans.

Right now, among themselves, the senatorial clique are all in a dither, I hear, over rumors of an unorthodox romance between the spouse of one of their own number and a married member of one of the top-rank foreign embassy families. Public knowledge of it might easily determine the course of the next election; but under the freemasonry that exists in the Senate, not one of its members will for political profit take advantage of another's personal affairs.

The most loyal New Dealer will exhibit this senatorial clubbiness by going to great personal trouble and expense to save an intoxicated Republican colleague from making a public spectacle of himself. He knows that some day the identical favor may be returned. Only a few months ago the Senate was in heated debate over a partisan issue upon which the whole nation's attention was centered. Feeling ran high. The vote was going to be close. Shortly after the Senate convened for the showdown on the last day of debate, one of the members who was opposed to the legislation appeared in the Senate lobby utterly under the influence of alcohol.

Sweeping frightened page boys aside, the senator joyfully bellowed that he was going to walk right through the swinging doors separating him from the floor of the Senate "to show those so-and-so's where they get off at." He was going to make a speech that would make Daniel Webster sound like a kindergarten girl with tonsillitis, he proclaimed. The disturbance was audible to the senators nearest the door. Two of them quietly left the chamber to see what was going on. They calmed the obstreperous one, led him away to a vacant committee room, and plied him with hot coffee from the Senate restaurant until he was sufficiently restored to be driven home by a discreet clerk.

The senators who came to the rescue were among the stanchest supporters of the legislation at issue. They knew that if their unfortunate colleague had stepped on the Senate floor in his condition and had raised his voice in opposition, their bill would have been carried and the opposition disgraced; but their first thought was to save a colleague from disgrace instead. In this instance, and it is the only instance I know of intoxication in the Capitol, the senators who forgot party and public issues to come to the rescue of a colleague performed merited

service. The man whom they aided was not "a drinking man"; he was ill. He had taken a drink in the hope it would provide him with artificial strength to be present for the crucial vote, and in his physical condition the liquor had overcome him—but his rescuers did not know that until afterward. So papa says.

Such loyalists, cheek by jowl with rivalries and jealousies, may be difficult to understand unless you appreciate the reverence its members have for the Senate. The nearest comparison I can make is the reverence of the British people for "the Crown," which means more to them than the King and Queen as either monarchs or individuals. Actually, the Senate as an institution and a symbol of democracy means more to its members than do the individuals who comprise that august body. Just as no patriotic American will allow the flag to be disgraced even though in reality it is only an oblong of striped cloth, so no senator will allow mortal frailty to dishonor the Senate as an institution. I think there is something fine and noble in that attitude.

And just when I get my mascara all gooey by becoming dewy-eyed about senatorial nobility, something starts me thinking about the act our papas, supported by a well trained chorus of mamas, put on at other times. Most times. What brings my change of emotion is the fashion page in the Washington Star.

Partygoing, gossip-gabbing official Washington is the most clothes-conscious city in the United States.

Don't snort, ladies, and say *you* never heard of "Washington styles" competing with Paris fashions and Fifth Avenue modes. You men who say to your wives, "What? another dress? Look at Senator Whoozis' wife. She dresses as plainly as an old shoe, and here am I just a guy on a salary, and you want to doll up like Mrs. Astor's horse!"—you're just being taken in by an act. One of the first things mama learned when papa started running for office was to dress plainly but becomingly, a step behind the fashions rather than a step ahead. And oh, boy, wasn't mama happy when we reached Washington and she didn't have to dress to please the voters!

For in Washington the competition in clothes is more joyously bitter than at the Longchamps race track in France, where, I understand, the main attraction is clothes-horses, not running horses.

And that, my dears, is the reason why most of the shopkeepers, modistes, and department-store merchants of Washington are anti-New Dealers.

Let me explain. As regularly as the phases of the moon, there blossom forth on the pages of the nation's newspapers pictures of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt in her new costumes for the season.

Come war or strikes, floods or stock-market booms, the photographs of the First Lady's seasonal ensembles compete with pictures of airplane wrecks, lost babies, and Hollywood brides. It is always front-page news—with pictures — what the First Lady has chosen to wear for Easter, for summer, for the first winter White House reception. Naturally, all loyal New Deal wives rush to acquire costumes in the Eleanor Roosevelt style and hue, and, willy-nilly, the anti-New Deal wives are sucked into the sartorial vortex.

But Mrs. Roosevelt, as some of her predecessors have done, shops in New York. The tight little coterie of merchants who serve her get millions of dollars' worth of free publicity and eager patronage just as soon as Mrs. Roosevelt's pictures hit the society pages—and in Washington the front pages, too. While the aisles of the capital's better stores are neglected, the railroad trains to New York rush the chattering women to Fifth Avenue to the stylists patronized by the President's wife.

If that isn't promoting a monopoly in defiance of New Deal writ, I'll eat that wool evening gown I bought last autumn (in New York) just because somebody sold Mrs. Roosevelt one. No, but seriously, when "Eleanor blue" was invented a few years back, anybody who wanted to be somebody in Washington had to buy her clothes from the originators or else wait until the cerulean tint had been copied—which meant you could also find it on the $2.98 self-service racks.

Washington merchants—and there are several who are socially prominent —estimate that Mrs. Roosevelt's liking for New York shops costs them well into the tens of thousands of dollars every season. The losses are not only in trade diverted to New York but in stocking their racks all over again after the New York monopolists reveal the new mode à la Eleanor.

MENFOLK have no such worries—except when it comes time to pay the bills, I mean. However, they have their own costume cares. Not only senators but even their male secretaries have to own and use a full-dress (white tie) evening suit, a tuxedo, formal morning clothes (claw-hammer coat, braided vest, and striped trousers), and at least six suits of white linen, Palm Beach, silk, or some other summer fabric, plus shirts and collars and two sets of studs, a high hat, an opera hat, and so on. The establishments in Washington that rent out such clothes always do a rushing business on alternate years, when a new Congress comes to town. But pretty soon the new members find it is cheaper to buy the elaborate wardrobe their high station demands than to hire it three times a week. The layout is about $1,000. And woe to the poor friend of the common pee-pul if the news leaks out back home that the tobacco-chawin' congressman now cavorts along Embassy Row in a shiny top hat and *spats!*

But they all do it, even Senator Bob Reynolds of North Carolina, who beat Senator Cam Morrison by the biggest majority in the state's history in 1932 simply by charging that his predecessor wore fancy clothes and drank tea. Bob bought the most disreputable flivver he could find and toured the Tar Heel State giving imitations of Senator Morrison.

"You-all sent Cam Morrison up yonder to Washington to represent the good, honest, hard-workin', and God-fearin' citizens of No'th Ca'lina in the capital of the United States," Bob would begin with a sob in his excellent baritone voice; and then he would choke with rage as he continued: "An' how does Cam Morrison represent you-all? He wears a high silk hat an' he carries a cane. He has a li'l white edging on his vest, an' he has patent-leather shoes, and spats—spats! Do you-all know what spats are? They are little ankle blankets made like shoes without soles. I reckon most of us know what shoes without soles are, but daggone if we pay ten dollars for a pair of them. If we-uns had ten dollars, we'd buy shoes with soles for the whole family, wouldn't we? And then, all diked out in these fancy fumadiddles, what does Cameron Morrison, Esquire, do? He goes to tea parties in those foreign embassies, and he drinks tea, and he eats caviar.

"Do you know what caviar is? I looked it up in the dictionary. It's fish eggs—*fish eggs!*"

That finished the Hon. Cameron Morrison's career. Bob Reynolds was re-elected in 1938. But eight years in Washington find him the rival of Senator Millard E. Tydings of Maryland for the title of the best-dressed man in the United States Senate. He is also one of the most eligible of Washington's unmarried men, and is the most traveled senator of all. His reputation for leaving hopelessly fluttering hearts all the way around the world is not to be denied. Frances, his daughter, is one of the most talented members of the Daughters of the Senate, an accomplished playwright whose dramas have been professionally and successfully staged.

MAYBE the House of Representatives recognizes itself as a more democratic body than the Senate. Anyhow, it contains a few conspicuously sloppy dressers, with the prize for the most original costume won annually by George Holden Tinkham of Massachusetts, a man of great wealth who represents one of the swankiest Republican districts. Tinkham's stained and spotted clothing never meets a pressing iron after it leaves the factory. His socks hang draped over the tops of his policeman's shoes, which may have been black or tan originally. His voluminous grizzled beard conceals his shirt and necktie, if any.

But Tinkham does not have to campaign. He is automatically renominated and re-elected every year, and when his colleagues are laboring to win votes between sessions, Tinkham goes to Africa to kill big game. He is also a bachelor, perhaps the only one in the Social Register who is in no danger from designing mamas or husband-hunting young women, so he lives happily in a welter of zebra hides, lions' heads, leopard skins, and oryx horns, richly overlaid with the aroma of moth balls and leather.

Nobody would try to trap Old Tink with the ancient badger game. The other reason they wouldn't is, he'd shoot it out with an elephant gun.

Let the congressman or senator be under fifty in years and in waist measurement both, and he is always a target for a knife in the back if he works hard enough to make enemies. Sometimes, if there are millions at stake, these enemies are ruthless enough to stop at nothing.

Some years ago Senator Nye, the Republican junior member from North Dakota, was assigned the chairmanship of an investigating committee which more experienced senators fled as a Communist agitator flees hard work. The investigation took the senator far afield, and on one of his trips he took along his then thirteen-year-old daughter Marjorie, now one of the most active members of our DOTS organization. The powerful and corrupt forces which Nye's committee was investigating had him shadowed, and in one big city the word was spread along newspaper row by the spies that the senator had smuggled a young girl, obviously a minor, into his hotel quarters. Thank heaven for ethical American journalism! The newspaper boys investigated before rushing into type, or else the senator's career and the whole life of his small daughter would have been damaged.

Yes, it is also a great little town for those who like to poison wells and besmirch children, is Washington.

AT least, in all the sham and tinsel of its many-tiered society strata, Washington does not, from all I hear, fall as low into snobbishness as the great European capitals, particularly London and Berlin. In Washington a person is not snubbed for being "in trade," not if he makes enough money and spends enough.

I do not know of any international society, any cosmopolitan capital, where a laundryman can be a leader of the smart set the way George Marshall—who married Corinne Griffith—leads the quacking quadrilles in Washington. Marshall, whose business (if not family) motto is "Long Live Linen," is one of the city's most popular hosts. His parties are eagerly attended. I think it was he who introduced Washington to those amusing highball glasses which have a modishly and modestly attired girl painted on the outside but, as your drink falls lower in the glass, there appears an "inside" view of the pictured damsel minus clothes.

Of course no senator would dream of sending his collars and white vests to be laundered anywhere except at George's establishments, and of course no other laundry has the same reputation, deserved or not, for ironing a pleated evening shirt just *so.*

Then there is Mrs. James F. Curtis, who converted her home in F Street, Number 1925, into an exclusive club. Since Mrs. Curtis' guests have to pay to attend her parties, she is not in the Social Register, but she sees all the smart "younger set" of the Evie Robert stratum as of yore, and has just as good a time and as loyal a set of friends as when she was spending money instead of taking it in.

Mrs. John R. Williams is a rival social leader and business woman, but she does not conduct her business at her home in Vermont Avenue; she only directs her restaurant and her "club" and dress shop from there. So she is *not* barred from the green limp-leather bible of hostesses. To her doting intimates Mrs. Williams is "Ma," and for the privilege of referring to her by that title they are happy to pay twenty dollars a head for a night of dancing at the Sulgrave Club. Not without mockery, Mrs. Curtis' coterie calls her "Mommie." The division of patronage between these lady dictators of Washington society is more political than according to blood lines and bank balances. Laura Curtis has the New Deal element in tow and sometimes in hock, while the politically (but not otherwise) conservative crowd flocks to the tune of "Ma" Williams' gilded shepherd's flute.

ISN'T it funny, though? If it couldn't happen in London or Berlin or Bucharest, neither could it happen in my home town or, more than likely, in yours. I can't imagine, if and when I escape to my own home town again, working tooth and nail to open a charge account at a certain shop in the hope that its owner will patronizingly permit me to buy a ticket of admission to her home.

That's Washington, where birthday parties are given to horses wearing floral wreaths, and where bitterest political enemies sing Sweet Adeline in close embrace and closer harmony after the Vice-President's gavel sounds retreat from the affairs of state; Washington, where a senator's daughter can't kiss her sweetheart good night because somebody in the hire of a lobbyist may be behind the curtains with a candid camera, but where a senator's daughter can punch a time clock and work behind the counter without losing caste; Washington, where the best and worst there is in the United States, from architecture and burlesque shows to brains and table manners, is on display from January to midsummer every year!

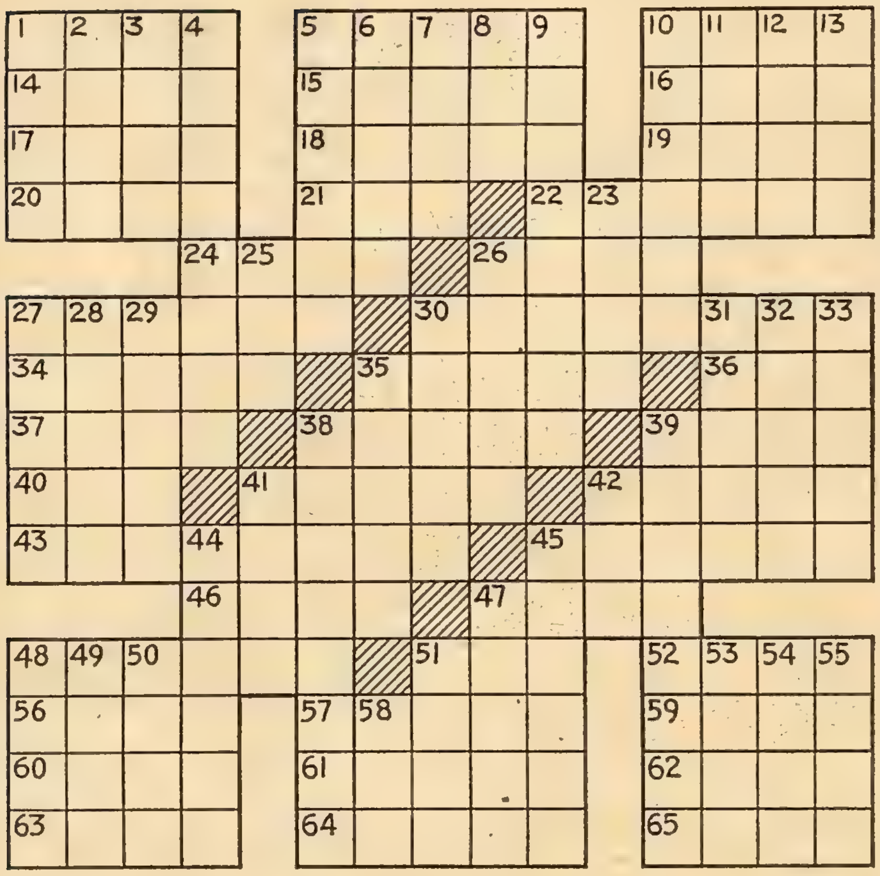
Washington! There is no view in nature more certain to bring a lump to your throat than sight of the Capitol's illuminated dome as seen down the vista of the Mall from the Washington Monument. And, sure as fate, while you are looking misty-eyed at that symbol and home of our precious government, somebody will remind you of how much it resembles a gigantic nursing bottle.

Maybe it does, and maybe it ought to; for it is there that democracy suckles nourishment for all the world today, and it is there too, alas, that a sucker is so often made of John Q. Public. At least, that's the way it seems to us DOTS.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

By Lee Pasquin

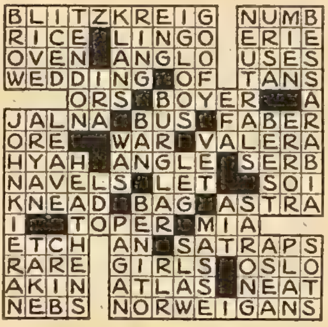


HORIZONTAL

1 Flexible tubing
5 Title of respect
10 Very small particle
14 Regular
15 Treatment
16 Eager
17 Price fixed or stated
18 Additional clause to a document
19 Solemn religious act
20 Winged
21 An artificial language
22 Form of starch
24 Weathercock
26 Dash
27 Kind of dumpling
30 Testimony
34 Marble
35 Rock
36 Over (poet.)
37 Pallid
38 Part of an anchor
39 Leading actor
40 Night before
41 Open space in a forest
42 Pronoun
43 Overwhelmed with sorrow
45 Covered
46 Cover with stones
47 Destitute
48 City in Ohio
51 Coating on the tongue
52 Throw
56 Part of a stove
57 Staggers
59 Hawaiian fern
60 Man's name
61 Expunge
62 Embryo
63 Walked
64 Ventures
65 Aims

VERTICAL

1 Greek goddess
2 Elliptical
3 Bristle
4 Weaken
5 Pertaining to mice
6 Apart
7 Part of a pedestal
8 Period
9 Fabric
10 Pertaining to the sea
11 Roman poet
12 South American monkey
13 British statesman
23 Constructed
25 Beverage
26 Call forth
27 Bound with narrow ribbon
28 Genus of plants
29 Men
30 An exercise
31 Took cognizance of
32 Stop
33 Sinned
35 List of candidates
38 Seasoned
39 Deficiency
41 Happy
42 Also
44 Unfastened
45 Equines
47 Vibration
48 Legal term
49 Upon
50 Cotton gauze
51 Fright
53 Portent
54 Semiprecious stone
55 Amounts
58 Age

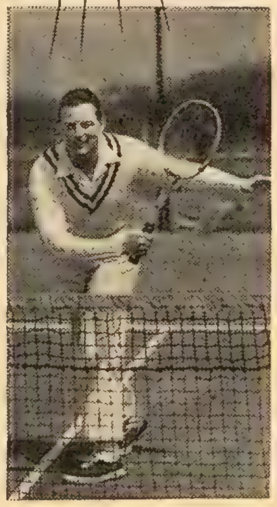

BLITZKREIG NUMB
RICE LINGO ERIE
OVEN ANGLO USES
WEDDING OF TANS
ORS BOYER A
JALNA BUS FABER
ORE WAR VALERA
HYAH ANGLE SERB
NAVELS LET SOI
KNEAD BAG ASTRA
I TOPER MIA
ETCH AN SATRAPS
RARE GIRLS OSLO
AKIN ATLAS NEAT
NEBS NORWEIGANS

Last week's answer

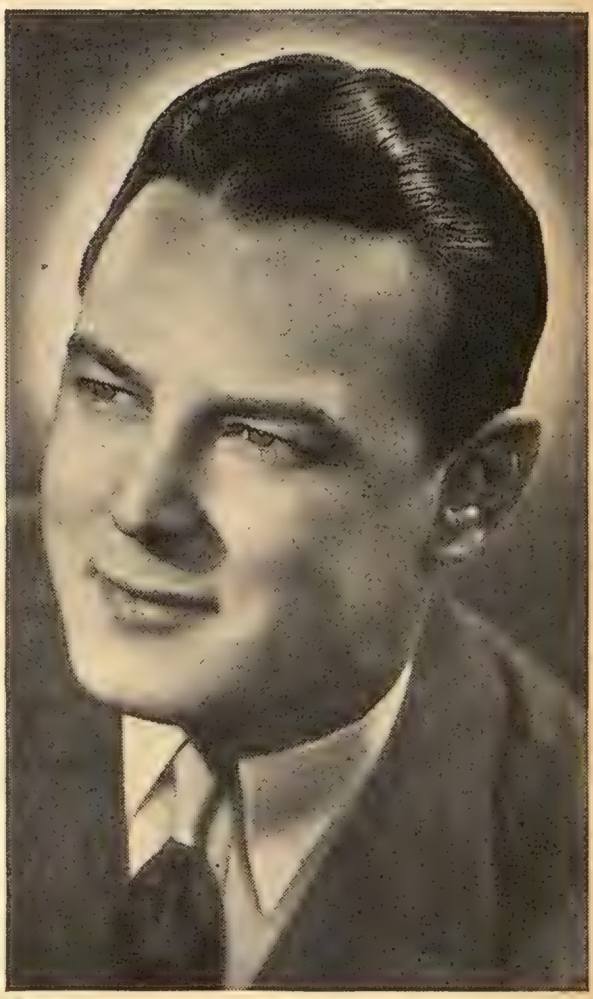
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Blazing Sun and Soaking Showers

ARE BAD NEWS FOR YOUR HAIR!


Scorching sun parches hair . . . makes it dry and lifeless.

Water increases harm, washes away remaining scalp oils.



Protect your hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

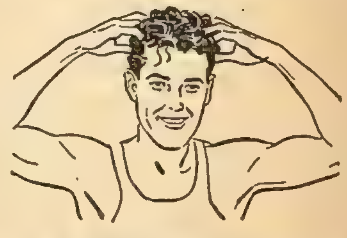
THERE'S nothing like the outdoors for good health—high spirits! But the burning sun parches your hair, and soaking water washes away remaining scalp oils!

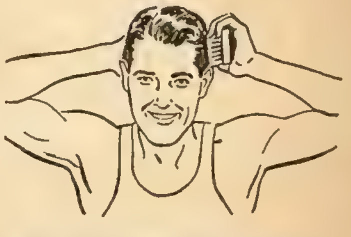
So play safe. Massage your scalp with Vitalis. Feel the pleasant tingle as circulation awakens. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis aid your scalp by supplementing the natural oils. Your hair is easy to comb—has a rich lustre—*but no* objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis today. Protect your hair against the blazing sun and soaking water with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout."

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary Sealtubes. Next time you go to the barber's insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.


1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance.


2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

Born to KILL

THE LIFE AND BATTLES OF COLLISHAW, CANADIAN WAR ACE

BY ALAN HYND

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

COMMANDER RAYMOND COLLISHAW studied that photograph of the crucified flyer for many long minutes. Then he walked slowly to his Camel and tacked the picture up on the instrument board. And then he called a grease monkey. "Fill the bomb rack," he said quietly, "and have the Vickers loaded."

In twenty minutes he was off, streaking up over the Volga, those remarkable eyes of his peeled. It was more than an hour before he spotted below, in the distance, a troop of cavalry jogging along under a red flag.

Colly streaked toward the scene, circled long enough to get the lay of the land, then plummeted down. At fifty feet he jerked the stick and leveled off. He was directly over the surprised cavalry line.

He pulled the Cooper bomb lever four times. He shot up, then turned and looked down. He grinned grimly. The Red dogs were all but annihilated.

He came back to the airdrome. He didn't get out of his machine, but just sat there, studying that horrible photograph. The slaughter he had left in his wake didn't satisfy him. He went out again, soaring through the blue like a bird of prey. At length he found what he wanted—a tableland or plateau near the Bolshevik lines. It would make an ideal landing field for his purpose.

Back at the drome, he had two marksmen hop into a big ship with him. They piled in three portable machine guns and a lot of ammunition. Then off they went with Colly at the stick.

Over the plateau, he let his plane fall into a sickening spin. He brought it out again, attained some altitude, then went into another spin, and finally made an amateurish landing that was highly hazardous. He was going through this gag for the benefit of a near-by company of Red cavalry.

Once the ship had stopped, he stumbled out, took a few faltering steps, then fell, face forward. His two companions, crouched in the plane, were getting a view of what was going on around the foot of the plateau. Another company of cavalry was coming at a gallop.

Colly lay still, as if bady injured. The cavalry came up a long slope, came nearer and nearer. He was taking the chance that they wouldn't open fire on him, would suppose it was unnecessary.

The entire troop reached the edge of the summit. Colly heard the signal from the men within the ship. He was up in a flash and in the cockpit. He had pointed the ship in the direction of that slope. His ship gun began rat-tat-tatting, and the two other boys went to work with their portables, all aiming at the horses' legs.

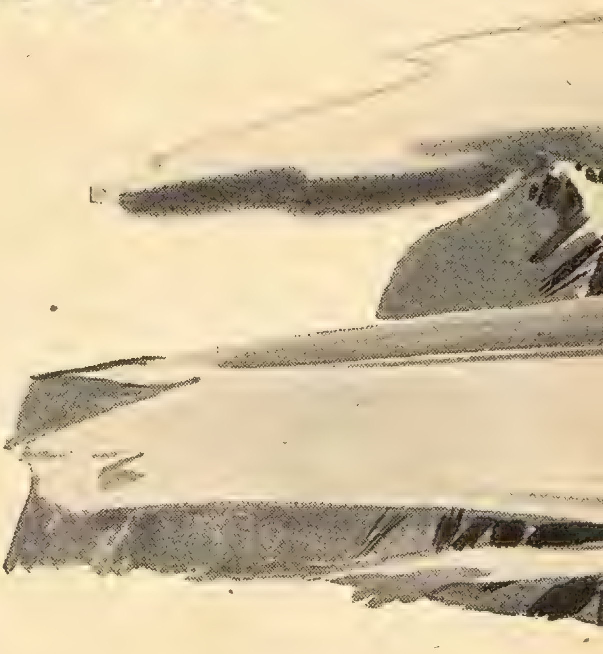
The screaming lead mowed the horses down, and the startled riders were toppled. Then, within a couple of horrible minutes, half of them were dead or wounded and the rest were taking to their heels. Colly grabbed his own portable machine gun, and he and his two pals hopped out of the ship and peppered away at the Reds scampering down the hillside. In a few minutes they silently walked back to the plane and made a successful take-off for the drome.

It took Colly a week to get over that crucifixion photograph. At the mess table he would suddenly shove his full plate away, then get up and hop into his Camel. He'd come back an hour later, sometimes with his wings riddled. Always, if pressed, he would simply say he had "just unloaded."

The White Russian British squadron wasn't having things all its own way, though. There were some crack pilots—most of them Germans and Austrians—on the other side. The old dogfights of the World War were fought all over again. Colly bit his lip one day when he saw two of his own men going down. They weren't hit; their engines were crippled. The scrap was taking place too far inside the enemy lines for them to glide across to safety. Not only that, but Colly and the others of his squadron were outnumbered at the moment, and they had to pay attention to what was going on up there about them.

Canada's D'Artagnan got back all right. His goggles had been shot off; that was all. But he had lost four men, not counting the two who had gone down alive. "If only those two had been killed!" he said. "Now they'll get worse than death."

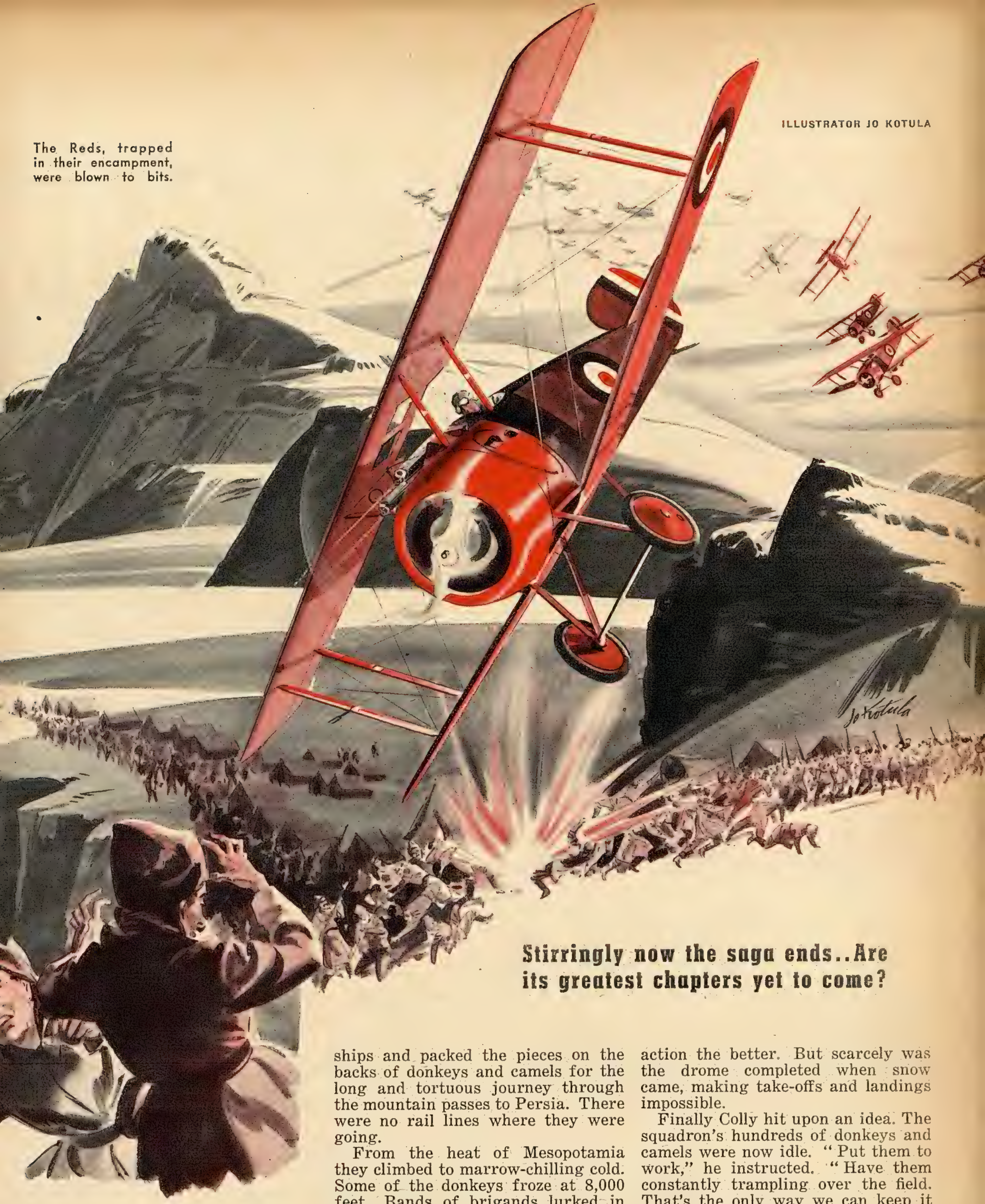
The commander's guess was right. He expected two more crucifixion photographs. He got one. The other prisoner had been beheaded, and his head was dropped over the lines in a huge cardboard box.



In the weeks and months that followed, horror piled upon horror. Whenever a flyer was taken alive, some new and hideous means of making known his fate was devised by the Reds. A finger with a ring, or a piece of scalp with distinguishable hair, would be dropped by their pilots.

By the time Denikin began hammering at the gates of Warsaw, then Russian territory, Collishaw, after almost a year's service, had personally bagged an estimated seventy-five ships, besides having slaughtered hundreds of troops during "unloading" activities. He was fed up with horror and gore. But when Denikin's assault on Warsaw turned into a rout, and the Reds perpetrated indescribable outrages on prisoners of all kinds, Colly vowed solemnly that he would take on any future assignment that would give him a crack at them.

Upon the withdrawal by the English of his badly depleted squadron, the British Columbia youth, now in his twenty-seventh year, received orders to proceed to Persia. That country had been placed under British protectorate by the Versailles Treaty. The Bolsheviks were attempting to penetrate it from the north, and Colly was assigned to command a newly formed squadron—the Eighty-fourth of the Royal Air Force—to protect the Persians.



The Reds, trapped in their encampment, were blown to bits.

ILLUSTRATOR JO KOTULA

Stirringly now the saga ends..Are its greatest chapters yet to come?

Colly took command of the Eighty-fourth Squadron in Egypt. He was now on the brink of his third war. So were a handful of the intrepid adventurers in the squadron. Late in the fall of 1920, they set out from Cairo for Bagdad.

In Bagdad they disassembled their ships and packed the pieces on the backs of donkeys and camels for the long and tortuous journey through the mountain passes to Persia. There were no rail lines where they were going.

From the heat of Mesopotamia they climbed to marrow-chilling cold. Some of the donkeys froze at 8,000 feet. Bands of brigands lurked in the mountains. A poisoned dart missed Colly by inches. He whistled, and machine guns went into action, and that was the end of that!

Arriving in Persia, he set about supervising the construction of a landing field near the Caspian Sea. There was considerable massing of Bolshevik troops in the north, and the sooner he and the boys got into action the better. But scarcely was the drome completed when snow came, making take-offs and landings impossible.

Finally Colly hit upon an idea. The squadron's hundreds of donkeys and camels were now idle. "Put them to work," he instructed. "Have them constantly trampling over the field. That's the only way we can keep it level enough for use." Despite blizzards, the plan worked, and in December he and his men went out on their first reconnaissance flight.

Colly came back smiling. He had spotted an impressive concentration of Red troops in the mountains—tens of thousands of them. They had no planes. There was no place for a plane to land or take off.

OLD
Mr. BOSTON
SLOE GIN
for the perfect fizz
ARTIFICIALLY COLORED

Taste this Tempting Sloe Gin Fizz!

Tall and refreshing—with the wine-like tang of rare Burgundy!

Ruby-red, with a flavor like fine old Burgundy—that's a Sloe Gin Fizz made with Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin! Plum-like, *imported sloe berries* give Mr. Boston's Sloe Gin its superb tang and richness—its lusciousness and flavor. Try a thirst-quenching Sloe Gin Fizz today!

MR. BOSTON'S OWN RECIPE. 3 oz. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin; juice of ½ lemon; 1 teaspoon powdered sugar; fill 12 oz. glass with seltzer; decorate with slice of lemon.

OLD MR. BOSTON
SLOE GIN
America's Largest-Selling Sloe Gin

BEN-BURK, INC., BOSTON, MASS. 70 PROOF

He held a council of war. "It's simple," were his two words at the end of the meeting. Next morning he and thirty others got into Sopwith Camels and D. H.-9 bombers, and went into the teeth of a gale. They hit 21,000 feet before they got above the wind. They were quick to locate the massed troops. Down they swirled, as close as they could get and still avoid the danger of cracking up against the snowcapped peaks.

The commander waggled his wings in a signal, and thirty-one ships unloaded their cargoes of death. The Reds, trapped in their encampment, were blown to bits, thousands of them. The survivors were completely demoralized.

Every few days Colly and his boys repeated the dose, and within a month Russia's Persian expeditionary force was so widely scattered and reduced in numbers that the threat to Britain's protectorate had vanished. The result was that Colly's squadron was withdrawn from its Caspian Sea drome in February, 1921. But not before he had been accorded a signal honor. He was presented to the Shah of Persia at the palace in Teheran, and the party lasted several days.

A few months later Colly was beginning his fourth campaign. There was trouble in Bagdad and the rest of Mesopotamia. Rebellious Arabs were beginning to kick up against Britain. But the Foreign Office in London wasn't greatly disturbed. For Colly was in Bagdad.

NOW made a Commander of the British Empire, Raymond Collishaw, C. B. E., went to town once more. Soaring over the Mesopotamian desert, where the temperatures ranged between 130 and 140, he wore nothing but sandals, shorts, and dark goggles. He became almost as brown as the Arabs he was fighting.

They had a trick of blending themselves with the sand dunes so that they could not be distinguished from the air. But those amazing eyes of Colly's would spot them at great distances, even through smoke-hued goggles. Then he would go back, get twenty-five or thirty planes, and attend to their cases.

One day one of Colly's men out on a reconnaissance flight didn't come back. Next day his plane was found cracked up. The pilot was nowhere around. Tracks in the blistering sands led away from the plane. Not far from it, the hot winds had obliterated them. Still Colly figured the prisoner couldn't be far away.

He wasn't. He was less than half a mile away—but only his head was visible, and it was hardly a head by now. The man had been buried alive, up to his neck. Then his captors had poured a syrup over his face, and let the insects of the desert do the rest.

Colly was in Mesopotamia for three years. There were long stretches when things were quiet. The Arabs caused little trouble after the Canadian and his flight had shown them a few times what bombs amounted to.

Then Collishaw found opportunity to read and study, to consolidate the knowledge he had picked up from his varied experiences. He made an occasional trip to England, and there he came to be regarded as something more than merely the greatest of all sky killers. He was an authority on strategy by now, and his advice was sought on technical problems of the Royal Air Force.

In 1923 Colly, now sporting the rank of wing commander, was transferred to England for technical and advisory duties. It wasn't until 1929 that he got into the air again as a combatant. In that year he went to Palestine to quell the Arab-Jewish trouble, commanding the fleet air arm operating off H. M. S. Courageous. And when the young man from Nanaimo set out to quell trouble, it stayed quelled. More than any other individual, he was responsible for quickly putting down the Arab uprising.

THAT accomplished, he and his flight, taking off from the Courageous, which had entered the Dardanelles, went up over Constantinople's Golden Horn and formed in the sky, for tens of thousands of fascinated spectators, Turkey's emblem of the star and crescent. Colly's ship represented the star. It was perhaps the only time in a long, grim career that he ever did any fancy stuff.

Then he went back to England for ten years of instruction and advisory work with the R. A. F. He made one trip to Berlin—a pleasure trip. Returning, he said, "A beautiful city. In a way, I'm glad the armistice stopped Mulock and me from bombing it."

By 1938 he was telling friends he was rusty. "It's been almost ten years since I've had a wing-to-wing encounter," he wrote to an acquaintance in Montreal. "A musician ceases to be master of his instrument if he doesn't practice. It's the same with a combat flyer. And, besides, I'm getting old. I'm forty-five."

Then, in September of that year, came the Munich crisis, and intimates report that Colly seemed to get ten years younger. He knew it wouldn't be long now until he was up there again, teaching others and perhaps doing a little "unloading" himself.

And so right now Raymond Collishaw, O. B. E., D. S. O. and bar., D. S. C., D. F. C., Croix de Guerre, etc., etc., etc., is trouble-shooting for His Majesty the King on a roving assignment: England to Egypt, and all intermediate stops. As these words are set down, the world holds its breath, waiting for destruction to rain from the skies upon great cities. Whatever happens, you can safely note this:

If Nazi Germany's home strongholds are blown from the map, Canada's D'Artagnan will be in the picture, and not in the background, either.

THE END

New light on the human, surprising story behind a remarkable career.

"Come and get it!" Kate Smith rings the old dinner bell at her Lake Placid home.

THE Answer TO THE KATE SMITH RIDDLE

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

KATE SMITH doesn't look like a battle-scarred veteran—and of course she isn't—but it is nevertheless true that she came in with the first world war and is going strong in the second.

In 1917 she was a pigtailed, gawky, thin little girl who stood on a table and sang to the soldiers. In 1940 she does not wear her lovely hair in pigtails, she is not the least bit gawky, and, as all the world knows, she is not thin.

The change in her artistic and financial status, however, has been even greater than in her physical one. She no longer stands precariously on a rickety encampment table but on that mountain of solid achievement over which she has steadily advanced the waxing moon of her popularity.

The year which began May 1 is her tenth on the air. The year which is just now closing is by far her most successful. She has been voted the top radio songstress in nation-wide polls of both listeners and critics. In appreciation of her services, her sponsors voluntarily offered her a three-year noncancelable contract, the like of which is possessed by only one other radio star, Jack Benny.

In the field of world affairs Kate Smith has this year achieved a position never before occupied by any radio entertainer. She was selected for the annual listing of the Ten Outstanding Women of the Year; and as a result of her appeals for the Red Cross, which netted more than $4,000,000 from her faithful following, she was awarded that organization's Legion of Valor Medal, the first time that any private citizen has been so honored.

Finally, as "the first lady of radio," she was chosen to sing at the White House with Lawrence Tibbett, representing opera, and Marian Anderson, representing the concert stage, at the "command performance" for Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth.

In view of such a record, it would seem that the time is fortunately past when Kate Smith's real merits as a performer and a public character were obscured by her bulk.

There is no denying that Kate *is* fat. Today she is said to weigh two hundred and fifty-five pounds mikeside. Born a cherubic babe in Greenville, Virginia, Kate thinned out during a Washington childhood into ungainly reediness, adolesced into the light-heavyweight division, promptly made the full heavyweight grade, and held it. But she doesn't mind being fat and was never, as a youngster, self-conscious about it. In the Smith family Kathryn Elizabeth's increasing rotundity was accepted as an "act of God." And why not? Gracious Mrs. Smith, Kate's mother and closest friend, had always leaned to the cherubic side. The official figures are not available, but rumor has it that she weighs even more than her famous daughter.

So tomboy Kathie Smith romped through her childhood, headman of a gang of boys who admired her strength and hardihood, entirely free from self-consciousness about her size. Her one preoccupation was her voice. Absolutely untrained—to this day she has never had a lesson—it was also untrammeled. It flowed from her young throat in one sweet song.

During the reedy stage, when Washington and its environs were filled with marching men, she alternated Come, All Ye Faithful and Abide with Me (for home consumption) with Over There, There's a Long, Long Trail Awinding, Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning, and her current favorite, Rose of No Man's Land.

When the fat came, she went right on singing with the same happiness-giving enthusiasm those postwar ditties, Moanin' Low, I Love You Truly, Sometimes I'm Happy, and the one which she says was closer to her heart than any other, My Buddy.

Thin or fat, the sweet-voiced child was accepted at school and church concerts, and later at local amateur nights and benefits, for what she was, a singer with a remarkable voice. No one laughed at her. Even when she added Charlestoning to her act, although the applause might have been louder than it would otherwise have been because one so large could be so agile, she was at no time the object of ridicule.

Broadway changed all that. Heard by a talent scout when she was substituting for an absent professional on a local vaudeville bill, she was signed to a contract over considerable parental objection as a featured singer in Eddie Dowling's Honeymoon Lane. Spotted in a cabaret scene near the finale, the big girl with the booming voice and the slim ankles and dancing legs stopped the show. The applause from out front was the fulfillment of all her hopes; but overnight the milk of success soured.

It had never occurred to Kathie Smith, still in her teens, that she would not be judged in New York as she had been in Washington, strictly on the merits of her singing and dancing; that her size rather than her artistry would fill the critical eye. She did not know the jaded, wisecracking New York critics.

Kate's notices were raves, really. But they were couched in language which brought only tears to the eyes of the girl who had always looked upon herself as a vocal artist:

"Kate Smith, the blues singer, was immense in more ways than one."

"A theatrical find of huge proportions."

"Sitting on top of the world—nothing else could bear that weight."

Feeble jests for the most part, and not all too unkindly meant, but they served to give the big overgrown girl what she had never had: self-consciousness about her size; and a dawning fear that, because of it, she would never be accepted at her true worth as a musical artist.

Honeymoon Lane ran two years. Her second stage appearance in a road company of Hit the Deck offered some slight surcease, chiefly because she had a chance, as she herself expresses it, "to shake the rafters" with that heartening syncopated spiritual, Hal-

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Get in the swim with well-groomed men—
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lelujah. Followed triumphant weeks in vaudeville theaters whose audiences recognized the unusual quality of the girl's voice, and took her, size and all, to their capacious hearts.

But when she returned to New York, she found that she was still remembered not as a singer but as a fat girl.

"Being fat didn't worry me in the least," she says. "It was the problem of making people realize its unimportance which floored me temporarily."

OBVIOUSLY she was to have no immediate chance to solve that problem, for the then ascendant George White had been exercising his entire stable of lyric writers and gagmen on a "musical" written around her, all the way around. A great compliment, to be sure—but, alas, the story of Flying High, in which she was to be co-starred with the popular Broadway comedian, Bert Lahr, was the story of a fat girl!

Alas, too, from Kate's standpoint, was the fact that Mr. Lahr is famous for his ability to take a straight line and twist it into a *double entendre* or even a triple threat. What he was able to do with the curved lines so abundantly provided by his co-star's avoirdupois can well be imagined.

As the play settled into a highly successful run, and Mr. Lahr built up his part with a gesture here and a grimace there, Miss Smith's position as stooge for many a ribald jest which was not in the written version of the piece became almost unbearable.

The climax came on the night Kathryn's old-fashioned religious-minded Southern grandfather and grandmother made their first journey to the big city to see the show. And after the climax came Ted Collins—Joseph Martin Collins—who called on Kate between the acts. His errand was strictly business, he told the maid. He was, in fact, an executive of a well known phonograph company; and, having gained the desired admission, he proceeded to discuss the Smith voice, not the Smith shape.

"Ted Collins," says Kate, "was the first man I ever met in show business who regarded me as a serious person and who sympathized with my desire to become a success as a singer . . . He didn't even seem to notice that I was a big girl."

Ted Collins, a Fordham graduate, had made a quick, solid success in the business world. He knew the phonograph business thoroughly. He was studying this new thing, radio. He was looking for voices, and he knew he had found one.

Kate, on her side, knew she had found a friend. Before long she was telling him her troubles. His Irish heart was moved, his salesman's instinct affronted. Here was a girl who was being hurt, a talent that was being wasted. Propelled alike by a soft heart and a hard mind, Ted Collins paced the room.

"Broadway is the wrong place for you!" he cried. "Broadway is the place for phonies. You're genuine. You *have* something. This comedienne business has gone about far enough. Your voice is glorious, and that's the main thing."

The first move Ted Collins made as Kate's manager—Kate herself prefers to call him her partner, and that is what he really is—was to see the management of the Flying High show and get them to ease up on those pieces of business which were causing her the most humiliation. Under the new arrangement she was content to complete the run of the play.

Meanwhile the first Kate Smith records sold enormously, and the pair turned their attention to radio.

"We weren't long in getting a break," reminisces Kate. "Rudy Vallee gave it to us. Ted arranged an audition for me, and I appeared as guest star on Rudy's program. Meanwhile Ted had arranged with William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, to listen in. Mr. Paley hired me."

The relationship between Ted and Kate is one of the most remarkable in show business. The Kated Corporation is now Big Business. It is capitalized at $400,000. It produces, besides the Kate Smith weekly hour program and the six Kate Smith daily talks, several other highly successful radio acts, including the Aldrich Family and My Son and I, manages a professional basketball team (the Kate Smith Celtics), and handles Kate's philanthropies. But in spite of all these varied activities, there has never been so much as a scrap of paper between Kate and Ted.

"You do the singing," said Ted Collins, "and I'll fight the battles."

Yes, Ted Collins has done many things for Kate Smith—and Kate, obviously, many things for Ted—but the most important thing of all was accomplished at that very first meeting, when he rid her of the fat-girl complex which had assailed her for the first and only time in her thirty years of healthy, joyous existence.

TO realize what a complete job Ted made of it, all that is necessary is to observe the Kate Smith of today in action. She certainly does not live a fat girl's life. Her dancing, which has continued famous because of her frequent appearances at benefits, is only one expression of her exuberant physical vitality and remarkable agility.

During the broadcasting season Kate lives, as she did immediately after her first hit, in a small rose-and-apple-green apartment on lower Park Avenue. It is from here, by special arrangement, that she makes her daytime radio talks on domestic and world affairs; and it is here that she lives quietly with her maid Maria, her cat Mittsy, and her two parrots, both of which greet her affectionately whenever she enters the room with "Hello, baby."

Whenever she can get away from the city, however, Kate hies herself to one of two places: the whitewashed brick cottage which she has built for her mother and sister across the Potomac on the edge of the Blue Ridge Mountains, or Camp Sunshine, the Kate Smith bungalow at Lake Placid, New York, which stands next door to the cottage occupied by the Collins family (which consists, besides Ted, of Mrs. Collins and their eighteen-year-old daughter).

On her way to and from her mother's home she is allowed to use the President's own entrance and exit at the Washington Union Station to aid her in maintaining an otherwise impossible incognito—one more instance where she alone, of all private citizens, is so honored.

Her sister, Bee, who has been for fifteen years a secretary in the Department of Justice, is mad about plants and wonderfully skilled in their care. The gardens about the little white house bloom gaily, and the birds in the trees and the little lapdog, which follows Mother Smith wherever she goes, add to the general gaiety with their chirps and yaps. Kate gets on beautifully with her efficient, intellectual sister, and loves her mother more than anything else in the world. She spends many of her Virginia visits sitting on the porch chatting with her mother most of the day, but manages to get in her spot of golf at the near-by Washington Golf and Country Club.

AT Placid, Kate lives the life of an athlete. In the long summer months she golfs, tennises, swims—Kate dives with the grace of an Olympic champion and swims strongly and well—indulges in her favorite summer sport of surfboard-riding, at which she is also expert. She has three speedboats on the lake, Sunbeams I, II, and III, and used to go in for personally driven high-powered motorcars, until Ted Collins put the kibosh on that sport. In winter, when she can get to Placid, Kate skates, toboggans, and skis.

No one has listened to Kate Smith's programs on the air without realizing the tremendous amount of good which she has done with the opportunities offered her.

Most radio performers are content to devote their air time solely to entertainment. However, from the very first, when she was doing six fifteen-minute shows a week for a reputed honorarium of fifty bucks, Miss Smith insisted on including in each program a song or two for some individual shut-in or other sufferer or group of sufferers, with whom she had come in contact during her rounds of hospital visits to cheer the inmates with her songs. Today she is the one radio star who is permitted, in violation of the Communications Commission's rules, to address directly on the air these individual recipients of her bounty.

The Kate Smith influence, as it might be called, is probably the most potent instrument in the world today for enlisting support for good causes.

1 **CLANG!** I rang that bell like nobody's business. Then I passed Fred the hammer. "Match *that*," I said, "or the drinks with No Rough Edges are on *you!*" He squared his shoulders, braced his feet, and swung—

2 **PLUNK!** He missed the plunger entirely. I was still laughing when Fred set up the drinks. That TEN HIGH Doubled My Enjoyment . . . and as for Fred, he smiled, and said, "This whiskey sure rings the bell!"

GET THAT TEN HIGH SMILE
YES, SIR, TEN HIGH'S RICH FLAVOR ALWAYS 'RINGS THE BELL'! WHY DON'T YOU TRY THIS SWELL STRAIGHT WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"?
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She asks for dolls as Christmas gifts for doll-less children, and she gets 12,000. She asks for cash contributions for flood sufferers, and she gets $2,000,000. She raised more than half a million by singing for various American Legion posts. She strove nobly as chairman of the stage-screen-and-radio division of that lost cause, the NRA, and currently led the profession's contribution to publicize the President's Birthday Ball committee's fight on infantile paralysis.

But Kate is far from the solemn person these manifold serious interests suggest. Off the air she is the same jolly, good-natured soul she seems to be through the microphone. At rehearsals she is either dancing around the studio learning a new step or giving some woman member of her company a new hair-do. She fancies herself as a coiffure expert, sometimes wishes she had followed that profession instead of broadcasting.

Especially is she fond of the good things of the table. The tales of her consuming a dozen T-bone steaks at one sitting are, of course, all rot. She doesn't drink and she doesn't smoke, but she eats all she wants of everything she wants; and a good many of those things, such as frosted chocolates and chocolate cake, are sweet.

Her regular meals are normal enough; breakfasts light from choice, and luncheons (which *must* be light because they often precede rehearsals) usually consisting of two red apples. But at night, sometimes as late as eleven or twelve o'clock, when the job is done, Kate is good and ready for that big juicy steak and all the fixin's, including, often, as Kate admits, "chocolate cake and lots of coffee and cream." She is universally regarded as the best cook in radio, and admits to being one of her own best customers.

BEFORE the Smith girl came to New York, her clothes were chiefly family-conceived and family-made; and during those first years on Broadway, when she was made to feel that nothing mattered because she was so fat, they might just as well have been. But one day, as she was strolling through a department store, she noticed a woman, not exactly on the slim side, who stood out from that crowd of scurrying females, fat and slim, for the simple reason that she was well groomed. As the result of that chance observation, Kate Smith has become one of America's best dressed women.

At home Miss Smith still wears comfortable print house dresses and soft roomy slippers, as she cooks her cakes or counts her fancy perfume bottles, which are her chief extravagance—she has over six hundred now, although she uses perfume sparingly herself—or repairs her cameras, which are many and varied and represent her chief off-the-microphone, nonathletic enthusiasm. But when she dresses for the street or le sport, La Smith is as chic as Schiaparelli, and people notice what has been true all along—that Kathryn Elizabeth is a mighty pretty girl.

Happy in her good clothes, her comfortable homes, her wholesome amusements, and her congenial work in the radio studios, Kate Smith is content for the most part to keep matters in *status quo;* but occasionally the old trouper's urge seizes again upon her and, regardless of lost radio checks or checks earned at so much additional expense for special long-distance wiring arrangements that they might as well be lost, Kate and her entourage take to the road.

Only once was she lured to the movie studios of Hollywood. She had appeared in a single spot, made in New York and inserted in the film, The Big Broadcast, and her fan mail had topped that of every one in the cast; so nothing would do but she should appear as the star of a picture written especially for her.

Fannie Hurst wrote a story, Nice Girl. Kate, who had the veto power, approved it heartily. The picture that emerged as Hello Everybody—Fannie Hurst probably did not recognize it—was, as Kate said, nothing but a vehicle for her songs.

As such, it made money at the box office, and the movie men have been after her ever since, but she has so far returned an emphatic "No."

The radio, after all, is Kate Smith's great love.

THE END

THE OLYMPIC GAMES Live on

War cannot kill their spirit, says a famous coach—and looks ahead

BY LAWSON ROBERTSON

Head Coach of the United States Olympic Track and Field Team, 1924, 1928, 1932, and 1936

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES

THE explosives that send planes plummeting to earth and erase boundaries as easily as ink eradicator have also found their mark in the realm of sports. The Olympic Games scheduled to take place in Finland this summer have been reduced to the status of a stuffed dodo bird. But war has not wiped away the fact that this still is an Olympic year.

Olympic years are milestones in athletic progress. Each completes a cycle, like a four-year plan. Since the ancient games were revived in 1896, the periods between them have marked further advance in track and field athletics. The improvement has virtually fallen into a rhythm which cannot be shattered in a few months' time.

They may black out that international show, but records will continue to improve. The Olympics serve as an incentive for each athletic generation, which naturally sets its goal higher than that of the last. The limit of human endeavor has not been reached. Every world's record in the books today will eventually be broken.

Back in 1895 at old Berkeley Oval in the Bronx, a globe-trotter named Tommy Conneff reached the peak of a remarkable career. He already held the world's record for one mile, but on this occasion an astounded cluster of timers shook their heads incredulously and took a second look at the stop watches in their hands. There was no question about it. He had run the distance in the incredible, almost superhuman time of 4 minutes 15.3-5 seconds.

Automobiles and movies came into public life, the radio and airplane were invented and perfected, but that record remained—for sixteen years. While Conneff's mark withstood the assault of thousands, purely imaginative people who possibly realized that Neanderthal man was just a mite of five feet five inches and that humans have come a long way since then, speculated on the possibility of a mile in 4 minutes 10 seconds.

It has come and gone. Their dream has been transformed into actuality more than thirty times. The end of the improvement is not in sight. Every Olympic record, except those in discontinued events, that was on the books when I became head coach of the United States team for the first time in 1924 has since been shattered.

Paavo Nurmi was the superman then. He set a record in the so-called "metric mile"—a race of 1,500 meters. But Paavo was primarily a distance runner. His fundamental strength was endurance. Four years later, a rangier compatriot, Harry Larva, demonstrated that specializing at the mile, to the complete exclusion of other events, could step up his time. The record went again.

In four more years, a slender little Italian, Luigi Beccali, possessing stamina plus more natural speed than either of the Finns, startled the world by winning at Los Angeles—again in record time.

The evolution reached another point of development at Berlin in 1936. Jack Lovelock, a New Zealander of small stature, coupled the qualities of Beccali with perfection of style, and the record toppled once more. This year a new miler has taken over domination of the distance. Charles (Chuck) Fenske, a big Wisconsin boy, combines the virtues of the past with a superior physique and greater running wisdom.

No study or discussion of the advancement in foot-racing accomplishments would be complete without reference to Glenn Cunningham, undoubtedly the most famous miler in the world. Cunningham represents the farthest reach of the human body to date. His mile in 4 minutes 4.4 seconds on an indoor board track at Dartmouth College two years ago is the fastest ever accomplished.

He was a blend of many things—phenomenal strength built up through hard labor on Kansas farms; grand lung capacity; an instinctive knowledge of pace that enabled him to run around a track in exactly the time he wanted, to a fifth of a second; innate speed; the will to win and a head for racing. In my opinion he would have been the Olympic champion of 1936 if he had not been too rash in his training while crossing the ocean. He developed sore muscles exercising on the deck of the liner Manhattan and did not recover soon enough to be ready for Lovelock. So Glenn ran second.

Fenske is evidently Cunningham's successor. He does not possess Glenn's turn of speed, but he has learned things from racing against Glenn. He has broken some of his predecessor's meet marks. He is the newest threat to the record book, the man who may next change our concept of what is the human limit.

How are we to account for this unremitting improvement? Is the human race getting better physically? Perhaps. But it would be stretching the point too far to say that man is advancing at the same rate as the records.

The real explanation is more subtle and diffuse. Form, mechanical devices, and the condition of tracks have all been refined. The number of competitors is always increasing. It's like aiming at a pigeon with a shotgun—one piece of shot should hit the target.

Winning championships has become increasingly difficult. Coaches, as a consequence, whether they are consciously aware of it or not, are engaged in the deliberate breeding of super-athletes to meet the growing demands. In that connection they are limited by two inexorable laws: Speed is born in an athlete; endurance is cultivated.

Some day a young fellow will come along with the great natural speed of a sprinter, the mental attitude of a distance runner, and the perfect physique for the job, and we will see a mile run in four minutes. He will have to be tall and not overmuscular. John Woodruff, the present Olympic champion at 800 meters, is physically equipped for the task. But he did not want to be a miler. His preference has been for the shorter races rather than the longer ones. I believe that if he had wanted to submit to the rigorous exercise necessary to build up distance stamina, his nine-foot stride would have made marks which could stand for a long while.

Ben Eastman, a tall blond Stanford University student, was the only other runner I have seen who could have been developed into the four-minute man. Like Long John, however, he preferred quarter miles.

The collapse of the Olympics has been unfortunate for Woodruff. He undoubtedly would have defended his title successfully. His misfortune is shared, probably more poignantly, by other young Americans. After all, Woodruff had his chance. They may never have it, and many of them rated or rushed their development with the 1940 Games at Finland in mind.

THE United States won twelve of twenty-three events in track and field at Berlin. A quick survey of the country indicates we could conceivably have won fourteen events this summer.

Let us forget for a moment what has happened this year and project ourselves into the realm of fantasy. We will assume that the Olympics are on, that last years' stars have not given up the hunt, and that this year's prospects have had the incentive for rapid arrival at their peak. A forecast would have to be along this line:

Clyde Jeffrey of Stanford University and Norwood Ewell, a sophomore at Penn State College, share the glory that once belonged to Jesse Owens. Jeffrey, who has already gone a long way toward establishing himself as the world's current fastest human, is the winner of the 100-meter and perhaps the 200-meter dashes. Ewell is his strongest rival, a possible champion in both those races and likely winner of the running broad jump as well. Erwin Miller, a graduate of the University of Southern California, and present holder of the national championship, is supreme in the "metric quarter mile," with Woodruff repeating in the metric equivalent of a half mile.

In that way America continues her domination of the short races. In the hurdles, too, she comes out ahead with Fred Wolcott of Rice Institute, Texas, taking the 100-meter high-barrier race, and either John Borican, an extremely versatile runner from New Jersey, or Roy Cochran, an Indiana sophomore, capturing the 400-meter lows.

This year, for the first time since Mel Sheppard won it in 1908, America is supreme at 1,500 meters, "the metric mile." That is Chuck Fenske's sphere. Other prospective American champions are Gregory Rice, in the Finn-dominated 5,000 meters; Al Blozis, in the discus and shot put; Earle Meadows, the defending title-holder, in the pole vault; Mel Walker, in the high jump; Bill Watson, in the decathlon; and our two relay teams of sprinters and quarter-milers.

In this list I have mentioned five Negro athletes — Ewell, Woodruff, Borican, Walker, and Watson. Four years ago our colored athletes—branded in the German press as the "Black Auxiliaries"—won six titles. It is my conviction that the increased participation by Negroes has been largely responsible for the general upward surge of athletics.

EVERY stimulus is important, but a reason for the trend to better records that must not be underemphasized is the more scientific approach by coaches. The art of weight throwing, for instance, used to be a dark secret about which a few of the informed talked in whispers. Nowadays expert knowledge is universal. There are clinics, coaching schools, and a general interchange of ideas.

Conditions for competition have changed. The formula for perfect cinder tracks has been found, and now the runners speed over ground with greater resiliency than in other decades. Take-offs for the jumping events are better. The box into which the pole is stabbed in the pole vault is now made of steel; once it was dirt, and later wood.

Even the watches are getting better. They now split the timing down to a tenth of a second. Fifteen years ago, only fifth-second clocking was recognized. Before long it will be possible to break a record one hundred times and yet lower it only one second.

It is not altogether possible at present to conceive what measures people will go to in the future for the purpose of record-cracking. There may be some hint in the statement of an Oxford University professor that if man could run in a tunnel of pure oxygen he would reduce the world's best mark for a half mile to one minute forty-five seconds or better.

Fantastic? Coaches have realized for a long time that one of the factors retarding their athletes was the inability to inhale oxygen fast enough to meet requirements. The Japanese found their own way of supplying the deficiency at the Los Angeles Olympics in 1932. Just before each swimming race they had their representatives breathe from a tank of oxygen. There were protests that it was unethical, a mechanical aid, and so on, but there was no question the measure was scientifically sound.

When all forms of mechanical perfection are attained, the human element will still be important, however. The education of experience will help set new marks. Nowadays the tendency is to run evenly for the total distance of a race. The object is to use energy more intelligently than in the past, and that trend will continue.

OCCASIONALLY you come upon a natural athlete who knows instinctively how to relax and spread his energy properly. A coach can do great things with such a man. Bill Carr, who won the 400-meter race at the 1932 Olympics, met that description.

When he came to me at Pennsylvania, Carr was a sprinter, a broad jumper, and a high jumper. He was a picture in action. His body and stride were so smooth and steady that he could have placed a dish of tea on top of his head as he ran, without spilling a drop. He was a good sprinter but not a great one. It was easy to make such a well balanced runner into a quarter-miler. His natural speed made a world of difference in the home stretch of close races.

In this vitamin-conscious age it is sometimes suggested that better dieting in infancy is helping produce a race of super-athletes. If that is true, I haven't noticed it. There are more good performers today because there is a greater abundance of fellows trying their hand. The young men who come along now look just the same as in the past. The grisly truth is that the modern youth neglects his hours of training as compared with the old-timers. There are exceptions, of course, and you can usually find them among the champions.

No one can now say for sure what the limit of human accomplishment is in any of the track and field events. A group of Finnish mathematical physicists worked charts dealing with physiological compensation, and the task was carried a step further by Brutus Hamilton, the very able coach at the University of California. He computed that the fastest a man can run a mile is 4 minutes 1.66 seconds, though admitting that any mathematical equation involving the human factor is bound to be hypothetical.

I believe he could be led to revise that figure. Some of us now alive will see a man jump as high as seven feet, pole-vault sixteen feet, run a quarter of a mile in forty-five seconds, and cover a mile in four minutes flat. Perhaps these figures are on the pessimistic side. With electrical timepieces clocking races in hundredth parts of a second, why shouldn't we see a mile run in 3 minutes 59.99 seconds?

THE END

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MAYBE IT WILL RAIN

BY VINGIE E. ROE

"DOC! Oh, Doc! Doc!"

Out of the hot starry night beyond the open cabin door came the familiar hail. It wakened the woman asleep on the bed inside.

"Yes?" she answered. "Who is it?"

"It's me, Doc—Stan Purvis. Wish you'd come quick. It's ma."

"Just a minute."

Doc Virginia rolled over, reached for her shirt, her boots, her worn old khaki pants. In three minutes she was outside, a tall figure in the dusk, brushing back her tousled black hair, tightening her belt.

"She's bad," the boy said miserably. "Hurry."

"O. K. Put your horse in the back corral and come with me. You can tell me about her as we go."

Five more minutes and they were bouncing out across the prairie in the lady doc's disreputable old flivver.

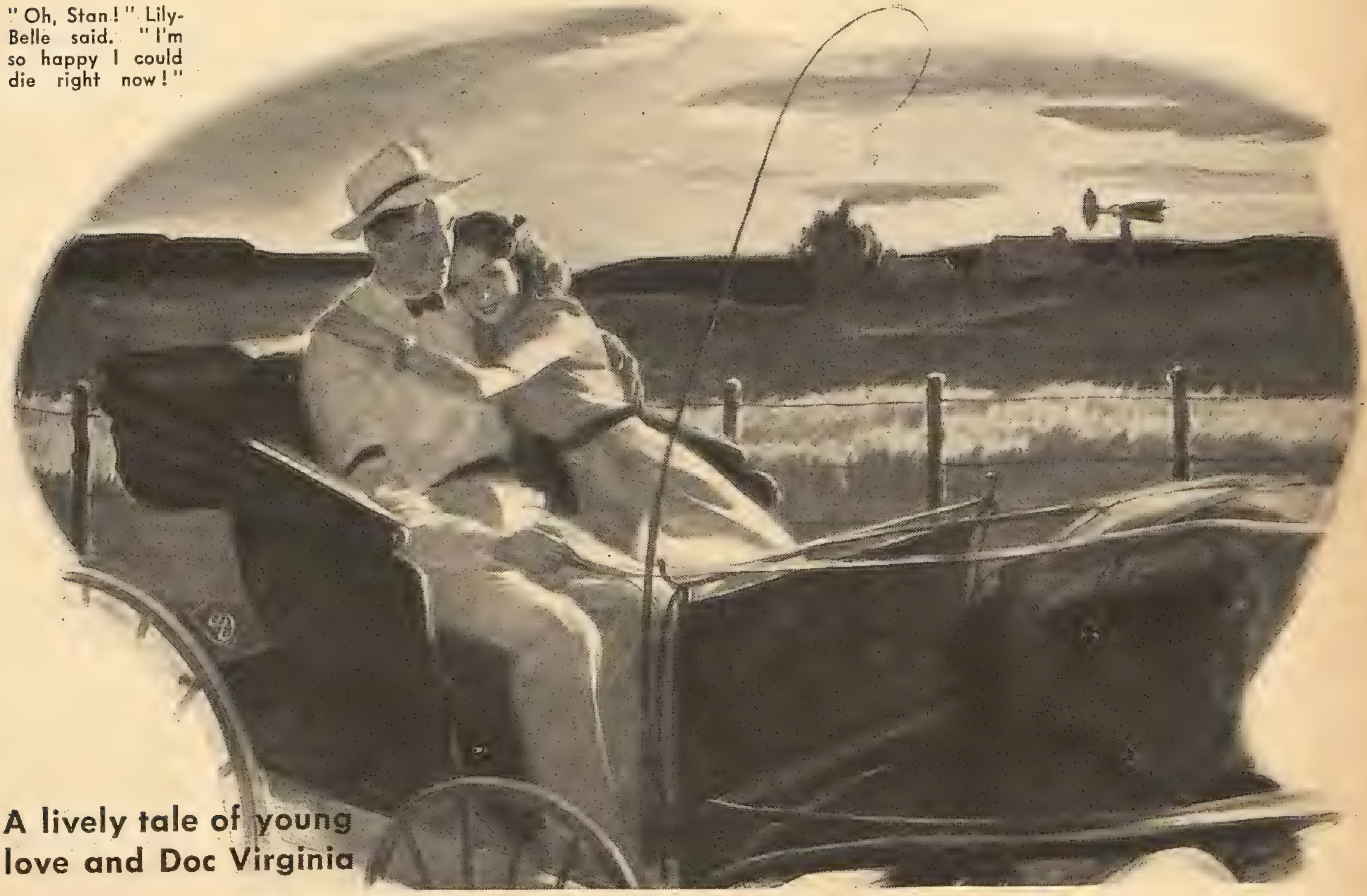
"Start telling," Doc said. "When did she take? How is she sick?"

"Another one of them spells. Says her heart won't hardly beat any more. I give her the whisky, but it didn't do any good. She lays down and can't breathe right."

Doc Virginia stepped down a little harder on the gas.

She knew the Purvises, as she knew every living soul for forty miles each way in the lonely stretch of country which she served, but she did not know them so very well. Now she ran over the family in her mind.

"Oh, Stan!" Lily-Belle said. "I'm so happy I could die right now!"



A lively tale of young love and Doc Virginia

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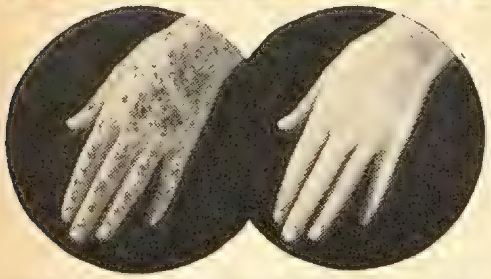
ECZEMA



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There were three of them. Stan, this hard-working, anxious, stringy boy beside her, a sister some few years younger, and their mother, Annie Purvis. Old Man Purvis had died three years ago and left them a hundred and sixty acres of drought-burnt wheat, a slab house, a team, some cows, and a mortgage. With stupendous courage they had carried on, but the boy was overworked. It was apparent in his worn young face, his thin body. She could feel him shivering beside her now with nervous tension.

"Take it easy, son," she said, "we're almost there."

At the Purvis place a light was burning and Doc Virginia got out her precious old bag and entered. In the main room Annie Purvis lay on a patch-quilt-covered bed, her eyes closed. The girl, Susan, hovered near in an agony of fright. The lady doc set down her case and bent above the patient. For a long time she watched the inert face, listened to the breathing. Then she took a toil-hardened hand in hers and held it gently, her fingers on the pulse light as thistledown. She laid it down and with a soft pressure opened one of the eyes. There was no expression in it; a dull, dead-looking disk, pitiful in the gaunt face.

She straightened up and stood for a long time looking down at the woman on the bed. Then she opened the bag, took out her old stethoscope and applied it over the heart. Presently she went to the kitchen, where Susan had the kettle boiling furiously, and busied herself with a hypodermic. She came back, wiped a little spot on Annie's arm with alcohol, and drove the needle in.

At the sudden little stab the woman jumped.

"Ouch!" she cried.

"There," said Doc Virginia soothingly, "you'll be better now."

Annie relapsed into quiet, moaning a little from time to time, but presently she roused a bit.

"I do feel better, Doc," she said. "I'm powerful glad you got here."

"So am I," said Doc Virginia slowly.

SHE stayed the night, coaxing the boy to get some sleep, the girl to lie down beside her mother. Stretched in a chair beside the open door, the light turned out, her cigarette a comfort in the darkness, the lady doc had some long thoughts of her own.

She helped young Susan with the breakfast, advised Annie to come to the table, set a tempo of hope and of relief for the day.

Then she took Stan and drove away across the summer land.

"If you don't mind, Doc," the boy said diffidently, "I wish you'd go past the Blands' place. I got to speak to Lily-Belle. Got to tell her about ma."

Doc Virginia glanced at him, at the worried frown on his thin young face.

"You like Lily-Belle, I take it?" Doc Virginia asked half banteringly.

"Yes, ma'am," he said soberly. "I sure do. We was going to Leverne today. It's county fair."

"That's so, it is," said Doc Virginia; "the last day."

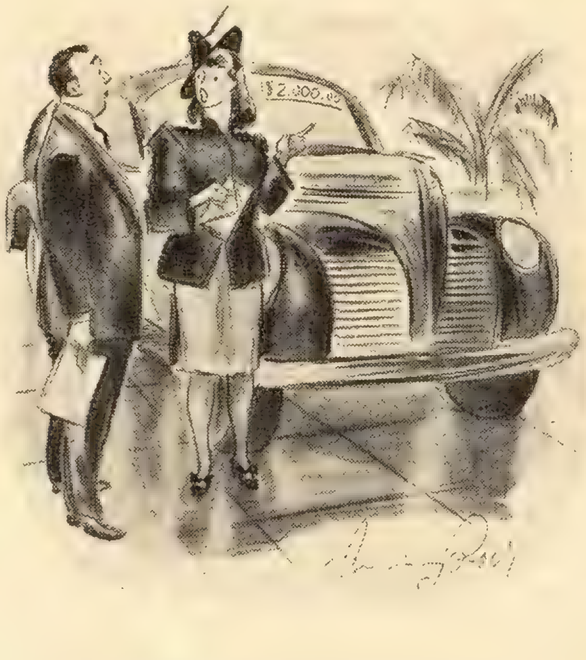
"Yes'm."

The conversation languished and the ancient flivver rattled into the lane at the Bland place and Lily-Belle came running out, a pretty red-haired girl in a green lawn dress with a ribbon in her curls.

"Why, Stan!" she cried, aghast at his haggard face, his everyday clothes.

"I can't go, Lily-Belle," Stan told her flatly. "Ma's been took again."

"Oh, I'm sorry! Is there anything I can do? You want me to come over?"



"You mentioned something about a brake lining—is it hand-stitched?"

"No. There ain't anything you can do. Only I'm sorry about the fair—I been promisin' you so long."

"That's O.K.," said the girl stoutly. "We can go next year just as well. Don't you fret."

"That's a pretty nice girl, kid," Doc Virginia told Stan later; "she took the disappointment like a thoroughbred."

"She is one," the boy said doggedly; "only I can't ever seem to treat her right, to do things for her like I want. It's always something."

"H'm," said the woman, "I—see. Well, don't worry about your ma. She's going to be all right and I'll come over soon."

She was as good as her word and found Annie Purvis up and about her work.

"You all right now, Mrs. Purvis?" she wanted to know, and Annie sat down heavily in her rocking chair.

"I don't know, Doc," she said. "Them spells been a-botherin' me lately a whole lot."

She looked at the other with veiled measuring eyes, and the doctor looked back steadily.

"Cain't seem to get my breath like I should. But don't you mind about comin' to see me. I'll get along. Guess I ain't so bad off—and we cain't afford to pay you for no more visits. Stan shouldn't ought to 'a' gone for you in the first place."

"Oh, yes, he should. He did exactly right. And don't you fret about pay. I do lots of things without it."

She smiled at Annie with something in her dark eyes which made the woman sit up suddenly and stare at her.

"What you mean, he should?" she asked. "Why don't you want no pay?"

"I mean we should always get help for the sick, Mrs. Purvis," Doc Virginia said gently. "And when my patients can't pay me I just check the matter off to human service and let it go at that. We have to give if we want to take in this world, you know. The good of life, I mean."

But Annie Purvis did not answer and her pale eyes narrowed shrewdly.

It had been another hot dry summer and the wheat was short-stemmed, sparse, its heads poorly filled. Doc Virginia appraised it sadly as she rattled along the prairie roads and stopped again at the Bland place.

"Just passing," she told fat sonsy Mrs. Bland, "and thought I'd stop a minute. You folks all well?"

"Yes, thank goodness, Doc. I'm glad to see you. How's everything?"

"So-so. Mrs. Purvis's been having a bit of trouble. I just came by there."

Instantly Mrs. Bland's round face sobered.

"It's too bad," she said sympathetically, "and I'm sorry for those poor kids. Stan works so hard and tries to get along."

"Nice boy," said Doc Virginia. "Lily-Belle like him pretty well?"

"She sure does," smiled the mother, "and both her pa and me like him, too. If he don't kill himself working early and late, he'll make a go of that farm. But he just can't seem to get ahead, what with his ma so poorly. Takes so much for her patent medicines, though Lord knows it'd be cheaper in the long run to hire you outright to get her cured up. It worries Stan to death."

DOC VIRGINIA grinned as she climbed back in her old car. "Maybe I can't cure her either," she said sagely, "but I'm going to try."

It seemed she meant it, for there wasn't a week all that late summer that she wasn't at the Purvis place, her kind dark eyes on everything. On Stan, hurrying so fast about his monumental work that he seemed always just a little ahead of himself; on Susan, helping valiantly; and on Annie Purvis. Mostly on Annie.

In August she met Lily-Belle Bland at the mailbox out on the road and stopped to talk to the girl.

"You and Stan going to the Farm Center dance Saturday night?" she asked artlessly.

Lily-Belle beamed with joy.

"Sure are," she said; "and I've got the darlingest new rayon dress, Doc. It's green."

"It would be," said Doc Virginia. "Well, be happy in it. There'll never be anything in your life just like a dance in a brand-new dress—with the best boy you know."

And on Saturday, just about sundown, she pulled in at Purvises'.

Even before she got out of the flivver she knew something was wrong, and when she strode into the house she found it was. Annie was down again, flat on the bed, her hands folded on her breast, her eyes shut. Even her face was shut, sort of, with a blind look to it.

Stan was frantically rubbing her forehead with camphor. Susan had the kettle boiling, as usual, ready for the herb tea the minute her mother should awaken.

Doc Virginia brushed them both aside.

Once more she fiddled with her hypodermic, but this time when she jabbed it into Annie Purvis' arm it contained something more than water. Annie never moved an eyelash. It was like stabbing a lump of putty. Stan's blue eyes were wide and hollow in his haggard young face. He gulped painfully. A good boy, a good son, Doc Virginia thought. He'd make a good husband.

"Is she—will she—" he whispered, and Doc Virginia turned and looked at him deeply.

"In two minutes," she said guardedly, "she'll be fast asleep and good as new tomorrow. I'm staying here the night. And now *you*"—she put a pushing hand on his bony breast—"get yourself into your duds as fast as the Lord'll let you. You've got a date to keep with Lily-Belle Bland, and you're going to keep it—this time. You let her down pretty bad about the fair, you know."

"But, Doc—" Stan said miserably.

"But fiddlesticks. Get out of here. You have my word. Isn't that enough? And you have a duty—to the girl you love. Now get yourself over there and do it—ask her to marry you—tonight—no, tomorrow morning, when you're riding home across the prairies just before dawn. While it's cool and fresh and you're both happy. And remember, kid, that it won't always be drought and poverty and killing work. There'll be other years, other crops when the rains come, other people around you, too. Lily-Belle and her children. It's life, Stan; something you can't sidestep forever, not normally. It's right and just. Now beat it."

While she spoke, the thin young face had lightened, as if that dawn she pictured was already breaking in his heart, so long denied.

"Why—Doc—" he said slowly, "you think I should—"

"I don't think; I know," she said profoundly.

Suddenly she leaned and kissed him.

"And you come by this way tomorrow morning," she said mysteriously, "you and Lily-Belle. I think we'll want to see you—and your happiness."

How PAUL CARNEY, Grand Champion Cowboy, "ropes and ties" a HEADACHE
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Fleas and lice can transmit tapeworms and sarcoptic mange to dogs . . . so warns U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Cir. No. 338.

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When he was gone she sent Susan to sleep and once more sat down to keep a vigil by a bed. She stretched her long legs in their faded khaki pants, rolled a cigarette between her smoke-stained fingers, and her Mona Lisa smile came back upon her face, soft in the darkness.

"About eight hours," she said to herself, whispering after her lonely fashion; "that will give us quite a time for talk—when she wakes up."

OH, Stan!" Lily-Belle said rapturously. "I'm so happy I could die right now and never know it! But I'm afraid, too. What you s'pose your mother'll say? Maybe it'll make her have a spell, a shock, sort of. Maybe we oughtn't to tell her right away."

"Yes, we will," the boy said doggedly, "right this very morning, while the lady doc is with her. And look at the sky, Lily-Belle. It's prettier than I ever saw it before. The fields, too. They look soft, ready for fall plowing. Maybe it'll rain next year."

"Maybe," the girl said and snuggled her head against his shoulder.

They were tired with the exquisite weariness of youth and joy and dancing, and they pulled into the Purvis yard with a brand-new thing between them—courage and hope and a shining future.

They found Doc Virginia smiling from the doorway, Annie Purvis on her bed and looking sicker than she'd ever looked in all her life. She was putty-white, her pale eyes enormous.

Her lips trembled as she looked at them. She held out her hands.

"Stan," she quavered, "Lily-Belle—come here. I got to talk to you. I got to confess. I been keepin' you apart—holdin' you back from marryin'—and now I want you should. At once. Maybe you can go over to Leverne an' get th' minister to wed you. You go get your ma, Lily-Belle, an' maybe the Doc will go too. You got to hurry"—she stopped and wet her lips—"so's I can go clean."

"Ma!" yelled Stan, leaping forward. "Oh, ma! You ain't going to die! You can't—"

But Doc Virginia pushed him firmly back.

"Let's go," she said, "after Lily's ma—and to Leverne. It's your only chance," she added cryptically and grimly. "Get going. Annie will be all right."

"But—"

"*Get!*" said Doc Virginia and pushed them out the door.

A mile away, rattling in the Doc's old flivver, Stan found his paralyzed voice.

"But, Doc," he gulped, "she's sick! She's going to die! Ain't she—going to die?"

"Hell, no," said Doc Virginia, stepping on the gas. "For years she's got her way—bullied you into everything she wanted—I make no doubt she bullied your dad, too, the same way—she's an expert—I'll say she is!—no reflexes, stymied vision under relaxed lids—and every time you tried to get with Lily-Belle she held you back by having another 'spell.' Well, this time," she added grimly, "I made her so sick that for once it was real, and for the sake of her soul, which she thinks is departing, she came through with the truth. And we'll see that you two kids are married hard and fast before she finds out that there's not a thing on earth she can do about it—because she'll try, once she discovers that she'll probably live a hundred years. Her kind always does. There's your ma up already, Lily-Belle. Let's go and tell her."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—Bobby Feller, pitcher of the Cleveland Indians, who pitched a no-hit, no-run game on the opening day of the current season. Never before was this done on an opening day.

2—Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar.

3—Yes. Recently they disrupted radio and telephone service throughout the world by their electric activity. Further, many believe there is a correlation between business cycles and sun-spot activity.

4—The volcanic explosion on the island of Krakatao in 1883. It was heard in Bangkok, a mere 1,400 miles away.

5—Crown Princess Ingrid gave birth to a daughter. The customary cannon salute was omitted for fear the German invaders of Denmark might not understand.

6—Only when there is a tie vote.

7—They go clockwise.

8—He would use a fluoroscope—an X-ray machine enabling one to see through objects opaque in ordinary light. It is much used in modern police work.

9—That she would be as the gods, knowing good and evil.

10—No one knows. Scholars for generations have hunted through his papers and made wild guesses. Best guess is that she was a creation of his own mind.

11—With the line over the top, it stands for a million.

12—The man who rode with Paul Revere on his famous ride.

13—To her mother-in-law, Naomi.

14—"Home cooking" consists of articles packed in barrels and boxes by the people being moved instead of the professional movers. "Chowder" consists of articles not packed in containers but carried loose—tennis rackets, typewriters, odds and ends of the household.

15—The only place he could be in such a position after walking south and west would be the North Pole. And the only bears there are polar—which are white.

16—In early days the word "dangerous" meant disdainful. When a woman disdained a man, she was "dangerous" to him. From that, the word came to mean anything calamitous to the male.

17—The American Revolution. It was designed by David Bushnell of Connecticut in 1776.

18—The ladies of France prior to the French Revolution. Their hair-dos were so high, carriages had to be enlarged so they could ride.

19—It is the Latin word Io—which means "joy"—written with the *I* above the *o*—$\frac{I}{o}$

20—Lady Astor.

TWO MERRY WIVES OF MOVIELAND

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ THE BAKER'S WIFE

THE PLAYERS: Raimu, Ginette Leclerc, Charles Moulin, Robert Vattier, Robert Bassac, Charpin. Based on an incident in a novel by Jean Giono, adaptation by Marcel Pagnol. Directed by M. Pagnol. English titles by John Erskine. Running time, 97 minutes.

THE New York critics went overboard—lock, stock, and superlatives — in writing about this French production, and I'm afraid I agree with them.

Here is a gay philosophic comedy laid in a tiny Provençal village and it relates an earthy, ironic, irreverent Gallic tale of the village baker's wife who runs off with the marquis' shepherd and turns the place upside down—not on moral grounds but because the disconsolate baker will no longer bake bread. Not until his wife returns, he says, and there he sticks. More than that, he goes on a colossal, gorgeous binge and the hungry, breadless villagers organize a search for the recreant wife.

As one Paris commentator said, here is "adultery related in terms of economics." The tale is pagan, amusing, touching, thanks to Raimu's superb playing of the lumbering, fat, bighearted baker. Back of that performance is a discerning panorama of the lazy village and its inhabitants, louts, gossips, busybodies, all hungry and mostly all thirsty. There is social satire in the portraits of the stuffy village curate, the cocksure, pedantic schoolmaster, the worldly marquis, concerned more with the loss of his horse, taken by the runaways, than with any question of morality.

All this is unmoral, simple, of the soil. It isn't for little Willie or Aunt Maria. Rather it is a richly witty cinematic poem for the connoisseur.

VITAL STATISTICS: A hit in New York, The Baker's Wife (La Femme du Boulanger) will shortly be seen throughout these United States. . . . Author Jean Giono and director Marcel Pagnol also created that fine film, Harvest. . . . Raimu is a chevalier of the French Legion of Honor, one of France's most distinguished actors. Born in 1890 in the tiny town of Bandol, near Marseilles, the son of a small furniture-shop owner. He started as a music-hall extra, was for years an itinerant actor in the provinces, reached Paris at twenty-two in a play called The Man in Dress Clothes. Slowly advanced to the front rank of Parisian stars, dividing honors with Sacha Guitry. Made his first film in 1939; since that has made nearly fifty. In fact, he has returned to the stage but twice since that initial picture. Raimu lives with his wife in a modest house in an out-of-the-way Paris street, drives his own car, likes simple pleasures. His favorite actors are Chaplin and Spencer Tracy. . . . Pagnol has directed many of Raimu's pictures. Also a son of Provence, father was a Marseilles schoolmaster; at seventeen he taught school himself; quit a successful career as a playwright to make films at about the same time that Raimu did. Pagnol, who is best known over here as the author of the stage hit, Topaze, lives in the Marseilles suburbs. . . . Giono's home is in a tiny village near the Basses-Alpes. He is a successful novelist; his film collaboration with Pagnol has been highly successful. . . . Recently both Pagnol and Raimu were serving at the front. Raimu was devoting his time to entertaining the poilus behind the Maginot Line. Now both Raimu and Pagnol are back making pictures again.

★ ★ ★ THE DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE

THE PLAYERS: Loretta Young, Ray Milland, Reginald Gardiner, Gail Patrick, Edmund Gwenn, Frank Sully, Gordon Jones, Georges Metaxa, Charles Halton, Joseph Eggenton, Paul McAllister, Chester Clute, Hal K. Dawson, Edward Van Sloan. Story by Aleen Leslie, screen play by George Seaton and Ken Englund. Directed

From France and Hollywood come a witty tale and a gay matrimonial masquerade

Loretta Young and Ray Milland in The Doctor's Wife, a lively farce.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

by Alexander Hall. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 88 minutes.

A GENUINELY amusing farce, brightly played and shrewdly directed. June Cameron is the author of a best seller, Spinsters Ain't Spinach, an idol of the unmarried fem. Just as it is whipping unwed American womanhood to a frenzy, authoress Cameron is summoned back to New York by her publisher. No trains being available, she borrows a ride with a young research doctor headed Manhattanward. Somehow they get mistaken for newlyweds; the story breaks on all the front pages of the country. All spinsterhood is disillusioned, the best seller stops selling. There is nothing to do but keep up the pose of marriage—and dash off another best seller on Marriage Ain't Measles.

The comedy, of course, grows out of the businesslike one-apartment "marriage" of June and her medico. Farcical events pile on each other and the comedy attains speed and zest. Ray Milland steals the film as the young doctor. The lad has learned to act; here he is a really good light comedian. Loretta Young is pretty and appealing as the authoress. The other roles are well handled. With no lines and only a cough for characterization, Paul McAllister makes a bearded university dean stand out.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ray Milland is a hundred-per-center now. Took out his first papers some two years ago, became an American citizen recently. Had a stroke of luck a month or so ago. Had bought five acres of ocean frontage in northern California, between San Simeon and Carmel. Like Ronnie Colman, another recent buyer there, he intended to build a home. But chemistry students from the University of California found titanium in the sands of his property. Highly valued in paint making and now Ray is getting nice offers for the property. . . . Dr. Irving Gielow, president of the American Institute of Voice Teachers, says Loretta Young has oral oomph, otherwise sex appeal, in her voice. The doctor also says Dorothy Thompson, Admiral Byrd, and Ted Husing have oral oomph, too, if you care. Loretta, by the way, pays no attention to her diet, weighs but 105. Dislikes bread, gravies, Spanish-type dishes. . . . Director Al Hall is Lucille Ball's fiancé. Al was born in Boston, raised in New York, started at the age of four as a gnome in Rip Van Winkle. In Buster Brown at nine. Went to Columbia; while a stude, worked in the old serial, Million Dollar Mystery. Grew up in pictures, with time out to be a doughboy. Was a cutter and film editor when the director and assistant director of Sinners in the Sun both fell ill. Hall got the job and has been megaphoning ever since. One idiosyncrasy: always holds a silver baton in his hand when he directs. . . . Edmund Gwenn has been on the stage forty-five years. Debut in 1895 in London with Beerbohm Tree in Hamlet. . . . Gail Patrick studied law at the University of Alabama. Then she entered a Panther Woman contest which took her to Hollywood. Failed to win—but Hollywood kept her on.

★ 20 MULE TEAM

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Beery, Leo Carrillo, Marjorie Rambeau, Anne Baxter, Douglas Fowley, Noah Beery, Jr., Berton Churchill, Arthur Hohl, Clem Bevans, Charles Halton, Minor Watson, Oscar O'Shea, Lloyd Ingraham. Screen play by Cyril Hume, E. E. Paramore, and Richard Maibaum, based on a story by Robert C. DuSoe and Owen Atkinson. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 84 minutes.

BACK to the pioneer days of 1892, when mule teams hauled their loads of borax across the blistering desert of Death Valley to the nearest railroad at Mohave. Wallace Beery is the two-fisted mule skinner, Bill Bragg, who lashes his mule teams across the desert, outwits gamblers who try to jump a new mother lode of borax, goes sentimental over the woman saloonkeeper of Furnace Flat—when he isn't trying to get credit from her for more beers and isn't standing off rebuffs from the lady, known as Josie Johnson. For youthful sentiment there's Josie's daughter, loved by Bill's nephew, who almost goes off with a bad, bad gambler who strums a guitar.

Beery cracks his whip with realism, handles his mules authentically, generally gives a tangy, rowdy performance. They're still seeking another Marie Dressler to play opposite Wallie. Here Marjorie Rambeau takes a try, playing the hard-boiled Josie who brawls with Beery through the film. Tops in miscasting is Leo Carrillo as Bragg's Indian swamper.

Actually the best thing about the film—at times unconsciously funny—is the authentic Death Valley background.

VITAL STATISTICS: Filmed in the actual locale of sand dunes, sun-baked canyons, and salt pools of Death Valley. Erich von Stroheim once made Greed there, in 1924. Original high-wheeled wagons went back into service. Beery's was once driven by Borax Bill Parkinson, most celebrated mule skinner of his day. Then the haul was 162 miles from Furnace Creek to Mohave, nearest railroad point. Two wagons and a steel water tank were coupled together, pulled by twenty mules, averaged eighteen miles a day in temperature ranging from 136 to 150 degrees. One stretch of sixty miles had no water. Hence the tank. Wagons each weighed 7,800 pounds and total borax load was 60,000 pounds. Trainload of equipment transformed Furnace Creek into a studio. Weather was a continuous problem, what with heat waves, dust storms, cloudbursts, and frigid weather, frequently within a zone of two hours. . . . Beery uses the lowest bathtub in the world, a five-foot hole at the valley's lowest point, filled with seepage, mostly a natural Epsom salts solution. . . . Longest continuous sequence: when camera trucks followed mule team four miles. This is a record "perambulator" shot. Lollipops were given the Indians when their homes were photographed; Indians themselves got twenty-five cents a shot. . . . This is Anne Baxter's film debut. Born in Michigan City, Indiana, niece of famed architect Frank Lloyd Wright. Has played on the stage, studied under Maria Ouspenskaya. Under contract to Twentieth-Century-Fox; loaned for this picture. . . . No cinch driving those mules, sighs Wallie. Every one a temperamental star. All the Beerys got together on the set. Noah visited to see his son work, brought along the eldest Beery, William, an oil exec.

THE TURNTABLE

by LISTENER

CLASSICAL

★ ★ ★½ BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 6 in F Major (Pastorale).* The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Dimitrie Mitropoulos, conductor (Columbia Set 401). Spirited reading of famous pictorial symphony . . . a remarkable recording both technically and artistically.

★ ★ ★½ SIBELIUS: *En Saga, In Memoriam, The Bard, Excerpts from Pelléas et Mélisande Suite, Valse Triste, Prelude to the Tempest.* The London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham (Victor Album 658). Flawless performances of tone poems and incidental music. *En Saga* and *Pelléas* excerpts especially worth while.

★ ★ ★½ MOZART: *Symphony in D Major* (Haffner). Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia Set 399). Masterly interpretation by Beecham. Impeccable playing by orchestra of one of Mozart's most delightful symphonies.

★ ★ ★ DVORAK: *Sextet in A Major.* The Budapest String Quartet with Watson Forbes and John Moore (Victor Album 661). Melodious composition with characteristic Bohemian flavor authoritatively performed by this group.

POPULAR

★ ★ ★½ *The Woodpecker Song.* Gene Krupa's Orchestra (Columbia 35408). Gene's novelty drumming, Irene Daye's singing, and the instrumental balance are outstanding. *Say Si Si,* on reverse, a bouncy arrangement with good solo work.

★ ★ ★½ *Imagination.* Ella Fitzgerald's Orchestra (Decca 3078). Ella's fine vocal tastefully backed by saxes. *Sugar Blues* on other side has even better Fitzgerald vocalizing . . . great work by the entire band.

★ ★ ★½ *Polka Dots and Moonbeams.* Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra (Victor 26539). Smooth playing by the orchestra leads into equally smooth singing of graceful melody by Frank Sinatra.

★ ★ ★½ *Night and Day.* Benny Goodman's Orchestra (Columbia 35410). Old favorite played at fast tempo . . . features clarinet choruses, solid backgrounds. *Beyond the Moon,* on reverse, has gorgeous low-register work by Benny.

★ ★ ★ *Say It.* Glenn Miller's Orchestra (Bluebird 10631). Tuneful ballad sung by Ray Eberle . . . played in Miller's sweet style. *My! My!* on B side a peppy number . . . vocal by Marion Hutton.

★ ★ ★ *Ev'ry Sunday Afternoon.* Johnny Green's Orchestra (Royale 1857). Sparkling piano chorus by Johnny . . . Carol Horton handles the lyrics effectively. *From Another World* has more excellent piano . . . vocal by Jack Smith.

★ ★ ★ *Moments in the Moonlight.* Bob Crosby's Orchestra (Decca 3070). Strong ensemble playing at medium tempo . . . excellent vocal by Marion Mann. *Angel in Disguise* on other side.

SWING

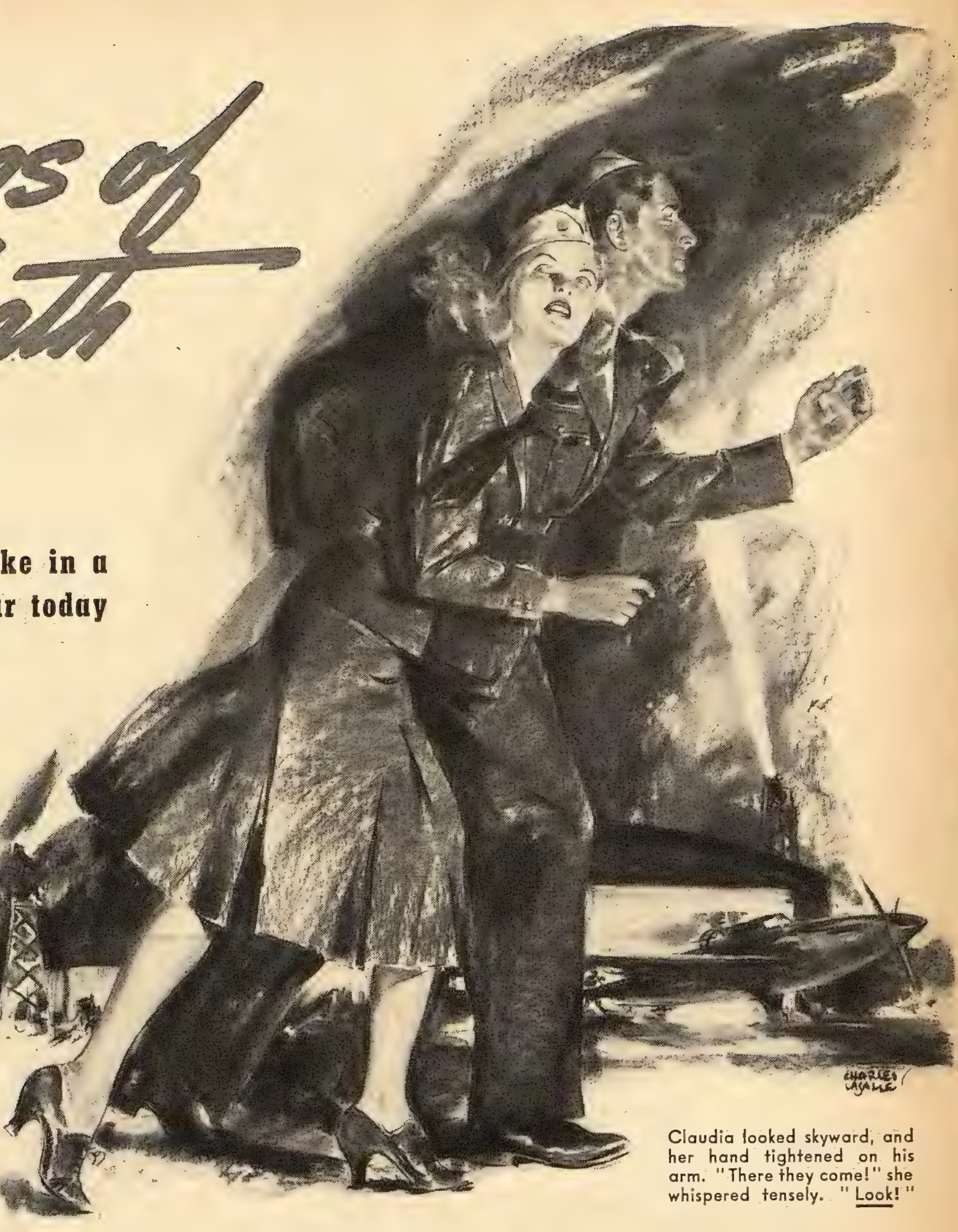
★ ★ ★½ *Gone with "What" Wind?* Benny Goodman Sextet (Columbia 35404). Count Basie's piano gives this tremendous rhythmic drive . . . don't miss it. *Till Tom Special* has particularly fine Goodman-Hampton harmonizing.

★ ★ ★½ *Saturday Night Blues.* Sidney Bechet's Quartet (Blue Note 502). Soulful blues improvisation by master of the soprano sax. *Bechet's Steady Rider,* on other side, shows his taste and imagination on a fast number.

★ ★ ★ *Chicago Jazz.* Eddie Condon's Chicagoans, Jimmy McPartland's Orchestra; George Wettling's Chicago Rhythm Kings (Decca Album 121). Great examples of the powerful Chicago style . . . included are such standard numbers as *Nobody's Sweetheart, There'll Be Some Changes Made, China Boy, Darktown Strutters' Ball,* and others.

Wings of Wrath

Tragedy, terror strike in a flaming novel of war today



Claudia looked skyward, and her hand tightened on his arm. "There they come!" she whispered tensely. "*Look!*"

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

PART FOUR—A BAPTISM OF FIRE

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 58

KURT sat down with a tight frown, his fingers pattering on the table's edge. He was suddenly the focus of interest for those about him.

"I say!" came from a man across the table. "What've you been up to, Cresson?"

"I don't know."

Henry Balder, who sat at Kurt's right, rallied to his defense with gallant scorn: "'Ow could 'e 'ave been up to anything? 'E just got 'ere this arfternoon."

The man on the other side dismissed the matter with a chuckle. He was a thin fellow with a pale and ascetic face. His name on the roster was Ross-Fentland — Cyril K. P. Ross-Fentland—but in the barracks the men derisively called him "'Is Lordship." He had the heavy-lidded eyes of a dreamer, the half-smile of a cynic, and an indolent, supercilious air.

"MacCord's a disciplinarian," he said. "I've been here two weeks and I know."

Kurt had no wish to discuss his problem. After mess he left the hall alone, grimly, and started across the windy airport.

Clouds obliterated the stars. With Craymoor in complete blackout, he could see scarcely ten feet ahead. He had, however, fixed the location of the canteen in his mind, and he went toward it with an almost desperate desire to see Claudia. In a world of uncertainties she was the only reality left.

He tried to tell himself, as he hurried on, that he was exaggerating

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THE English steamer Carthage is torpedoed by a German submarine in the North Sea. Among the casualties is Professor Anton Freel. His son Kurt, who escapes death, has now but one purpose in life—to avenge the murder of his father and the blotting out of his two brothers in a Nazi concentration camp. Of German blood but born in the United States, Kurt feels he must enlist with the British forces.

The discovery of British army papers in the coat of a drowned man, David Cresson, tempt him to assume the identity of this former English aircraftman, for Kurt had been a flyer in America but was grounded because of an accident that blinded one eye. And when questioned by the officials he gives the name of "David Cresson."

One of his fellow passengers on the Carthage, Claudia Gage, knows of this subterfuge, and, belonging to the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, she is troubled by it and urges him to desist, but he wins her reluctant co-operation. Through her influence Kurt is sent to Craymoor, the great air base in Scotland. Claudia herself expects to be stationed there. Her father is an air commodore.

Kurt and Claudia become close friends. Once he confides to her that he has a faithless wife, Hilda, in Germany; but Claudia still keeps her sentimental interest in him and feels he has been deeply wronged. She comes to appreciate and understand his burning desire to fight as the one surcease in a tortured life.

Perhaps Kurt's chief dread is the sudden appearance of David Cresson's brother, Charles Harvey Cresson, who is an officer on board a ship. At the air base Kurt gets a letter from him, and is relieved to learn that Charles is in the hospital with a broken leg, though he plans to visit "David" some day soon.

Then follows another fear-inspiring word. Unexpectedly, at Craymoor a sergeant informs him that Captain MacCord wants him to report to him in the morning at nine o'clock. Kurt's apprehension grows apace. What's up?

---

the importance of Captain MacCord's order. But what if MacCord had found something wrong in David Cresson's record?

Surely a dossier of some sort must have been transferred to Craymoor from Rosyth. What if there were factors in Cresson's life—unknown and unguessable to a stranger, yet part of the man's military record—which the captain would expect him to explain? . . . .

Kurt felt the beginning of exasperation. He was fearing too much. After all, what was it he wanted? Merely to fight. He was prepared to devote all his energies, all his capabilities, to that. And yet, it seemed to him, his very sincerity was being mocked.

When he entered the canteen he had to blink against the glare of electric bulbs. He stood still, cap in hand, looking around the raftered room for Claudia.

Quite a few men were there. At the piano a group sang the new favorite of the French, Selima, Ma Jolie. Others lounged against a counter where they could buy cigarettes and tobacco. Kurt saw girls—half a dozen of them in the smartly tailored belted uniforms of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. Handsome girls. They went from table to table, smiling, friendly, arranging card games, pausing to laugh with the men.

But he didn't see Claudia.

Not at once. Not until the end of Selima, Ma Jolie. Then the group at the piano dissolved, revealing her. Claudia turned away from the keyboard and rose to applaud the singing.

Kurt couldn't help catching his breath. He stared with a kind of hunger in his eyes. Her uniform was perfectly tailored to every line of her figure. He took an impulsive step toward her. And then she saw him.

"*David!*"

She came quickly, eyes shining, hands outstretched in sheer delight.

When Kurt caught her hands, nothing else seemed important. Neither Captain Denis MacCord's order nor Lieutenant Charles Harvey Cresson's letter. Neither tomorrow nor the days and months to follow.

"I knew you'd arrived today," she whispered. "I've been watching the lists."

"All the way up from London," he told her, "I wondered how I'd be able to find you."

She laughed and drew him toward the tables along the wall. "Come. Tell me all that's happened."

But Kurt, glancing around, saw men pouring into the canteen. In a few minutes the place would be crowded.

"Couldn't we go out?" he urged. "Couldn't we walk somewhere?"

She nodded. And presently he found himself walking with Claudia through darkness, against the flow of the wind—a clean salt wind that was good to breathe, good to taste. Her arm was in his tightly and she walked close to him; and her very nearness filled him with a quiet happiness. Sometimes they passed shadowy figures.

"Tell me about London," she pressed. "What happened? Did you have any difficulty?"

"None. There was a queue of several hundred of us. They rushed us through."

"And the eye test?"

"I could read the chart from memory."

He hesitated after that, unwilling to spoil this interlude of contentment. He reached for her hand and squeezed her arm more tightly within his own. For a while they walked in silence. But she questioned him again, and he had to tell her the rest. About the letter from Lieutenant Cresson. About the summons to appear before Group Captain MacCord.

Curiously, it was the letter that disturbed her, not MacCord. The letter was something tangible, and it demanded a response. She whispered anxiously, "Heaven knows what you're going to do about Cresson's brother!"

"He won't be able to come for weeks," Kurt muttered. "Meanwhile, I'll answer him."

"Not in your handwriting!"

"By telegram. I'll wire hopes for a quick recovery. As soon as they let me leave the grounds."

Then she remembered something. "I drive father to Comarty several times a week. I could send the wire from there."

"No, Claudia. I don't want you in this any deeper."

"Oh, what does it matter?" she argued. "It's the only way to do it quickly. I can—"

She didn't finish. She couldn't. A blast shook the entire airport as might an earthquake. It rocked buildings. It broke windows, so that rattling cascades of glass fell everywhere.

Its shock all but flung Claudia into Kurt's arms. He staggered, and over her shoulder he saw flames leap up in the darkness. Red flames and yellow. Long lurid streamers wriggling through masses of black smoke. They rose from the windows and the walls of a great hangar on the water's edge two hundred yards away. And they filled the night with a roar of their own.

SABOTAGE, they called it later. Only a deliberate act of sabotage, achieved by some one within the air base, could have exploded the huge petrol tanks under the hangar. The blaze destroyed the blackout. And Craymoor, marked by flame, was a clear target for Nazi bombers. . . .

That was why every searchlight at the airport instantly stabbed its beam into the sky. That was why every antiaircraft gun was manned and held ready by tense officers. That was why forty pilots and gunners donned flying kits and raced down to the shore to take off—to meet and fight any German squadrons which might be coming to unload bombs upon Craymoor.

Kurt and Claudia both started toward the hangar. They ran, as hundreds were running, because there must be men in it who were dying in flames.

They saw a figure crawl out of a small side door of the hangar. The man came on hands and knees. In the vivid flare of flame the left side of his body looked black. He crawled a few yards, then collapsed.

"Keep back!" Kurt warned Claudia. When he reached the man near the hangar, he suddenly felt sick. But he caught the man under the arms and dragged him away. He kept his eyes fixed on the fire. It was easier than to look down at the charred thing he was pulling.

Then Claudia was beside him, helping. . . .

Fifty yards from the building they were relieved by others. Some seized the burned man, and the rest rushed on toward the hangar, Kurt and Claudia with them.

The front of the building was sectioned into great doors which could open to admit planes. Now they were closed. Smaller doors were set in them, and toward one of these Kurt ran with two other men. He was the first to reach it. When he opened it, a terrific blast of heat sent him staggering back, his arms covering his face. He all but collided with Claudia. She pulled him away.

"You can't do anything!" she said. "Not in there!"

The door remained open. Through it, when he raised his head, he could see the wreckage of two giant bombers in fountains of flame—Vickers Wellingtons that had collapsed into the jagged pits from which the fire roared. Kurt had a fantastic glimpse of a shapeless figure dangling head down in the fork of a triple-blade propeller.

It left him agonized and choked with a sense of his own ineffectuality. He couldn't go into the hangar to help. Nobody could.

The military police came. They rushed along the walls of the building, driving men back with unintended violence. And the motorized equipment of the fire battalion thundered to a stop near the water, to begin pumping deluges upon the building.

Kurt dazedly fell back. Claudia didn't realize how tightly she clung to him.

OUT on the water the motors of planes started an uproar. Claudia saw that the jetty was crowded with pilots and gunners in full flying kit, waiting to be ferried to their craft. Their eyes were already lifted to the skies, where searchlights swung in crazy crisscross patterns to seek German bombers.

She watched the first of the British planes take off—a swift bird, one wing and one side of its fuselage reflecting the fire in weird red splendor. It was followed quickly by others.

"Break up this crowd!" The order came sharply from a gray-haired man whose uniform displayed the twin black bars of an air commodore. Claudia, back in the crowd, wasn't noticed by her father. He was walking swiftly, and a dozen lesser officers trailed him. He flung over his shoulder, "Have them report to their barracks! We can't have a massed target like this!"

While torrents of water flew in long arcs to thunder upon the hangar, officers began to shout orders. Kurt, like the others about him, had to turn away, and he pulled Claudia along.

Abruptly antiaircraft guns on the edge of the grounds began to crash. Kurt halted. He gaped back. Claudia looked skyward, and her hand tightened on his arm.

"There they come!" she whispered tensely. "*Look!*"

Far up there, slightly to the east of Craymoor, a dozen searchlights converged upon a single spot. And in that spot glittered six silvery specks.

They were very high—over 20,000 feet, Kurt judged. The antiaircraft barrage rose from everywhere, its thunder sounding in a complete circle around Craymoor. Up there, near the silver specks, you saw tiny puffs of gray smoke. Scores of them. But the specks continued their flight toward Craymoor. They weren't coming down. British planes, invisible in the darkness, were climbing toward them, filling the skies with their noise.

Kurt, like Claudia, stood in a spell, gaping at the spectacle above. Dozens of men around him were doing exactly the same thing—standing helpless, fascinated in spite of themselves, waiting. . . .

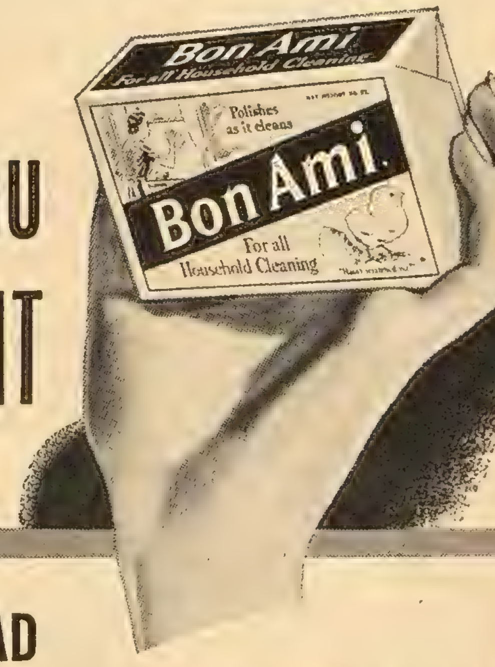
Kurt's heart pounded madly. "So this is it," he said. Yes, this was it—the war—and he could do nothing. He was as helpless as he had been on the Carthage.

"Our planes will drive them away!" said Claudia.

"Not soon enough."

He could see the British planes very clearly. They sped in and out of searchlight beams while they climbed.

The antiaircraft guns still fired,



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KEEP ON THE SAFE SIDE—CLEAN WINDSHIELDS WITH BON AMI CAKE

"hasn't scratched yet!"

despite the danger to the British planes.

Then Claudia gasped, and Kurt crushed his breath. Up there, among the six silver birds, he distinguished a red spark. The spark began to wriggle down. It descended in a slow corkscrew spiral. Suddenly it became a comet trailing flame.

"*Got one!*" Kurt cried.

A shout rose hoarsely from every part of Craymoor. A cosmic yell of triumph. It continued while the comet plunged with increasing speed to extinguish itself at last far out in the waters of the Firth.

Five silver specks remained directly overhead.

The highest British plane was hardly 12,000 feet above the airport. But it was climbing fast. And there were more than thirty others following it.

Then the first bomb crashed.

It struck outside the airport. Another bomb found a hillside beyond the barracks. A third lifted a great spout of water out of the Firth, scarcely a hundred feet from shore.

Kurt's arm impulsively went around Claudia. He held her rigidly and stood in a kind of petrifaction, still staring upward.

Quite suddenly the five specks were no longer visible. The searchlights darted about in a frenzy. They stabbed the skies everywhere. Sometimes a few of them would converge on a spot, vividly illuminating planes; but they were British planes, and the lights would speed on.

The antiaircraft guns were silent now. They couldn't risk bringing down their own planes. And no more bombs were falling. . . .

Craymoor became silent, save for the roar of motors overhead and the harsh sibilance of water pouring into the fire at the hangar.

A loud voice roused Kurt. He turned to see a sergeant off in the darkness. "Wasn't you ordered to report to your barracks?" the man demanded, probably not recognizing Claudia.

"Yes, sir."

"Then get on with you! Wot d'you think this is—a blinkin' circus? Get on with you!"

"Yes, sir."

Kurt saluted. To Claudia he said grimly, "Better get back to your quarters, too. It's over. I'll look for you tomorrow?"

"Of course. At the canteen." She was dazed.

He caught her hands for an instant and squeezed them hard. They'd had their baptismal by fire together. They had seen battle and seen death.

When he left her, Kurt's face was savage. For a night like this there was only one answer to give. He was more desperately determined than ever to help carry that answer.

BY morning it was all over. Only smoldering ruins of a hangar commemorated the German attack—that and the seven unrecognizable bodies which had been carried out of the ruins at dawn. Four other mechanics had been working in the hangar at the time of the blast, but of them nothing could be found.

In the barracks the men around Kurt discussed the raid angrily.

"Sure it was sabotage," declared Henry Balder with the authority of an enraged field marshal. He was lacing his boots. "It don't tyke any military genius to see that. Them Boche bombers was just floatin' around in the night, waitin' for the blaze to show 'em where to strike. They 'ad a spy right 'ere at Craymoor—some blarsted bleedin' divil who set off the petrol. Like as not 'e's still 'ere, damn 'is soul! An' if 'e ain't found he'll be up to more of it before long—you mark my words!"

The pale Cyril K. P. Ross-Fentland glanced up from the socks he was drawing on.

"It's not likely there'll be more petrol blasts," he said.

"And why not, I arsk you? Wot's to prevent if they don't catch the blighter?"

"They'll be stationing a double guard on all petrol tanks from now on," predicted Ross-Fentland. "It will be worth a man's life to go near them after dark."

"Well, trust the Germans to find a way!"

KURT, buttoning his shirt, listened without comment. He had no wish to talk about last night. It seemed to him that his glimpses of the charred figures in the hangar were burned eternally upon his soul.

Now that it was over, he felt abnormally calm. Too calm. It was like being inwardly frozen. Even the prospect of facing Captain MacCord did not dismay him as it had yesterday. What did it matter? What did anything matter? War did that. In the face of universal tragedy you became infinitesimal.

"When you get right down to it, though," Balder growled, "I guess them Boches got the better of us larst night. Killed eleven good men. Burned a 'angar. Blarsted two Vickers planes. An' all we did was bring down one Messerschmitt—with a crew of three, they say. Well, most likely them Boches will be callin' it a great air victory."

"A pointless victory." The words came in a toneless voice from a Cornishman named Quayne. Before the war he'd been a schoolteacher—a homely, thoughtful, gangling man—and he had joined the Royal Air Reserves only because those who employed him had insisted. Now he shook his head. "A miserable, pointless victory," he repeated.

"Wot's miserable about a victory?" demanded Balder.

Quayne sat very still, holding a boot, staring at the floor. His bony face had no expression. His voice was dull.

"They kill eleven," he said. "We kill three. Fourteen dead. And where does it get any one? Nowhere. Does it affect the course of the war? No. Are we weaker? Are they stronger? No. Fourteen lives wasted. Just wasted. A pointless victory, as all these little victories are pointless. . . . One wonders why they happen."

There was a moment's hush. Then Ross-Fentland jeered, "So you're not satisfied with it, eh? What is it you want? Big battles with thousands of dead?"

"Heaven, yes!" cried Quayne with sudden bitterness. "If that's the only way we've learned to settle things, let's have it over and done with. Give the gods of war their fill! Gorge them with death! And then—then maybe they'll let us have peace!"

The others stared at him in amazement. "You daft?" whispered Balder. They might have taunted him again, but mess call intervened. What price philosophy while breakfast waited? They went out, talking loudly, leaving Quayne to pull on his boot and follow.

Kurt was the only one who stopped at the door. He looked back at Hector Quayne with a reflective frown. A queer fellow, he mused, tortured and tragic in his own way. Henceforth he would probably be derided; for men always derided what they couldn't understand.

"Daft," Quayne echoed dully, and he shook his head and laughed a little, without humor. "Of course I'm daft. We're all daft. Would we be in this if we had any sanity?"

Kurt said gently, "Come along, Quayne. Let's go eat."

The big Cornishman stared up at him without otherwise moving. "I don't think I can," he said.

"Sick?"

"I—I was out there at dawn. I walked over to the hangar. They were carrying those fellows out of the ashes." He paused and frowned back at the floor. "I guess you'd better go along without me, Cresson."

WHEN Kurt reported at Headquarters, just before nine, it was with a resurgence of worry. But he found, to his bewilderment, that he was one of thirty men waiting to see Group Captain MacCord, and that brought a quick sense of reassurance. Thirty men couldn't be in trouble. . . .

He had to wait half an hour for his chance to enter the office where the captain sat behind a desk. MacCord was as immaculate as always, his curly dark hair damp, his face handsome, domineering.

"Aircraftman Cresson reporting, sir."

"Cresson . . ." MacCord shuffled papers on the desk, then drew out one. "Ah, yes. David Cresson. Trained at Rosyth. Four years. Correct?"

"Yes, sir."

The captain leaned back and surveyed the tall figure beyond the desk. Presently he consulted the paper.

"Cresson, your record indicates that you led your class in marksmanship."

This astonished Kurt. Since marksmanship was the only aspect of flying in which he was untrained, he answered a bit guardedly, "Yes, sir."

"Your highest rating came in air gunnery," went on MacCord. "You have, of course, also had training in bombsights, direction finding by radio, wind calculation, and air photography. This in addition to your work as a mechanic."

The captain put down the paper. He took a pipe from the desk and lit it. "We are choosing thirty men who are furthest advanced for transfers to air service. Men with previous high ratings at Ansty, North Coates, Gatwick, and so on. You, I believe, are the only one from Rosyth. I am forming a special class for you thirty. I wanted this opportunity of seeing each one of you in person."

AGAIN the captain leaned back. Through puffs of smoke he appraised Kurt. What he saw seemed to please him.

"You will be given an intensified course for three weeks. In the air and on the ground. The emphasis will be on air gunnery and bombing—though, of course, you will be required to study all allied subjects too. At the end of three weeks you should be ready for regular duty in the air. You will receive the rank of leading aircraftman and you will fly as an observer."

Kurt's heart pounded. Was this the interview he had dreaded? He wanted to laugh in sheer elation. And yet, the problem of gunnery appalled him. He kept his face under control and stood at rigid attention.

"You will, accordingly, report to Flight Lieutenant Callender."

"Yes, sir."

Kurt expected to be dismissed. Instead, the captain, frowning into the bowl of his pipe, kept him standing a few moments in silence. Finally he said:

"One other matter, Cresson. I understand that before the petrol explosion last night you were near the hangar."

That staggered Kurt by its very unexpectedness. He stared at MacCord. Suddenly he had the sensation of being on dangerous ground.

"Yes, sir," he said. "About two hundred paces from the hangar, I should say."

MacCord nodded. "So Miss Gage reported. She also reported that immediately after the blast you rushed to the hangar. You were one of the first to reach it."

"I believe I was, sir."

As MacCord peered up at him, Kurt realized that every officer at Craymoor must be making similar attempts to find some clue to the identity of the spy who had exploded the petrol tanks. "Tell me, Cresson," said the captain, "did you see any one near the hangar?"

"No, sir. Only a man who crawled out, badly burned. I pulled him away."

"That was Glenham, a mechanic—yes. He died. . . . Was there any one else?"

"No, sir."

Captain MacCord considered, then became crisp. "Very well. That will be all, Cresson. Report at once to Flight Lieutenant Callender outside Hangar 4."

Kurt gave the salute he had so sedulously practiced in London. When he left MacCord's office, it was with a conflict of exhilaration and dismay. Exhilaration because he was achieving what he had most desired—a chance to fly and fight. Dismay because he saw no way of vindicating Cresson's reputation as an expert marksman.

An automobile stood waiting outside Headquarters, across the road. At its wheel sat Claudia. When Kurt appeared, she gave the horn a brief toot.

He crossed the road quickly, with a smile—but he saw no reflection of the smile in her eyes.

"I know about it," she whispered. "I was with father this morning when Captain MacCord reported. You—you're to be rushed into combat duty."

"It's what I wanted."

She looked strained. Her hand nervously rubbed the wheel. "I didn't think they'd send you up quite so soon—into combat."

"They couldn't have made it any too soon," he said quietly. "They can't make it too soon for any of us, Claudia. Did you see those boys last night? Bodies broken, burned to death . . . The quicker we wipe out the cause of things like that, the better."

She was about to reply when her gaze darted past him. When he looked around, it was to face Captain MacCord—and the captain's disapproval was clear. Captain MacCord never overlooked an opportunity to chat with Claudia Gage.

"Cresson," he said, "you were ordered to report to Flight Lieutenant Callender."

"Yes, sir."

Kurt saluted again. He sent Claudia a quick glance before he marched away. He couldn't stifle a feeling of resentment against the captain, though he knew very well it was illogical. When he looked back, MacCord's foot was on the car's running board and he was laughing.

FLIGHT Lieutenant Callender proved to be a plump blond man with a cheerful face. He was giving a group instruction in measuring wind velocity and direction by the use of small balloons and a theodolite. Kurt found no difficulty in this; during the past few years he had probably made a more thorough study of wind currents than had Callender. And the manner in which he answered questions earned a commendatory nod. At eleven the men marched away to an hour's study of wireless communication, and that too found Kurt prepared.

But in the afternoon the class was turned over to Pilot Officer Gerald

SURE AS DEATH AND TAXES—WORMS!

One siege of worms is one too many — but the worms don't seem to agree! Most of us have them when we're pups, and at least once when we're grown. Master says we can't *keep* them out, but we can *chase* them out. That means Sergeant's SURE-SHOT CAPSULES — they sure do get 'em! Or PUPPY CAPSULES for the pups.

Last time I had 'em long before the Master got wise. Was I relieved to see him bring home a Sergeant's DOG BOOK! He caught on then — and got some SURE-SHOT. That BOOK belongs in every dog's home. Get it *free* at drug or pet stores — or with this coupon.

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES

FREE

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 4-F, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name ____________

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Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

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Save Time and Labor with a MONTAMOWER

Tired backs and aching arms just don't happen to users of MontaMower. All the drudgery and noise of lawn mowing is done away with. No dead weight to push and pull. Instead, just 7 pounds of live mechanism that first gathers then cuts the grass closely, smoothly, and to the correct height; no matting; no streaking; no clatter; no rattles. Cuts a 16" swath through long grass, dandelions, spike grass and weeds. Cuts right up to walls, fences, trees or posts; leaves no fringes to be trimmed by hand. Cutters are self-sharpening. Built to last many years. Guaranteed. Thousands in use. Sold direct from factory. Costs little. Write at once for guarantee information and literature.

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EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its *six extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe.* You get—

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

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HIGH SPEED
BLADES
TWENTY FOR 25¢

SINGLE EDGE 15 FOR 25¢

GUARANTEED BY THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FREE Week's supply, double or single edge blades. Write MARLIN, 7 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

TRUTH ABOUT CORNS

● Corns are caused by pressure and friction. But now it's easy to remove them. Fit a Blue-Jay pad over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula acts on corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. By avoiding pressure and friction that caused corn, you can prevent its return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

"My family and I, have used SALICON tablets for the past six years. Our medicine cabinet is never without this wonderful remedy."
Mr. H. M., Dexter, Maine

HEADACHES

Relieve Pain with FAST ACTING

Salicon Tablets 25c

NO ACETANILID
NO ACETPHENETIDIN
NO OTHER HARSH DRUGS

Colfax for instruction in gunnery. And when, with thirty others, Kurt faced the sallow officer, he knew he had come to his first real test.

They were on the gunnery range. Behind Colfax was a dummy cockpit built in a large crate; it contained a Vickers .03-caliber gun. Twenty feet away, mounted on a pole, an eighteen-inch model of a plane served as a target.

"You will notice that the Vickers behind me is equipped as a camera gun," began Colfax. "The accuracy of your aim will be recorded on a film. Before we do any actual shooting, however, I'm going to take you men to the armorer's shop. We'll rip one of these new Vickers apart and put it together again. On subsequent days we shall do the same with the Oerlikon 20-millimeter, the Hispano-Suiza 20, and the Browning. . . . Any questions before we proceed to the armorer?"

A man at the end of the line lifted a hand.

"Yes?"

"Are we to have gunnery practice in the air, sir?"

"Beginning next week. You will also have aerial training in bombing, using the Wimperis course-setting bombsight. Any further questions?"

There were none. And Kurt felt infinitely more confident as he accompanied the class to the armorer's. *I'll get by,* he kept telling himself. *If they're going to begin at scratch by taking the gun apart and explaining it, I'll get by!*

As a matter of fact, he did get by. That day and for many days. Of course Pilot Officer Colfax was disappointed in his marksmanship. Once, after studying the filmed record of his aim, he remarked dryly, "I fancy you've lost a bit of your touch, Cresson."

But that was only on the ground. In the air it was different.

KURT couldn't explain it. Neither could the officer. When they put him in the gun turret of a Boulton-Paul Defiant, roaring past a target at two hundred miles per hour, he could riddle it with more bullets than could almost any other man. Was it the sheer joy of being up there? The confidence that came with a return to a domain that for so many years had been his? He didn't know. He knew only that in the air his aim was deadly. In the air he had no doubts about himself. In the air he felt the equal of any man in the service.

He went up daily for more than two weeks, often for practice in bombing. On such occasions he'd lie prone in the nose of a Wellington, aiming, with the aid of the Wimperis sight, at a target anywhere from 2,000 to 25,000 feet below him. In a thick Sidcot suit and wearing a breathing mask for high altitudes, he felt he was actually in battle. The Wimperis was a bit of mechanical wizardry. Checking height, speed, and direction, he could with its aid guide the plane's course by phone to the pilot. He could release hundreds of pounds of death by pressing a button. . . .

Soon, he promised himself savagely, soon he'd be dropping them on Kiel and Helgoland and Sylt.

During those two weeks he saw dozens of squadrons leave to fly eastward into the mists of the North Sea. Usually they all returned by nightfall. But sometimes fewer came back than left.

Two weeks. Weeks of studying. Weeks of listening to the barrack-room disputes of Balder and Ross-Fentland and Hector Quayne. Seeking Claudia at the canteen in the evenings. Walking with her in darkness, against the press of the sea wind, her arm tight in his, her body close against him.

That was what he thought of most, lying in his bunk at night. Claudia. The touch of her arm, the brush of her hair against his shoulder. Sometimes he felt she was his only reason for wanting to come out of the war alive.

Hilda? Hilda was still his wife, yes, but remote and without meaning. Claudia was real and vital and stirring, part of what he had become. Her father had just been made a Vice Air Marshal in full command of Craymoor, and that should have rendered her unattainable to an aircraftman. Yet, paradoxically, she seemed closer to him than ever. He saw her almost every evening—often while officers like Captain Denis MacCord, and a few others too, frowned their bleak displeasure.

Two weeks.

AT last there was the day when Pilot Officer Colfax flew with Kurt in a two-seater Defiant across the waters of the Firth.

It was a great day, and they droned under a ceiling of clouds at 12,000 feet. They were seeking the small Gloster Henley, which was towing a striped aerial target. Kurt sat in the gun turret, peering ahead through his goggles. He hadn't talked to Colfax for many minutes, though earphones made conversation easy.

They had flown some thirty miles from Craymoor when Kurt heard the officer's low gasp. The Defiant suddenly banked, swung downward. Its motor let out a roar, and Colfax gave it all the speed he could muster.

"We're in for it!" he cried through the phones. "Look above!"

Kurt jerked up his head. He seized the Vickers gun and half rose.

Four planes were sliding down through the clouds. Gray shadows in gray mist. They were diving straight at the Defiant. And their wings bore the crosses of Germany.

Will Kurt be equal to this desperate encounter? Is his skill as a foremost marksman in the air to achieve victory—in spite of that sightless left eye? Life and death and everything he holds dear are in the balance. How will it turn? You must not miss next week's Liberty and the thrilling answer!

$2,000 Cash Prize

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

IF you have not already entered this contest, by all means do not let this second week slip by without acting! Get into the contest now and make the most of an excellent opportunity to complete a winning entry and capture a share of the $2,000 prize money. Everything you need to get started toward a prize is right here in this issue. Read the brief Rules which explain exactly what to do to win. Then read Bernarr Macfadden's editorial on page 4 in order to select the sentence or paragraph you wish to quote. Copy it on the contest coupon clipped from this page and you will be well on your way to the prize goal. Now, to make up lost ground:

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

For the convenience of late entrants Liberty has prepared reprints of Contest Coupon No. 1 and the editorial it involves. When you mail your request to the address given in Rule 6, be sure to enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated August 3, Liberty will publish a Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest coupon.

2. To compete, study carefully the Bernarr Macfadden editorial in each issue in which these coupons appear. Select from each editorial the sentence or paragraph you believe most worthy to be quoted for its power to awaken the reader to his duties as an American citizen. Copy the selected sentence or paragraph on the coupon appearing in the same issue. Use typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil. If you require additional space, paste the coupon on a larger sheet and continue your quotation on that.

3. Save all coupons until the end of the contest and submit them as a unit, together with a statement of not more than fifty words explaining, "The editorial in this series of ten that I liked best, and why."

4. The entry presenting the set of ten quotations which in the opinion of the judges best expresses the Macfadden ideal of patriotic Americanism, accompanied by the most convincing, logical statement, will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; 20 prizes, $10 each; 200 prizes, $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Winning entries become the property of Liberty for publication wherever desired. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry.

6. Mail entries to Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotations Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Saturday, August 3, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

COUPON NO. 2 (Paste this coupon on a larger sheet if you need more space)

Liberty

INVITES CIVIC ORGANIZATIONS EVERYWHERE

to sponsor one of the great series of patriotic dances now being arranged from coast to coast

•

Each LIBERTY BALL

is dedicated to a realization of the priceless benefits of

AMERICAN FREEDOM

•

Each LIBERTY BALL

will feature the nomination of a

LIBERTY BELLE

as honorary ruler over the program. Automatically she will become one of the candidates from among whom a National Miss Liberty will be chosen. The National Miss Liberty will be taken to New York, all expenses paid, and featured as National Miss Liberty in Billy Rose's Aquacade Show at the New York World's Fair. In addition she will be given screen tests by leading motion-picture companies of America. What an honor for any girl!

•

Already patriotic groups in many cities are enthusiastically preparing to participate in this great nationwide honor to a great free nation.

Any civic organization wishing to sponsor a Liberty Ball in its city can obtain complete particulars by writing to Liberty Magazine, 205 East Forty-second Street, New York City, where all information is now available.

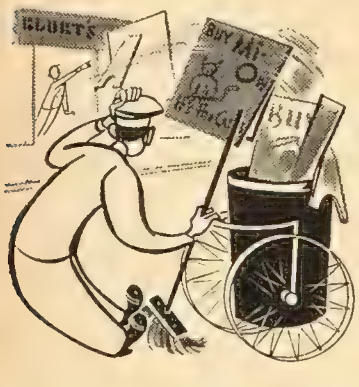
VOX

"DON'T START ANY MORE!"

NEW ALBANY, IND.—So Grover C. Sanson thinks that Uncle Sam should add another department head—that of Sales Manager General of the United States? (April 27 Vox Pop.)

On the road, calling on both manufacturers and merchants for over thirty years, I get daily a view from both sides of the fence.

On the manufacturers' side, I find that every year, for many years, they have carried on a program for the benefit of the merchant and public alike. They have been very generous in their "aids-to-help-make-sales programs." They have advertised both as an industry and singly. They have spent—and are spending each year—an ever-increasing amount of the stockholders' money to create sales.



They have purchased and given away free fine display racks, yes, even display counters, to the retailer, trying to obtain an intelligent display of their goods. They have given the retailer many thousands of "tried out" sales ideas, sales campaign manuals, free literature and what not, to help him make more sales. They have spent millions for attractive packaging and national as well as local advertising campaigns, and in many instances have placed one of their own salesmen in the retailer's store to push their goods.

Many of them have become greatly discouraged with the "aids-to-help-make-sales program" given free to merchants, because the merchants have not used them. Much of the sales helps found the way to the ash can unopened—gone to waste.

What good would a Sales Manager General of the United States do with these same people? I doubt very much if *his* sales ideas coming to the merchant today would come from an independent source. The manufacturer *knows* what he wants to stress, and I believe it would be impossible for your Sales Manager of the United States to know about everybody's goods.

What we need today is the use of more intelligence among the merchants.

I sometimes ask, "Do we need all of the merchants that we have, anyway?" "Are they leeches on our community?" "Are they necessary?"

Perhaps we would be better off without 50 per cent of these merchants. They are only working half time. If we had 50 per cent of them working full time, we would sell just as much dollar volume.

Don't start any more federal "bureaus" even though their purpose seems helpful. Men will be placed back to work, business will pick up, sales will be made, we will all be happy—when we get rid of the bureaus we have now. Amen.—*H. B. Hood.*

MINDS SO OPEN—

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Many comments have been made concerning the mentality of those who feel that they can safely dilute Americanism with other foreign "isms," but I think that this is one of the best: "There are those whose minds are so open that there is nothing left but a draft."—*Karl Heinrich.*

MUNCHAUSEN COME TRUE

HICKSVILLE, OHIO—You have had a story, Could 20,000 Troops Take New York? by Lorimer Hammond (October 15, 1932, Liberty) that you certainly ought to republish. I can't forget the gist of the tale after what has happened.

This story told how Manhattan could be seized by a predatory power and merchant ships were to sneak in with soldiers dressed as workmen. At the right moment they were to grab garages and arsenals—and, *bingo*, the city would be theirs. I thought at the time, "Entertaining story, but so was Munchausen—at least, to a kid." But after what has been pulled off in Norway I feel it could be true.

Anyhow, that tale would seem ten times as interesting now. And a thousand times as credible.—*Ben P. Edgerton.*

℄ "For a number of years my two sons have been calling Liberty the Brave Book when referring to it," says Rube Kronfeld of Brooklyn, New York.

FINLAND IS NOT "LICKED"

RAUMA, FINLAND—March 13 was one of the hardest days to bear for Finland. Most every one cried when news came of peace with such terribly heavy terms! Our Prime Minister spoke on the radio, giving out the most awful news that Finland could ever hear, and our President spoke. His speech was heartbreaking.

To think that our brave soldiers gave their lives for a free and untouched Finland and what was their reward? Oh, you can't imagine the heavy sorrow the Finnish people carry in their hearts today! Flags were half-mast yesterday and newspapers lined in black. Every burned and bombed home cries to you from everywhere.

But just wait and see! The Finnish will lift up their heads and with a new firm will and strong effort they will build and restore what has been lost! We are not "licked," to use your word. We fought till the last with no intention of giving in, and we have made *history* which will never be forgotten!—*Aino.*

℄ "The Donkey is growing a trunk and the Elephant is learning to bray," chortles Clem Deming of Boise, Idaho.

KEEPS UP HER COURAGE

SOUTH MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorials are so wonderful, so patriotic and intelligent, they help to keep up my courage and faith in America in these trying times.—*Mrs. H. E. Welch.*

STUNNED WITH CLARITY

WEST CHESTER, PA.—Much impressed by the story Ripcord, by Doris Stead, a newcomer. (April 13 Liberty.)

I have seen many of these airplane stunts at county fairs, and the strong meat in the story painted a startlingly clear picture. The "tiny falling dot . . . floating through space; a freak mushroom, with a girl for a stalk" stunned me with clarity. Any one who can write with such photographic words can *write.*—*Thomas Norrell.*

A DOG'S HANDSHAKE

TULSA, OKLA.—It is to laugh! In A Dog Tells All (April 27 Liberty) a poorly drawn Great Dane with cropped ears illustrates a dog said to have the "long ears of a sheep dog."

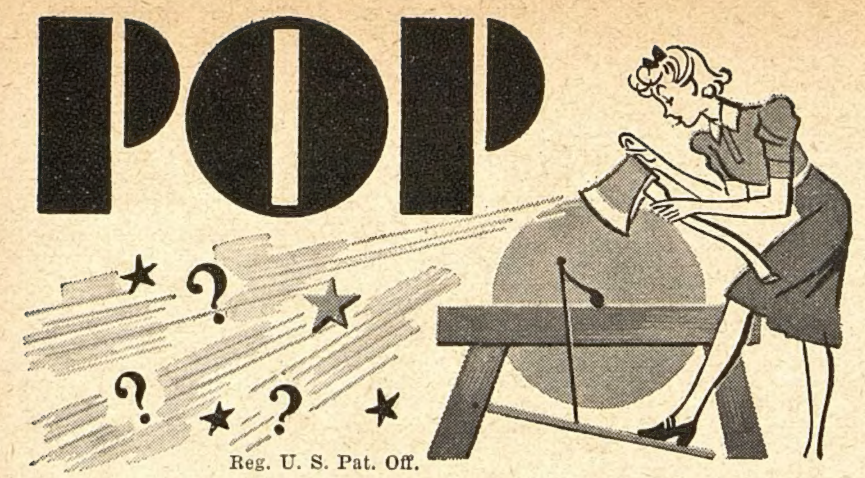
It is to laugh also that the author says, in describing a dog's handshake, that "a dog *always* lifts the paw directly in front of the hand his master uses." The fact is, a dog doesn't shake hands because of his own reasoning but because he has been taught the trick, and he lifts the paw he has been taught to lift, be the one in front of him left- or right-handed.—*Dog Lover.*

SO LISTEN IN, JULY 15

LAKE OF THE OZARKS, MO.—Radio censorship? Ha, ha, ha! Wait until you see the double-jointed jackass perform at the Chicago medicine show to be held this summer.—*Cap.*

BALLOTS
WIP

℄ "More than 20,000,000 families are injured because we produce more wealth than we consume and in money value we consume more wealth than we produce," asserts W. E. Ruff of Ness City, Kansas. "Why? Illogical capitalism."



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WARN CAPITAL CITIES OF BOMBINGS!

St. Paul, Minn.—I have the right to speak. I am the unknown citizen who may become the unknown soldier. I live in whatever land, in England, in France, in Germany, in America! I shall have my voice now because I am silent when I am dead and the mighty stones which cover me are not glorious but only proof against sound.

I ask for something with my voice of millions of men from millions of homes. I do not ask that war cease. Its causes and complications are much too great for me to understand or describe. I do not judge. My blood is worth no more than that of millions fallen before me for my advantage. I do not ask for surrender.

Which nation is greater with God I do not know, nor can I determine.

I ask only that three capital cities be not bombed without one day's notice: Berlin, Paris, London. I think this will not impede the business of war, because warning may be given and bombing withheld, thus frightening the citizenry effectively as continuous threat. But meanwhile a few millions of unknown citizens may pursue their normal works without the ignominy of groping.

I ask this in the name of God, but also in the name of the music of Germany, of the Gothic of France, of the lyrics of England. I ask it in the name of little children who may smile in the sunshine. I ask it in the name of aged mothers who sew in the light of evening lamps. I ask it in the name of my namelessness.

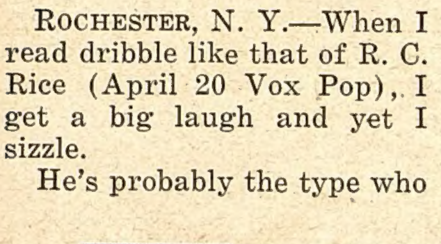
It needs only that the heads of three governments proclaim their determination not to bomb London or Paris or Berlin without twenty-four hours' notice, or until some one else first bombs. I am the voice of millions unknown, symbolized by the unknown soldier of the future.

My plea answered shall be the last great act of a nation or nations about to inflict defeat.—*Paul Bussard.*

SIZZLES AT DRIBBLE

Rochester, N. Y.—When I read dribble like that of R. C. Rice (April 20 Vox Pop), I get a big laugh and yet I sizzle.

He's probably the type who wants the little woman to sit home and clean the suit he spills beer all over while he's out slupping up more. Or, if he doesn't like the women to blow suds and smoke at him, why doesn't he take one out that doesn't smoke or drink? There are plenty of those girls left, but maybe he doesn't look for them.



A woman can don trousers, smoke, and guzzle beer, and still be respectable. Back to the farm with this bird!—*I. M. Walliston.*

"It is apparent that the 76th Congress does not show the spirit of '76," remarks C. R. Collingworth of Chicago, Illinois.

IMAGINATION REQUIRED

Baltimore, Md.—Mr. Roscoe W. Jones (April 27 Vox Pop) may not be able to solve the Cockeyed Puzzles, but many others are able not only to solve them but to derive a great deal of pleasure on account of this ability. These puzzles require *imagination,* not a *dictionary.*

Mr. J. says he is not antiquated either—only twenty-four. The writer may be considered antiquated by Mr. Jones, being only seventy—but she can solve the Cockeyed Puzzles.—*C. B.*

A STAIRWAY FOR VILLON

San Diego, Calif.—Before I have time to get any angrier, I'm going to jot down my reactions to John Erskine's Hollywood's Colossal Crisis (April 20 Liberty).

Let me suggest that Mr. Erskine take a hint from what he considers a too extensive use of a staircase, and apply what he may learn to his own stories, in which we, the reading public, are becoming quite as bored with having Villon climbing grapevines and ladies' balconies as he is with having Scarlett and Rhett emote on a staircase landing.

Perhaps his stories would attain a higher level, would he permit his poet-hero to ascend into milady's boudoir just once via a stairway.—*J. W. Merit.*

"If the Jews would obey the Mosaic teaching of forgiveness of all debts every seven years and no interest on borrowed money, they might show the rest of the world really how to live," suggests Rhoda L. Banks of Olympia, Washington.

NOAH WEBSTER AND LILY PONS IN BATHROOM

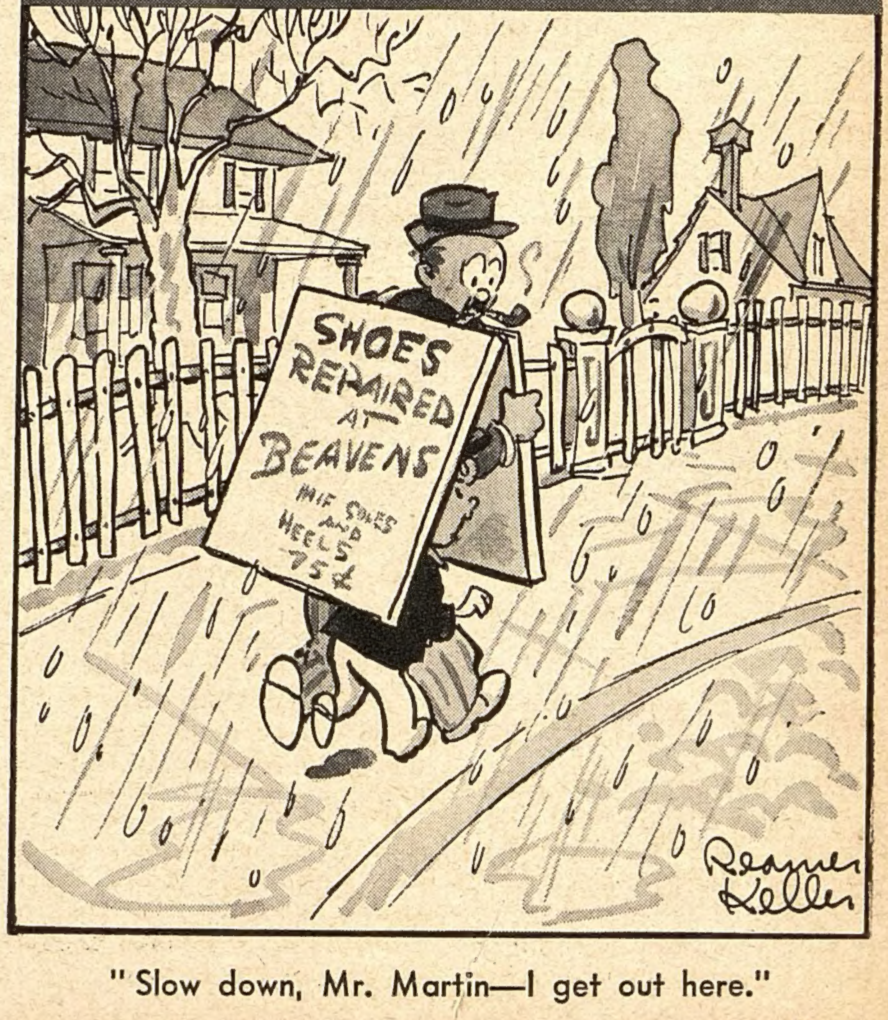
Houston, Tex. — Princess Alexandra Kropotkin in her To the Ladies (April 27) quotes Lily Pons as saying she likes to sing in the bathroom because "the acoustics are wonderful." By this time Miss Pons should be well enough acquainted with the word "acoustics" to know that it is singular in use. It may sound awkward, but look it up for yourself.—*Nanette Rountree.*

[Yes, Nanette, we looked it up, and Mr. Webster happens to be on Miss Pons' side. What now?—Vox Pop Editor.]

IDEA FOR EDITORIALS

Hamersville, Ohio — Why not print the Preamble to the Constitution as a sort of introduction to Mr. Macfadden's editorials from now until the November elections?—*Thomas L. Moore.*

"HARDTACK"



"Slow down, Mr. Martin—I get out here."

Why the United States Must Stay Out of the War

FULTON OURSLER

TODAY, as never before, the people of the United States of America are being bombarded with the propaganda of nations at war. The Germans, who at the moment are feeling rather full of themselves, are using every means at their disposal to keep us from adding our blood and treasure to the forces against them. The Allies, naturally, would like to add our power to their own. Some of this foreign propaganda is self-evident; other phases of it are subtle and hard to detect. There are those who whisper that even exiles from Germany, taking a perverse pride in their oppressor, are talking up Hitler in the sanctity of their American refuge. Others say that agents of Great Britain are magnifying the empire's distress and danger in order to stampede the United States into joining up. On many sides we hear the opinion that the United States cannot possibly afford to have the Allies defeated, while on another hand we are told there is no conceivable sensible reason why we should enter a European war, no matter who wins or who loses.

IN ALL THIS PROPAGANDA it is hard for any man to hold a balanced view, but one thing is certain: In these stressful times we Americans should listen to the counsel of Americans rather than to the exhortations, the diatribes, the jeremiads, and the plain insolence of foreign advisers. So I have sought, and shall continue to seek, American advice to Americans for publication in Liberty. It was with that in mind that I called the other day on former President Herbert Hoover. I went to him because I knew, as we all know, of his comprehensive knowledge of foreign affairs, his long personal experience on the European scene, his grasp of international circumstances, and his familiarity with the personalities in control. Above all, I knew, as we all know, of the deep patriotism of the former President and of his unchanging desire to serve his country. So I went to his suite in the Waldorf-Astoria and discussed with him the situation in which the United States now finds itself. What role should we play? Could we help humanity better by going in or by staying out?

THE RESULT OF THAT discussion—a meeting that I shall certainly never forget—was an article written by Mr. Hoover which Liberty presents to the United States in its next issue. It is called Two Great Reasons Why We Must Keep Out of the War. No clearer analysis of the American position has yet appeared. Here is the advice and counsel of an elder statesman of this country. He speaks forthrightly. Certain passages in his article come to the mind with frightening emphasis. Let no one seek to lead America into war until he has read what former President Hoover has to say in Liberty next week.

THERE WILL BE MANY OTHER features in the forthcoming issue which I feel sure you will enjoy. Let me recommend especially The Private Life of Jimmy Stewart, by Frederick Lewis; What Kind of President Would Willkie Make? by Morris Markey; How I Mean to Beat Joe Louis, by Arturo Godoy; Upstairs and Down in Hitler's House, written by der Führer's former housemaid and told in four parts; His Brother's Killer, by Frederick L. Collins; two delightful short stories—Broadway Business, by Alec Rackowe, and A Well-Remembered Kiss, by William Benton Johnston; How It Feels to Be Bombed, by Edward Doherty; other articles and stories and of course full installments of Money Talks, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and Wings of Wrath, by Oscar Schisgall.

SUCCESS STORY. Since Professor Pitkin's articles began to appear in Liberty we have been receiving hundreds of letters from young people who have been helped by his advice on how to find jobs. One point that many seem to have missed was that he sought to bring no new magic secret, but instead to remind youth of old truths drawn into the focus of modern problems. There is no substitute for the ancient wisdom, deride it as you may. Perseverance still wins. I was reminded of this most spectacularly the other day when I read a newspaper announcement. It sent my mind back to a few years ago when I met a young girl with a passion for singing. She was as unknown as a singer can be when she started, but her eyes were fixed on one goal, the stage of the greatest opera house in the world, the Metropolitan in New York. That was indeed a high star to hitch one's wagon to. Yet this girl, with no fear of being ambitious, went to work with a faith and perseverance that ennobled drudgery. On scholarships she studied at the Conservatory in Boston for six years, meanwhile earning her personal expenses not only by church jobs but by working on the WPA. When she felt that she was ready she came to New York, she found a choir job in New Jersey, and from there went to the Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, where she still sings. Then one day she presented herself as one of seven hundred contestants in the Metropolitan Opera auditions. Within a few months she was under the management of a musical booking bureau; a little later and she was winner in the final auditions, and now that girlish dream has come true, and Eleanor Steber has her contract. Next season she will be singing on the stage of the greatest opera house in the world. Thus one girl's dream came true—through hard work and perseverance and other old-fashioned tenets of the ancient wisdom. Well wishes to Eleanor! May success which comes to her when she is so young not turn her head or, even worse, turn her heart. She has come already to a dizzy height, but there are greater dreams worth holding to—husband and home.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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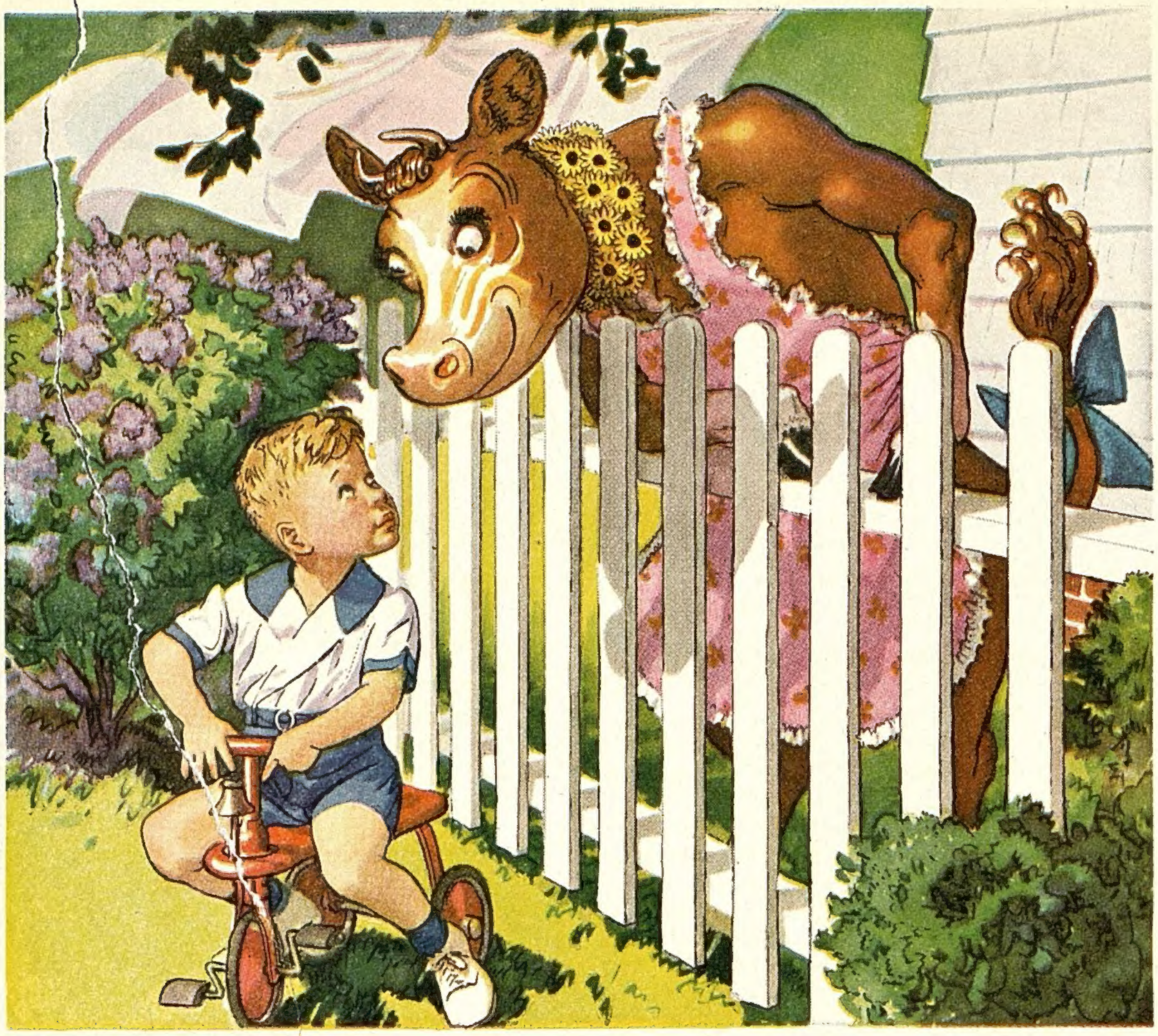
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MORR KUSNET



"Tell me, young man, is your name Borden ?"

"GOODNESS, NO!" exclaimed the surprised young man to Elsie, the Borden cow. "My name is William Todd. What made you think it was Borden?"

"Why, you look so bright and clean," Elsie replied, "that I figured you must be one of the Borden family. I didn't think *anything* could be so spotless unless it came from Borden's."

"You're bragging, because *you're* from Borden's," smiled Bill. "What makes Borden's so extra clean?"

"Scrubbing," exclaimed Elsie. "Why they're the scrubbingest people you ever saw. You'd never believe the amount of soap and water they use—*train loads* of soap and whole *lakes* of hot water every year! And not only hot water, but live steam! Why, there are miles and miles of pipe in the Borden plants that the Borden men take apart every day—and scrub *inside and out* for fifteen minutes. Then they sterilize them."

"Gee," said Bill, "that would take the hide right off you and me, eh? Why do they go to all this trouble?"

"For you, William," Elsie replied. "You need the cleanest, purest milk there is—and Borden's make sure of this with their 'Quality Control.' That means scientific care at every step. It's what makes Borden foods as fine and wholesome as they can be."

"BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND WORKS MAGIC IN COOKIES AND FUDGE!"
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

"You make me sorry I'm growing up," Bill said. "Soon I'll be eating lots of things *besides* milk, and that will mean Borden's won't be so important in my life."

"Don't let *that* worry you at all," said Elsie. "*Bottled milk* is just one of the many Borden products. Right now, for instance, your mother uses *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* for cookies, cake-frostings, and fudge. Too bad you aren't big enough to have *them* yet."

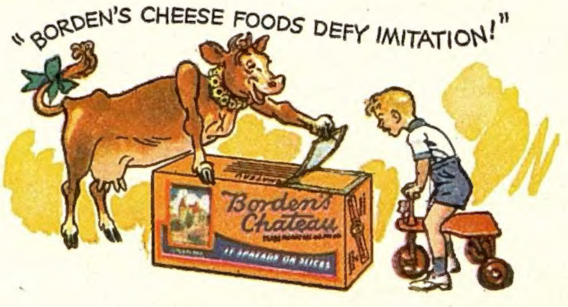
"*You* only get grass!" grinned Bill.

"FOR CREAMED VEGETABLES AND SOUPS TRY BORDEN'S EVAPORATED!"
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"No, I get plenty of other nice, nutritious things containing loads of vitamins and extra nourishment," declared Elise. "That's what makes *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* so rich and creamy for mashed potatoes and casserole dishes, not to mention its delicious flavor in coffee and tea."

"I do believe you think you're the big cheese, Elsie," said Bill.

"Not at all," Elsie replied, "although *Borden's Chateau,* America's most celebrated cheese-food, *is* made from my milk. *Chateau* is so good that lots of people have tried to imitate its flavor. But Borden's secret of combining rare, aged cheese with other delicious ingredients has never been found out."


"BORDEN'S CHEESE FOODS DEFY IMITATION!"
Borden's Chateau

"Stop blowing your own tuba, Elsie," said William. "Everything at Borden's can't be as hot as you say."

"You're right," Elsie admitted thoughtfully. "One thing isn't hot. It's *cold.* That's *Borden's Ice Cream.* M-m-m, is it rich and creamy and good! Try it. You'll be surprised!"

"BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS CREAMIER, SMOOTHER!"

"Nothing surprises a man of my age," said William.

"Nothing?" questioned Elsie. "Wouldn't you be a teeny bit surprised if you saw me change a white powder into real milk by adding water to it?"

"Yes," said Bill, "I guess I would!"

"Well, I can," declared Elsie, "and so can you. Borden's makes a wonderful product called *Klim* which is pure, whole milk, *powdered.* Only the water is taken out of it, and, to make it into real milk *that tastes like real milk* again, all you have to do is add water to it. It needs no refrigeration. Sportsmen take Klim on trips. Mothers give it to babies and use it in cooking. Everybody who has tasted it agrees with that famous saying of Borden's that . . ."

"KLIM—SPELL IT BACKWARDS, IT'S MILK!"
KLIM
POWDERED
WHOLE MILK

"That what?" interrupted Bill.

"That," Elsie grinned, "*if it's Borden's it's GOT to be good!*"

❦ ❦ ❦

More than 27,500 Borden employees, in partnership with 47,000 stockholder-owners, work to provide you with the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home.

—if it's Borden's it's got to be good

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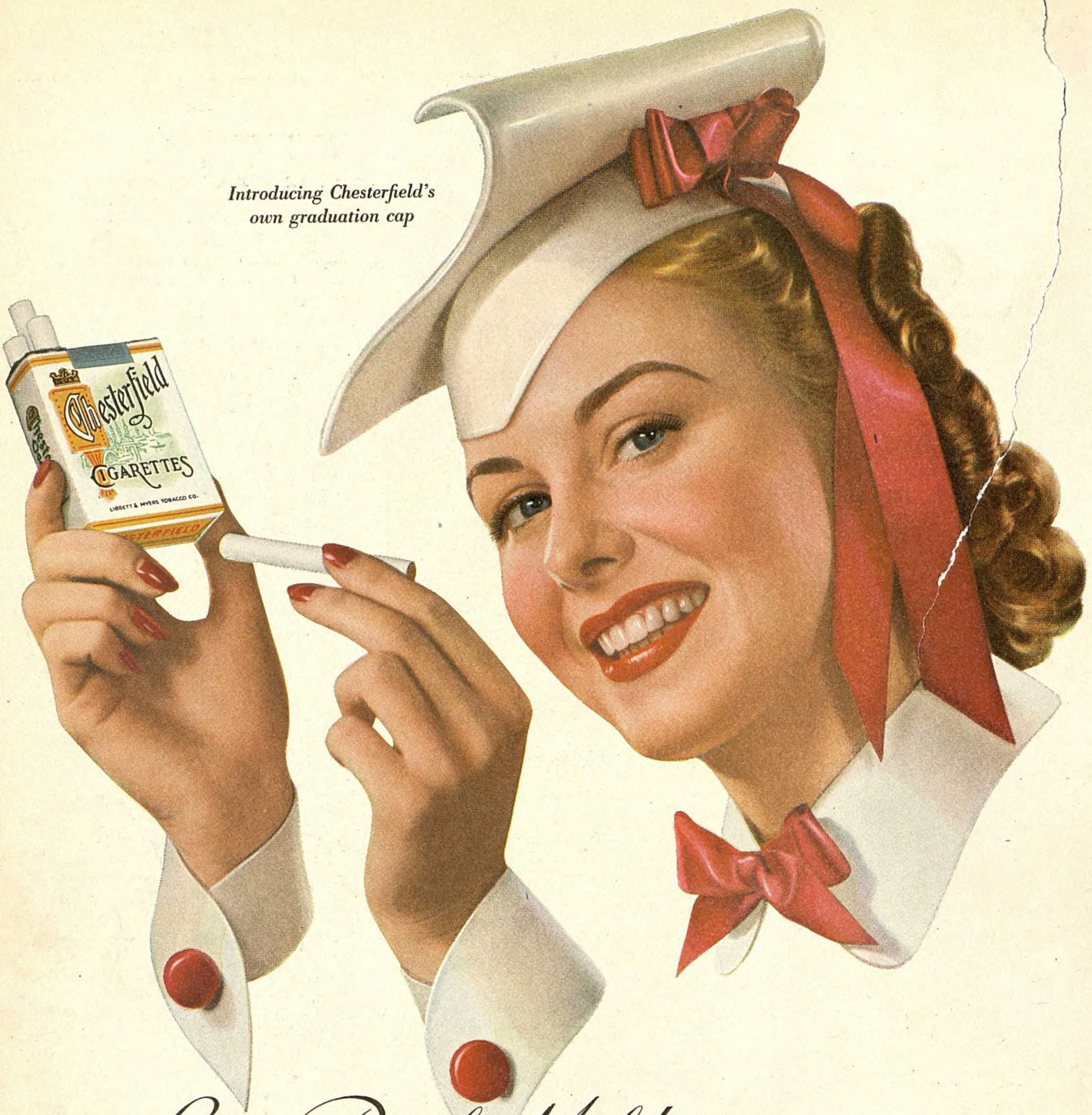
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THEY SATISFY

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